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MEMOIRS

OF

MADAME DE GENLIS.

THE first month of my residence at Berlin was passed in an enchanting manner; I saw once more all my acquaintances and friends, who discovered even more anxiety about me than on occasion of my first journey; all occupied themselves with endeavouring to amuse me; I was taken to theatres, and parties of pleasure were made on purpose to show me the neighbourhood. We went as far as Sans Souci, where I gathered many recollections of the great Frederick; and as I went over the apartments, of which even the furniture and the ancient ornaments had been left standing, I felt confirmed in the opinion which I had long held, that the sketches and pretended philosophical reflections of certain authors, in which their partisans see so much profundity, are in general

nothing but a heap of follies and falsehood. M de Volney in one of his works says, that in order to judge properly of the disposition, the inclination, and the character of mind of a person who no longer exists, of whom he had never heard anything, and with whom he had never had any connexion, it would be quite enough for him to be present at his inventory, and to examine with *philosophical attention*, his furniture, his clothes, his ornaments, his books, &c., because all these things by their solidity or their frivolity, would give him a complete idea of the personage. Consequently, if M de Volney, that profound thinker, had been transported into the apartments of Frederick the Great, as he would have seen nothing there but furniture and draperies of rose colour and silver, engravings and mythological pictures, a collection of the most fragile ornaments, and all the trifles of the French shops; as he would have found in the library an infinite number of licentious works and frivolous poetry, he would certainly have imagined the defunct, of whose name we will suppose him ignorant, to have been a young Sybarite, altogether destitute of merit and talent; and yet this young Sybarite was an old warrior, the greatest Captain of his time, the most vigilant and laborious of monarchs, who, even amidst his rose-coloured

draperies, slept always in his boots. This is the way in which these gentlemen have judged so often, and judged without appeal !

Most of our modern travellers have adopted this method of judging, which in truth is very convenient ; for if a superficial glance is sufficient to enable them to judge of a subject in all its bearings, much time and fatiguing research are necessarily spared. It results from hence, that a journey is only a collection of conjectures. To ancient travellers nothing seemed requisite for their task but good sense and veracity ; but ours require a penetration which is quite admirable. It is not astonishing that we should paint faithfully what we have thoroughly examined ; but it is wonderful to give a just and precise idea of what we have only guessed at. For myself, who am only a very ordinary traveller, I am resolved never to judge by induction ; I shall give an example of what happened to me in consequence of doing so. I had heard that the Protestants, who were enemies of all decoration in their worship, never adorned their churches with vases of flowers. Having been a few days before at Hamburg, I was walking alone one evening in the environs of that town ; I saw about me several pretty gardens belonging to the peasants which were joined together, and bounded only by

a little hedge. I entered one of these gardens, which was filled with vegetables with the exception of a little square plot covered with charming flowers, very carefully cultivated. I knew enough of German to ask a few questions, and to understand a few phrases. I congratulated the honest woman who received me on her taste for flowers : to which she replied, that she reared them for the church. Surprised at this, I cried out—" What ! for the church ?"—" Yes," replied she, " these flowers are intended for nosegays for the church, and you will find the same in all our gardens." This was positive enough ; however, in order to leave no doubts on the subject, I entered five or six other gardens. I saw every where the same plots of flowers, and from every one I received the same answer with regard to their use. On returning home, I wrote in my journal that the peasants of this country had a pious practice, which I should like to see among Catholics, and that the churches of Hamburg as well as our own were adorned with flowers. If I had left Hamburg the following day, I should have always maintained that opinion and left the error standing in my journal. Some days afterwards I went into a Protestant church, in the persuasion that I should there see many vases of flowers. I saw none,

but there were a great many country girls who carried nosegays in their hands. I was with a native of Hamburg, to whom I addressed some questions on the subject. The Hamburger replied "All these peasants carry bouquets to show that they have a *property*, that they possess at least a little bit of ground. Accordingly in every garden they cultivate a plot of flowers as *bouquets for the church*. Those among them who have no property, would not venture, in this solemn place of assemblage, to wear a bouquet; and the proprietors would not allow them to do so. Accordingly, flowers here are marks of honour, and those who wear them do so to gratify a singular kind of vanity." After this explanation, I effaced from my journal all my fine reflections on the piety of the Hamburg peasants, and all I had written about the church bouquets. This proves how much travellers should be on their guard against appearances, and how easily, in a foreign country, we may be deceived and pronounce erroneous judgments, even in cases where we believe ourselves to have made all the necessary inquiries.

I return to Frederick the Great. The person who conducted me to Sans Souci was granddaughter of M. Jordan, the intimate friend of Frederick the Great, and whose fortune the prince

made through gratitude for the proofs of interest he **■** shown in his **■** during his exile and disgrace, while as yet only Prince Royal. This great prince **■** on all occasions the **■** grateful of **■**. We heard several traits of the monarch and his court of another description. The three following seem to **■** so pleasant **■** to deserve to be related. When the king made short excursions he **■** in the habit of carrying Voltaire with him. In one of these Voltaire **■** alone in a post-chaise which followed the king's carriage. A young page whom Voltaire had some days previous caused to be severely scolded, resolved to have revenge; accordingly, when he went before to cause the horses to be prepared, he told all the postmasters and postillions that the king had an old monkey, of which he was so very fond, that he delighted in dressing him up like a person belonging to the court, and that he always made this animal accompany him in his little excursions; that the monkey cared for **■** one but the king, and was extremely mischievous; and that, therefore, if he attempted to get out of the chaise, they were to prevent him. After receiving this notice, all the servants of the different post-houses, whenever Voltaire attempted **■** get out of the carriage, opposed his exit; and when he thrust **■** his hand to open the carriage-door, he

always received two or three blows with a stick upon his hands, accompanied with shouts of laughter. Voltaire, who did not understand a word of German, could not demand an explanation of these singular proceedings; his fury became extreme, but it only served to redouble the gaiety of the postmasters; and a large crowd constantly assembled in consequence of the page's report, to see the king's monkey, and to hoot him. Throughout the journey, things passed off in this fashion; but what completed the anger and vexation of Voltaire was, that the king thought the trick so pleasant, that he refused to punish the inventor of it. Thus the vengeance of the young page was complete.

The passion of the king for music is well known. One evening when he had just gone to bed, he thought he heard a charming symphony played at a distance. He rose, opened the window, and found to his surprise that this *pianissimo* music in two parts, proceeded from the watch-box of the sentinel on duty below his apartment. He called the sentinel and questioned him; his astonishment was redoubled on hearing that it was this soldier who produced the illusion by playing once, and in the most beautiful manner, two

Jews' harps. The king, astonished at such a prodigy, commanded the soldier to stand up to him. To this the soldier replied, "I cannot—I must wait for my countersign."—"But I am the king."—"I know it; but I can only leave my place by order of my colonel." On hearing this the king was at first angry; but the sentinel told him that if he obeyed, he would cause him to be punished next day for a breach of discipline. The king then praised his firmness, shut his window, retired to bed, and the following day sent for the soldier, listened to him with admiration, and presented him with fifty fredericks and his discharge. This musician of a new description made a great deal of money by going over all Germany. Some years afterwards I heard him at Hamburg. He went to play in the houses, and when he played he required all the lights to be put out, and then you thought you really heard a fine symphony sounding in the distance.

Another trait of a less generous kind, but which proves also the passion which this monarch had for music, is an anecdote relating to a famous Duport, the first violoncello player in Europe. Being sent for to Berlin by Frederick, he counted on remaining there five or six months only. The

king hearing that he was preparing to depart, charged several of his musicians to give him an entertainment and to make him drunk. When in [] condition, he was made [] sign with [] own hand, [] engagement, by which he entered one of the king's regiments in the capacity of a drummer, so that he could [] leave Prussia without exposing himself to be punished with death as a deserter. It [] thus that this great artist [] fixed in Brandenburg. He was at first excessively enraged; but a large pension and [] excellent marriage soon consoled him. He [] [] inhabitant of Sans Souci together with his family when I went to visit that royal residence. He returned to France after the revolution, a few years after me, and I heard him play [] the violoncello at the *Concert Spirituel* with the [] brilliant success. He was then seventy- [] years of age.

It [] in the course of my second visit [] Germany, that I [] represented for the first time a German tragedy, called *Octavia, the wife of Mark Antony*. The following [] [] narrative of this singular representation. The curtain drew up, soft music [] heard, and you saw in a beautiful Egyptian, or Roman, or Grecian [] (I am not [] which)—but a bed with curtains elegantly raised on festoons, and half open; you saw, I say,

Antony and Cleopatra, in ■■■ and asleep in each others arms, under ■■ superb covering of purple. In a ■■■■ Cleopatra awakes ; she looks at Mark Antony, kisses his forehead, and rises. The music then ■■■■ It would appear that the queens of Egypt were in the habit of sleeping with their clothes on, for Cleopatra gets out of bed, lightly attired it is true, but wearing the dress in which she appears throughout the first act. She calls her women, not however that they may assist ■■ her toilette, but in order to talk to them about love. During this conversation Antony, who, ■■ it would seem, sleeps very soundly, ■■ length awakens, and ■■ getting out of bed, begins to talk to Cleopatra of his passion. Such is the exposition of the piece. The third act presents ■■■■ equally decent and ■■ great deal ■■■■ singular. The virtuous Octavia comes to seek her faithless spouse ; and penetrates ■■ the apartments of her rival, whom she ■■■■ tête à tête with Mark Antony. The latter, instead of discovering any embarrassment, harangues his wife and mistress ■■ ■■■■ and melts the hearts of both. He then takes both of them into his ■■■■ The two rivals in this situation, melt into tears, and mutually embrace. Antony, ■■ spouse and ■■ lover, enjoys with transport that noble and touching union ; he presses

■ his bosom, and embraces them both in his turn. This is ■ novel scene, and embellished with sentiments of no ordinary ■ !

I ought ■ mention, that the ■ of Antony and Cleopatra shocked the public, and ■ omitted at the second representation of the piece; but ■ other part of the scene was changed. However, instead of a ■ with curtains, ■ sofa ■ placed on the stage, still covered with the purple coverlid: the lovers, ■ before, lay in bed asleep; but ■ there was no bed, all the spectators were satisfied, only the prudes murmured *sotto voce* that they would have been better pleased with an arm-chair than the sofa. This outrageous rigour would have been carried too far, if it had been yielded to; it would next have been demanded that Antony and Cleopatra should pass the night together sitting ■ stools. True wisdom ■ lies in extremes—so the sofa remained ■ the stage.

I once saw ■ Paris the first representation of ■

* ■ following is ■ interesting anecdote ■ :

The King of Sweden, a short time before his tragical end, fell from horseback, ■ his arm: when ■ cured, ■ mid-dling ■ of Stockholm devoted a ■ to maintain ■ ■ Royal Hospital a certain number of beds, where fractures of ■ legs ■ gratis. These ■ were called ■ of *Loulais*, ■ memory of ■ Camp ■ Loulais, where the king's ■ happened.—(Note by the Author.)

Octavia by M. Marmontel. There was much in it, but towards the conclusion, a personage, telling Augustus, in speaking of Cleopatra—"Sire, she is alive!"*—the audience burst into laughter, and the piece failed. Perhaps, had it been for this ridiculous speech, the tragedy might have had a run. I easily conceive, that a very clever man may write a very weak piece; but I cannot conceive a clever man of letters leaving in his work a line absolutely ridiculous, at a time when his taste and tongue are completely formed: such a thing might have happened to Corneille, but hardly to Racine. The *Thébaïde* failed, because the tragedy was weak in style and interest: but in it is to be found the germ of the admirable talent of its author; his elegance, his nobleness of manner, and his sensibility; and it does not contain a single ridiculous expression.†

The affection of Mademoiselle Bocquet for me seemed to increase daily, and lasted the summer, and part of the autumn. My *Little Emigrants* ap-

* *Seigneur, elle est vivante.*

† These are the ridiculous expressions to be found in Corneille, whose language was not so fully formed. Some of his creation owing especially to Pascal, Bossuet, &c.—(Note by the Author.)

peared, and with the utmost My nevertheless continued languishing; I had in my head the plan of the Rival Mothers, but I had not strength enough to begin the work. I wrote during this time my *Ileures à l'usage des jeunes personnes*. It was this time that there rived Mademoiselle Bocquet's from the extremity of Russia, a pupil of such a singular description, that I avoid speaking of her here. She six years old, and had an air of vivacity and intelligence: she could not utter a single word, excepting some infantine phrases in the language of her country. examined by the first surgeons of Berlin, who unanimously declared, that nothing but her own will prevented her from speaking; and that their opinion on this head confirmed by the absence of all deafness. She so intelligent, that she could express all she wished by means of her gestures and the features. Mademoiselle Bocquet bethought her of converting her into a spy, and learned from the child in great detail all that passed in the class in her absence: this produced among the scholars infinite disputes, each accused the other of being the informer, being from suspecting the little mute of being criminal. As at time Mademoiselle Bocquet told every thing, she entrusted me

with this secret, and I [redacted] great difficulty in keeping it, the rather as I was convinced that the little girl indulged herself in exaggeration and malice in the reports she made. This infant so extraordinary in her way, represented to my mind a little enchanted princess; she furnished me with the idea of my tale called *le Maillot sensible et raisonnable*, which I first wrote for Mademoiselle Bocquet, to whom I gave the MS. and afterwards, on the [redacted] foundation, I wrote a second, which I published.

Mademoiselle Bocquet had sent me a physician, who gave me great quantities of drugs, which did me much harm. One of my friends, uneasy at seeing the condition to which I was reduced, and my daily declension in health, took me to M. Zeli, the first physician to the king, whom I consulted: he told me that if I had delayed two or three months longer, I should have fallen into a condition from which no treatment could have relieved me. He advised me to throw all my medicines out of the window, and to do no other thing than carrots two months, taking daily a spoonful of horse-radish in my soup. This regimen in fact, which I had the courage to prolong for two months, saved my life, and restored me to health. I [redacted] that Mademoiselle Bocquet was angry with

■ for having quitted her physician; but another
 ■ produced a great coolness between ■ I
 have already mentioned that she had a sister-in-
 law, ■ Madame Bocquet, the wife of her
 brother. I easily remarked that Mademoiselle
 Bocquet did not love her; and when she ■ that
 I ■ pleased with her, she told ■ many bad
 things of her: she could say nothing about her
 conduct, which was that of ■ angel, but she as-
 sured me that she ■ excessively deceitful, which
 ■ ■ most unworthy falsehood. On the other
 hand, Madame Bocquet never spoke to ■ of her
 sister-in-law but in terms of eulogy. This dif-
 ferent conduct began to give me ■ very bad opi-
 nion of Mademoiselle Bocquet's disposition: a
 very trifling incident made her break with me.
 It is usual in Germany to make mutual presents
 at Christmas: Madame Bocquet, who had already
 conceived a lively friendship for me, presented ■
 with *Young's Night Thoughts*, ■ the first page of
 which she had written the words, " I love them
 enough to offer them ■ you." She gave ■ be-
 sides ■ charming little cane, (then called ■ *badine*,)
 with ■ ■ in gold and enamel, which, like
 her own, ■ adorned with a little crooked chamois
 horn, and ■ band of gold, enamelled with blue
 round the cane, ■ which were engraved in letters

of gold, the words *Don't présume*, in allusion to the following fact: the first time I saw Madame Bocquet, when she advanced to salute me, her little cane fastened in my hair so firmly, that we could not separate ourselves: this was the origin of the pretty device on the cane which she gave me. I delighted with these two presents; I spoke of them and praised them with the vivacity which is natural to me. Mademoiselle Bocquet abused them with a fury which was quite inconceivable, and her jealousy heightened by seeing that Madame Bocquet came twice a day to visit me. This ridiculous conduct did not lead me to forget all the kindness which Mademoiselle Bocquet had shown me. I wished to explain matters with her, and tried to soften her anger, and recall her to reason; but she replied to my endeavours with a fury which confounded me. Never was there a love more exclusive and less reasonable: I requested M. Mayet our mutual friend, to speak to her, but nothing would make her hear reason; she required me to break abruptly with Madame Bocquet, and I refused distinctly to receive her at my house. I was far from disposed to yield to a whim of this kind, and from that moment Mademoiselle Bocquet looked upon me with horror. I still persisted in thinking that with a little patience I

should succeed in restoring her to reason ; besides, I could not quit her house on the instant, because by our agreement, I was bound to pass three months with her. She went far in her fury to excite dissensions between Madame Bocquet and her husband ; and had become altogether bitter and violent, that under pretence of the austerity of my regimen, I determined eating in my own room. Upon finding this, she thought it necessary any longer even to keep upon decent terms with me, and went lengths in her ill treatment. She caused several pretty articles of furniture which she had purchased from me to be removed from my room ; and a large and handsome coverlid, quite new, made of silk and stuffed, she replaced by an old one of cotton full of patches. I then living on carrots and soup, which till this time had been cooked with the possible care. The soup changed into water with a little grease in it. But, it would be too long to detail all the persecutions of this kind which she made me suffer : there were however to which I was more sensible than to the rest ; she desired Jenny to quit me, and ordered her to take the place of school mistress in her house. Jenny well qualified to fill such a place : I had completed her in a knowledge of writing and orthography, and

she owed ■■■ the talent of reading aloud admirably, and reading even verse well. I had given her lessons in history and in flower painting, in which she made great progress. Jenny replied firmly, that nothing on earth would ever induce her to quit ■■■ voluntarily. "Well then," said Mademoiselle Bocquet, "you shall quit her by force." Jenny was a Catholic in her heart, ■■■ I have stated: and it has been seen, that faithful to my promise, I had no share in her conversion: she had as yet given no public proof of her Catholicism: it was still a secret between us. Nevertheless, Mademoiselle Bocquet assembled a family council, in which it ■■■ juridically decided that Jenny should be removed, because her religion ■■■ endangered by remaining with me; this resolution ■■■ communicated to Jenny, who courageously replied, that if her family persisted in removing her from me, at least they had no right to prevent her from returning to Magdeburg, her native place, to the ■■■ of her two elder sisters, of whom the youngest was twenty-six, and who lived by working embroidery. Mademoiselle Bocquet now got into a fearful state of fury; Jenny, in spite of her natural mildness and timidity, showed no symptoms of terror; her vexation ■■■ the thought of quitting me, gave her super-

natural strength. Mademoiselle Bocquet ended by telling her that she would not give her money to go ■ Magdeburg ; upon this I gave her what she required, and moreover all the furs and lined clothes I possessed, for we were then in ■ midst of winter : and she quitted us, to the great surprise of Mademoiselle Bocquet. This separation cost ■ both many tears ; and I only found consolation for my loss in the friendship of Madame Bocquet. I was truly unhappy ; having ■ attendant, deprived of my dear Jenny, being ■ longer, as I may say, waited on by the servants belonging to the house, who had orders to do nothing for me but to light my stove twice a day, and to bring me a large piece of bread, and a plate of ■ carrots for my daily food ; for I had ■ given up the greasy soup furnished ■ by Mademoiselle Bocquet. I myself dressed my carrots with plain boiling water, and except for Madame Bocquet, this would have been my sole food ; but she came ■ ■ ■ twice a day, and brought me potted meat, jellies, and delicious little rolls. So many disagreeable things, in spite of my excellent regimen, rendered ■ very unwell for three weeks : I was troubled with painful boils, which made ■ ■ ■ cruelly ; one of them I ■ unable to attend to myself, but the angelic ■ Boc-

quet charged herself with dressing it twice a day. Madame Bocquet would not allow me to have a waiting maid as companion.

I had another friend who was very agreeable and interesting; her name was Mademoiselle Itzig; she was twenty-eight years of age, and had been blind from fourteen, in consequence of having had an operation for the cataract ill performed. Having had the best instruction up to the age of fourteen, she had retained a passionate fondness for music; her voice was charming, her style of singing was agreeable, and she accompanied herself on the piano. We performed a great deal of music together; and as she was endowed with great intelligence, I undertook to teach her to accompany herself on the harp, and to play the airs; in this I perfectly succeeded. It was for her that I invented the little harp of six and twenty chords, to exercise the fingers in a carriage, and on all occasions; this produced a rapid progress in her. Madame Bocquet often brought with her one of her friends, the Countess of Thadden, lady of honour to the queen, who was young and handsome. She had a husband, fifty years older than herself, who was subject at every change of season to fits of raving madness. The Countess Thadden had been married

years, yet ■■■ suspected the malady of her ■■■■■. ■■■■■ waited ■■■ him, along with ■■■ valet-de-chambre, without being ■■■ of his transports; it must be said, however, that ■■■ always recognised her, ■■■ that she could appease his fits by speaking to him. No ■■■ suspected his disease; it ■■■ only thought that ■■■ often ill; when his ■■■ over, he ■■■ extremely quiet. But the malady afterwards increased ■■■ much, that towards the end of my residence at Berlin it had become publicly known; and once he had so furious a fit, that after having broken his bed in pieces, he attempted to throw himself out at the window. Madame de Thadden and the servant, being unable to restrain him, cried loudly for assistance; ■■■ the servants immediately rushed in, and beheld him in that condition. It ■■■ thus that the admirable conduct of Madame de Thadden ■■■ to be discovered; all the rest of her behaviour accorded with this heroic devotion to her husband.

Mademoiselle Bocquet knew only ■ part of her sister's attentions ■■■ There ■■■■ entrances to my lodging, the one through the ■■■■ belonging ■■■ Bocquet, and the other by a little private staircase belonging ■■■ my cabinet, which ■■■ into a little ■■■■ court, ■■■ of sight

of the windows of Mademoiselle Bocquet. We
 [redacted] connexion with great mystery.
 [redacted] Bocquet [redacted] to [redacted] when she [redacted]
 [redacted] her sister [redacted] three times a week, and only
 [redacted] in the day. At other times she [redacted] me
 by the little staircase. For a long time, Mademoi-
 selle Bocquet, who now paid [redacted] visits [redacted] all,
 thought that her sister-in-law only [redacted] me when she
 came to pay a visit to her; but afterwards she learn-
 ed, through [redacted] of her spies, that [redacted] passed al-
 most the whole of our days together; she then did
 all in her power to persuade her brother that this
 [redacted] improper, but, fortunately, in vain. The spring
 came [redacted] free me from all these persecutions, of
 which I have not recounted the half. I received
 money for my *Dialogues or Itineraries*, which I
 had composed for the [redacted] of the emigrants; the
 only [redacted] worthy of [redacted] to all the anonymous
 libels of which I [redacted] the object, and which
 appeared [redacted] every [redacted] so noble and touching, that
 from that time [redacted] one has ventured to write
 against [redacted]. This work [redacted] esteemed so useful
 [redacted] Germany, that it was determined to employ it
 as an elementary work, for teaching French in [redacted]
 the schools.

In speaking of anonymous writings, I had
 written one myself, but the motive of it [redacted] esti-

mable. I [] in the public newspaper, that Messrs. Suard and de [] Harpe were persecuted, and obliged [] conceal themselves, in order to avoid death [] deportation. Messrs. de [] Harpe and Suard [] by no means my friends : I [] rendered several services [] the former, [] we had quarrelled a long time before—that [] to say, [] years previous to the revolution ; but the situation of these [] persons touched me so deeply, that the desire of being of [] [] to them led me to conceive the idea of composing [] little work, called *The Friend of the Arts and Talents*. The [] of [] woman would only have had the effect of diminishing the weight of my reflections . I therefore concealed my name. The work was printed and sold at Paris, in order that it might be ascribed [] a French citizen. I took for the motto the following lines of M. de la Harpe :

Beaux-arts, c'est pour [] seuls qu'aujourd'hui je vous aime !
 [] cœur, de [] jours, vous êtes les soutiens,
 Je jure d's travaux qui surpassent les []

I subjoin [] fragments of the work.

* * *

“ A sanguinary despotism has for [] long time deprived us of the greatest part of the useful and

agreeable talents which once embellished France. Her artists exiled themselves. The muses, friends of peace, went to seek her under foreign skies; it was thus, that in former days, chased by the Furies, they escaped from Greece, and went to seek for refuge in another climate. In France, Robespierre, with the poignard in his hand, forbade them to return, denouncing them as *Emigrants*, and depriving them of all their possessions; but their real property is their glory, which cannot be confiscated, which is carried with them into every country, and of which persecutions only serve to heighten the lustre.

“ At that fearful epoch, what did I know of my terrors for the artists and the men of letters I knew! Alas, I trembled for those who have given me proofs of their hostility! when I reflected on their danger, I thought only of their talents. *The Friend of Literature and the Arts*, in these days of proscription, can no right man think of his enemies, and could only regret his judges. Where is he who would enter upon his career with enthusiasm, if he were not himself without antagonists? It is the fear of being surpassed, which gives wings in the course; and the

palms of victory derive ■■ their value from the hands which distribute, and the rivals who dispute them.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

“ In these disastrous times, I wept for the harmonious poet who celebrated our gardens ‘ . . . that illustrious poet who was inspired by the genius of Virgil, ■■ Pope by that of Homer ! I ■■ Delille dragged ■■ prison : I fancied him plunged into the depths of a subterranean dungeon, and my imagination represented him to me, deprived of the light of day, and of hope, reciting his admirable lines on the *Catacombs of Rome* !* . . . Thanks to heaven, he has survived the tyrant, and I have since seen with joy, ■■ name ■■ dew to the muses, on the list (alas ! how short) of the men of letters who remain to us.

■ ■ ■ ■ ■

“ If the conquerors and chiefs of nations, who have shown no respect ■■ the material monuments produced by the arts, have in all ages been reckoned barbarians, what shall be said of the ferro-

■ ■■ ■■ (as well as several others of the ■■ author) was not yet printed : ■■ ■■ died, we should have ■■ at once ■■ and ■■ works ; for, trusting to his memory, he never wrote ■■ the verses ■■ composed, till ■■ sent them ■■ press —
(*Note ■■ Author.*)

cious men, who destroy the very inventors of these arts, and those who cultivate them with success labour to advance them? In the remote periods, great talents always fortunate as to have the power of disarming anger, hatred, and resentment. Ancient fable and history equally prove how far the ancients have carried this sentiment of respect and admiration. Homer, in tracing the blood-stained scene of the vengeance exercised by the implacable of Laertes, represents this cruel and vindictive prince, softened by the sounds of the lyre of Phemius, and sparing in his wrath only that famous musician. In history we find the workshop of Polignotus protected even by the enemies of his country; the house of Pindar respected by pillaging soldiers; Marcellus, entering a conqueror into Syracuse, yet honouring the memory of the man whose genius had rendered the siege so perilous and so difficult,* and appearing inconsolable at the news of his death; and the all-powerful Augustus, outraged in the most sensible manner, but limiting his vengeance to the exile of the seducer of his daughter. To this indulgence owe the best works of Ovid, which composed that period.

* " ■ ■ *

“ In modern history ■ find ■ number of similar traits; ■ know with what generosity Charlemagne, the admirer of the talents of Paul the Deacon, forgave the boldness of his answers, and his attachment ■ the family of Didier. Every ■ knows the touching testimony of ■ and admiration which the enemies of Louis XIV. and of France bestowed on Fenelon, when having penetrated into our provinces, and ravaging agreeably to the horrible rights of war, the country they had overrun, they spared nothing but the lands and possessions of the author of *Télémaque*.

“ The ■ who possesses great and well-directed talents, does not belong only to the country which witnessed his birth; every place where the arts and sciences are cultivated, have a right to claim him, when his life ■ liberty is menaced in his ■ country; if he is guilty towards her, exile should be his punishment! but what barbarity there is in ■ attempt upon his life! What! the glory which surrounds him, his past labours, and those which are to come—all these motives for admiration, gratitude, and hope—are they ■ have ■ weight in his defence or acquittal? . . . Benefits which will be transmitted ■ the ■ posterity, from the *chefs-d'œuvre* which he bequeaths to you, and which you ■ see revived in your theatres,

the greatest and [redacted] discovery which has been made in physics, [redacted] the beginning of the American war, the English government [redacted] put a price on the head of Franklin, [redacted] had found assassins in consequence !

“ Let [redacted] observe besides, to the honour of literature and the arts, that in general the acquisition of great talents is a pledge of good morals; as much time is necessary for perfecting and cultivating them, that none is left for vice and intrigue. Can we separate from sound literature the study of morals ? Ah ! who [redacted] love virtue better than he who has passed his [redacted] in reflection upon the duties of man ? An excellent moralist and writer may doubtless err ; but there will be nothing in him to pardon, but venial errors, not a long series of criminal [redacted] vicious actions.

* * * * *

“ Virtue, when joined to genius and talents, is the genuine support of power. . . .

“ It is the [redacted] that have immortalized the grand [redacted] of Pericles, of Augustus, of Charlemagne, of Francis I., of the Medicis, and of Louis XIV. Let us remember, that [redacted] was neither by [redacted] of terror, [redacted] by according [redacted] privileges [redacted] the patricians, that the second of the Cæsars appeased [redacted] fury of the triumvirate ; a warrior without

talent, even without courage, a barbarous tyrant, stained with the blood of his fellow-citizens, subjugated his country, he sacrificed without ambition, public virtue, liberty, and humanity; yet he obtained pardon for all these crimes—what do I say? . . . he was beloved! He usurped the glory well of the empire of the universe. It was because, when seated on the throne, he knew how to pardon, and because he chose for friends Mæcenas, Virgil, and Horace.

* * * * *

“ Ah! for the happiness of my country, I pray that those who govern it may restore to literature and the arts, the dazzling splendour with which they shone under the famous prince, who owed the greatness of *Great*, not to his conquests, but to the enthusiasm of grateful subjects!”

* * * * *

I still form the same wish, and with better reason for hope, under the reign of a monarch more justly beloved than the Roman Emperor, since his disposition is always as pure as his disposition is magnanimous. What friend of the arts desires to see restored to his country an old man who would always have been the honour and glory of the French school, even if he produced

thing ■■■■ inimitable picture of the vow of the Huratii! I ■■■■ to say, that I blamed him loudly ■■ the period of his errors; but he is unfortunate, ■■ is in exile, he is groaning under the weight of age and infirmities; and I ■■■■ in him only his misfortunes, and his sublime talent. Every thing, in short, recalls him ■■ my fancy, when I admire the great talents of his scholars; yes, the numerous *chefs-d'œuvre* of Gerard, of Guerin, of Girodet, and of Gros, ■■■■ to entreat his recall; and the glory, the conduct, and the sentiments of these illustrious artists give them, on ■ question of this kind, the most touching right to be heard.

Among the most ardent of my enemies, ranked a personage who was not at all my enemy through party feeling, but only because I had *spoken very ill*, as he said, of his master, Jean Jacques Rousseau, whose devoted disciple he was. His name ■■■■ the Chevalier de Meude Monpas; he wrote a great number of articles and ■■■■ against me. His poetical talent may be judged of by the following little piece in verse, which he composed in order to account for his excessive sensibility:

Je ■■■■ l'histoire singulière,
Qui m'arriva ■■■■ le ■■■■ de ma mère.

I omit six lines here, in which he [] that his mother bore in her womb three twins—himself, his brother, and his sister. He then proceeds thus :

[] frère étoit d'un commerce farouche ;
 [] triste [] n'ouvroit jamais la [] ;
 Je m'ennuyois . . comme un triste héritier ;
 Un jour enfin, fatigué [] métier,
 Je prignardai [] frère et cette belle ;
 Je fis cela [] leur chercher querelle :
 Car il vaut mieux assassiner les gens
 Que de propos les fatiguer long-temps.
 Si [] conduite aux yeux paroît immonde,
 Avois-je alors quelque [] [] monde ?
 Mais poursuivons . . Quel étoit mon dessein ?
 D'avoir trois cœurs . . Je finissai dans le sein
 Et de [] sœur et de mon triste frère.
 (Ah ! quel fracas pour ma dolente mère !)
 Je m'emparai du cœur de chacun d'eux,
 Croyant par-là me rendre plus heureux ;
 Funeste erreur ! . . je l'éprouva [] []
 Tout les tourmens viennent de la tendresse, etc..

The birthday of Mademoiselle Bocquet occurred a short time before our separation. As people generally receive [] such occasions presents from their friends, I [] her a handsome [] coverlid stuffed, telling her that I presented it to her because such things [] be rarities in her house ; I gave her, besides, [] elegant [] of

china, with silver salt-cellars. I remained a year in her house, and had been perfectly well treated during nine months; and the sum of payment was so moderate, that Mademoiselle Bocquet have been a loser rather than a gainer by the bargain; unless, indeed, the I had experienced for the last three months, might have reimbursed her, for my fare could not have cost the sum I paid her. She received my presents with extreme surprise, but she accepted them. The evening before my departure, a scene occurred which almost put her out of her senses. There resided at Potsdam a lady exceedingly rich, called the Countess of Schmalensee, whom I knew not at all known, but who wrote me to say, that she was in want of a companion, who should at the same time be qualified to act as governess of her children; that she wished to have me of my recommending; that she was between thirty-five and forty, and that she begged me to send her such a person; at the same time she described to me in detail the condition on which she was to be received, which was very lucrative and advantageous. I immediately thought of Jenny; I replied to her letter, and proposed her; and though she was but nineteen years of age, she was accepted. Upon this, I requested in

my reply that she should be [redacted] to a place, [redacted] which I mentioned, and which was three leagues distant from Berlin. I wrote [redacted] Jenny, who accepted my proposal with much gratitude, [redacted] who [redacted] the appointed rendezvous. In the morning there arrived [redacted] door of the boarding-house, a grand coach with six horses, which stopped before [redacted] house of Mademoiselle Bocquet; the latter, together with several of her pupils, [redacted] the window, [redacted] their astonishment [redacted] extreme on seeing Jenny descend from this handsome carriage. Jenny first entered her aunt's apartment, and told her, with [redacted] triumphant air, all her good fortune, declaring that she [redacted] doubly happy, as she owed it to me alone. Mademoiselle Bocquet remained in [redacted] of consternation, and Jenny ran into my room, threw herself on my neck, and burst into tears. I wept, also, heartily; and the meeting [redacted] much the more pleasant, as Madame Bocquet [redacted] in my room, and partook with all her soul [redacted] emotions and our satisfaction. This adventure caused Mademoiselle Bocquet so much vexation and surprise, that she [redacted] ill in [redacted] quence of it the whole day.

At the time [redacted] for my departure, which was [redacted] day [redacted] noon, I entered the apartment of

Bocquet, to her farewell; I thought of the number of all her kindnesses of times, it was not without emotion that I entered her cabinet; but the icy coldness, or rather the rudeness with which she received me very soon checked my first emotions, which might have rendered the interview very touching, if she had wished it. Nevertheless, I embraced her; she looked at me with eyes glaring with anger. I hastened to withdraw; and she had not even the politeness to follow me to the door. I crossed the drawing-room where I saw three of her pupils, among others, Mademoiselle de Gerlach, the charming young person of whom I have already spoken; she threw herself into my arms and burst into tears. At this moment I heard Mademoiselle Bocquet pull the bells violently; the sound alarmed me; so I made my escape, and hastened as quickly as I could to join Mademoiselle Itzig, who waited for me in the carriage; she carried me beyond the town, at a small distance from the gate of Silesia, to a splendid royal establishment, where cannons were made. There were very handsome apartments in this place; Mademoiselle Itzig procured me the use of a charming room on the first floor, very elegantly furnished, and which were entirely and freely at

my disposal for four months. I [redacted] myself in this place with a new companion of fifteen years old; and [redacted] were very well served by the wife of [redacted] of [redacted] artillery, who besides cooked for [redacted]. This [redacted] [redacted] young and handsome, and I became attached [redacted] her; I observed [redacted] she constantly [redacted] a green petticoat; she had a green petticoat for both week-days and Sundays; [redacted] told [redacted] that she owed to a green petticoat, her marriage and her happiness, and that she had determined always to wear one; she then told me her story, on which I founded my novel, entitled *Ida, or the Green Petticoat*. Of this story, M. Radet has made a very agreeable *vaudeville*, which is still performed. In the [redacted] of my emigration, I have found several other subjects for *vandevilles*. M. Parandier, [redacted] of my friends who returned from Dresden, told [redacted] [redacted] story of the tomb of Mademoiselle Bause, [redacted] which an unknown hand had daily strewn flowers for two years. On this incident I have founded a novel, entitled *The Funeral Flowers; or, Melancholy*. I have furnished M. Fiévée with several subjects for stories; among others, those which [redacted] [redacted] called *Vengeance and Innocence*. The [redacted] is [redacted] history of a lady of Sleswig; and [redacted] second, that of a young and [redacted] amiable emigrant French

woman, of the name of Mademoiselle Filhon. I heard from her own lips her singular story, into which M. Fiévée has put much talent, into all he has written; but anecdote of this kind rather required simplicity. My fancy is romantic, that frequently the slightest incidents have furnished me with subjects for my novels. I have already related the adventure of the rose, (which I float by the *Alster*,) incident which I have introduced into the *Mères Rivaux*.

I passed five months in the handsome apartments which had been given to me; I was quite near Mademoiselle Itzig, who occupied a charming house close to my rooms, with a superb garden, where I went every morning to walk; besides this, I was surrounded with delicious promenades, which lay open to me through the woods and the neighbourhood of the town. Mademoiselle Itzig and M. Bocquet always alternately take me in a carriage with them; I used to make excursions of three or four leagues, and sometimes more. I paid a visit to the château of the Count de Voss, where I heard, for the first time, a ravishing concert. If the same scheme were universally adopted, it would give every country inexpressible charms. The plan was to form

the [redacted] into flocks, and to hang round their necks harmonic bells; these formed, in [redacted] beautiful manner, perfect major concords, in several octaves, both high and low. No [redacted] form [redacted] idea of this delicious harmony; when it is [redacted] a small distance, it forms a celestial music, of which the irregularity and the [redacted] act so powerfully on the imagination, that it is impossible to listen to [redacted] without the most lively emotion.

I was, moreover, taken to [redacted] the interesting tree of the refugees, existing at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes; it is entirely covered with touching inscriptions, expressing each writer's love of his country, and his regret at having quitted it. I was told, with reference to this subject and the refugees, a touching trait, of which I ascertained the exactness. These refugees had resolved [redacted] giving to the villages, in the neighbourhood where they [redacted] fixed their abode. the names of several places in France; and these *patriotic nicknames* had been fixed upon most of the villages. I saw, also, in my excursions, and with great pleasure, Potsdam, its marble palace, &c. I recovered, in the [redacted] [redacted] that [redacted] all my former [redacted] for botany; I [redacted] with my little companion [redacted] herborize in the woods; opposite [redacted] house, there lived [redacted] person who [redacted] little

cakes; of these I bought some from time to time, in order to give them ■ the idle boys about the streets, who, through gratitude, followed me ■ troops ■ the woods; ■ ■ ■ extremely agreeable to me, as they gathered for ■ heaps of plants, which I ■ great pleasure in carrying home to paint from, and of which I composed ■ herbal.

One evening, in returning from my promenade, I ■ a little girl on her knees cutting grass; her head ■ bent down, and her beautiful fair curled hair hid her face entirely. I stopped ■ speak to her, upon which she lifted her head, threw back her hair, and showed me the most beautiful face possible; I questioned her, and learning that she ■ very poor, and that her parents lived only two hundred paces off, I begged her to conduct me ■ their cottage. I there saw, in fact, very poor peasants; I requested them to allow their daughter, two or three hours ■ day, saying that I should have a little dress made for her; to this they consented joyfully. The infant ■ eight years of age; I told her that if her disposition pleased me, I would take charge of her, take her with me, ■ educate her. From the period of my emigration, I had always wished an infant with me, ■ ■ to have one, seemed to me the greatest of all human privations. The ■ came

regularly ■ me; she was extremely mild, and ■ ■ ■ angel; I became passionately attached to her, and at the expiration of ■ fortnight, I begged her parents to give her up ■ ■ ■ They accepted my proposal without hesitation; it ■ ■ ■ agreed that she should go to sleep with her parents ■ long ■ I remained in the country, and that ■ should take her with me entirely when I should remove ■ Berlin; in the mean time, I furnished her with a complete suit of clothes, which I sent in ■ little box to her parents' house.

About this time, I met with ■ very disagreeable adventure, which distressed me exceedingly: one morning my little companion requested leave to go to Berlin, promising to return in time for dinner: to this I consented; but she did not return even in time for bed, and I remained for two days entirely alone in my large rooms, without hearing a syllable about her. At length I received ■ letter, informing me that she was in prison for robberies thoroughly proved against her; and that she had said, on being asked who she was, that she ■ ■ ■ my daughter. I went to acquaint Mademoiselle Itzig with this ridiculous story; she charged herself with answering for me, and making inquiry into the facts. From this inquiry, ■ appeared that the girl ■ ■ ■ in reality ■ thief; ■ ■ ■ ■

length tried, and condemned by the tribunal to be shut up in a house of correction for three years. I looked out for another companion, and M. Delagarde, my bookseller, immediately gave me his niece, a young person of eighteen, extremely agreeable, and with whom I have always had every thing to be pleased. On the day following her arrival, while I was in my saloon, of which the windows looked out into the street, I heard a carriage with six horses stop opposite our door; Mademoiselle Delagarde looked out of the window, and saw that the carriage was entirely loaded with flowers in cases and pots, and baskets of fruit. We envied the person for whom this handsome present was intended; only one person was in the coach, who descended from it, and a moment after rung the bell at our door. My joy was extreme, on learning that it was to myself that all these fine things were destined; they were sent me by the Countess of Schmalensee, the lady with whom I had placed my dear Jenny. The latter, who was beloved by that lady as she deserved to be, had requested her to make me this superb and charming present; both the flowers and fruits were grown in hot-houses, and of admirable beauty. I gave almost all the flowers to Mademoiselle Itzig, but Mademoiselle Delagarde

opposed my liberality as regarded ■■■ fruits, which formed, ■■ long ■■ they lasted, ■■■ luxury * of our breakfasts.

■ laboured while in ■■■ house ■■ my Romance, ■■■ the Rival Mothers, of which in the course of four months and a half I wrote the greater part; I had sold it before hand to M. Delagarde; ■■■ bargain ■■■ at the ■■■ of 100 francs per sheet, of which he had given ■■■ ■■■ part in advance. I did ■■■ suppose it would extend beyond a thick volume, ■■ I had stated to M. Delagarde. It happened that the work ■■■ lengthened to two, and I ■■■ afraid that the bookseller might imagine that I had drawn it out only on purpose to have a pretence for demanding more money. I could not bear this idea, and told him that I only demanded the value of a volume of three hundred and seventy pages: he was exceedingly surprised at a mode of proceeding in which delicacy ■■■ carried to such a height that it might be called folly.* Such has always been my conduct with regard ■■ book-sellers; theirs has been generally very different towards ■■■ with a very few exceptions.

Towards the end of ■■■ autumn I returned ■■ Berlin; ■■ my departure ■■ asked for my ■■■ pea-

* Afterwards, ■■ ■■■ published ■■ Paris, I added ■■■ ther volume.—(*Note by the Author*.)

girl, who accompanied me: but her parents declared I should have her unless on condition of making them a present of sixty gold Fredericks. It was impossible for me to pay that sum; accordingly I did not get the child, which I greatly regretted: I regretted what the clothes I had purchased for her. I determined hiring lodgings at Berlin. A person of my acquaintance, Madame Michelet, undertook to show me several: at first two sets of apartments, of which the latter appeared to Madame Michelet charming, and the price reasonable, that she insisted on my taking it, though I by no means agreed with her in opinion. She threw into her decision such a tone of authority that I was offended, and very wrongly, not reflecting at the moment that she could have in view no other interest than mine in the matter: but that interest was shown in a somewhat angry manner. Accordingly I persisted in refusing the rooms, which Madame Michelet was severely displeased. However, I went to see some others; they were on the third floor, and she was so breathless in reaching them, that she did not even attempt to conceal her ill humour, but justly abused the apartments; upon this I praised

them outrageously, and took the lodging ■ the great vexation of Madame Michelet.

The ■ of whom I hired the ■ had two little boys; the eldest who was eight years of age struck ■ by the beauty of his face and the nobleness of his demeanour; he became attached to me, and came every day ■ my ■. I undertook to teach him French by ■ of my *itinerary*. He had uncommon quickness: in the course of four months and a half he understood the language, learned by heart ■ and prose, and recited without accent. I requested the mother to commit the boy to my care, telling her that I should bring him up in the Catholic faith; she consented to my proposal, not only without resistance, but seemed charmed at giving him up to me: I carried him along with me, and named him Casimir, after the son whom I had lost.

I laboured hard to finish the *Rival Mothers*, a work which I composed in eight months and a half, which I regard as ■ prodigious exertion; but ■ the ■ time I found myself ■ completely exhausted that it was impossible for ■ ■ think of writing for a long time. Nevertheless it ■ necessary for me ■ think of making ■ money

arrangements, as I had only cash enough to last ■ for ■ very few months. Counting that I could always write, I had entered into a good many expenses, such ■ clothes for my little girl, my establishment at Berlin, the purchase of all that was requisite for my lodgings, and that of several things for my own use, among others a handsome repeating watch. I had had no watch but a little silver one for several years. I had given that which I brought from France, together with the chain and all the seals to my nephew, César, who had lost his at ■ inn. I was determined neither to borrow nor to get into debt in any way. I resolved, therefore, by way of resting myself to give lessons: it was in vain that my friends offered me loans without fixing any terms for repayment—I constantly refused. I looked out for four scholars, and found them immediately, at ■ price till then unheard of at Berlin, where the most expensive masters received only half-a-crown a lesson; I received ■ decaf, that is ■ say ten francs (eight shillings sterling); I taught my pupils to read French in verse and prose, to recite poetry, and to write letters. It was proposed to ■ to open ■ course of literature, and I should have had the use of ■ very handsome hall, for the purpose, which would have cost me nothing; I might have

had an infinite number of subscribers, and might have gained a great deal of money ; but my repugnance to put myself forward was invincible. I felt better disposed to give lessons in my room. I had the offer of several pupils for the harp, but these I refused, being satisfied with those whom I was teaching literature. I ought here to mention the persons who were particularly kind to me. The chief among these were Madame Bernard, equally full of talent and goodness ; Madame Herz, the wife of a physician, beautiful as an angel, and remarkable for her amiable disposition and her wit ; Madame Cohen, wife of a very rich merchant, and M. Lombard, brother of the king's private secretary, who was of a refugee family : he was then only twenty-one, and his face charming ; he had a passionate taste for literature and the arts, a great many agreeable accomplishments, a solid and subtle understanding, and great aptitude for writing the French language. The reading of my works had inspired him with so great a prejudice in my favour, that in the very first lesson I gave him I could not help being embarrassed, and the more so, as I wished to pretend I did not perceive his sentiments ; but his agitation and emotions augmenting daily, I believed I should succeed in changing their nature,

by telling him, as if undesignedly, that I might very well be his grandmother, seeing that I was fifty-four years of age; he was extremely surprised at this, for I had the appearance of being much younger, and he supposed me more than forty or forty-two: but he made me a compliment even on my advanced age, saying that my youthful air made me altogether a *unique person* on the face of the earth.

Madame Cohen, who was still young and handsome, but dropsical, was on the point of undergoing the operation of the puncture: as she never quitted her sofa, I went to her house to give her lessons: her son, sixteen years of age, was present at our conversations, which were very amusing to me, inasmuch as Madame Cohen was extremely amiable in her disposition, and supported her pains with unalterable patience, and a gaiety which was delightful. She sent her carriage for me, and after the lesson was over, she kept me with her all the rest of the day. I took advantage of her acquaintance with young Lombard to put an end to my tête-à-tête conversations with the latter, to whom I declared, that in future he must come to take his lessons at the house of Madame Cohen, and in company with her. This arrangement in respect to my sentiments, of which

the expression became visible that every one remarked it : but in spite of their singularity, his feelings were serious to allow Madame Cohen to upon turning them into jest. At this time I became acquainted with a man who had made a journey to Berlin, and who truly extraordinary for the diversity of his talents ; his name was M. Ploetz : he was at the principal painter in enamel, and first mechanician to the king of Denmark ; besides he a great musician, and played with perfection on the viola. He had invented along with the famous Viotti a system of noting music, infinitely simple and commodious than that now in use ; by this method pupils might learn to read the notes much more easily, and at the same time quickly : he had also a kind of instrument which produced only a thin sound, but of incomparable strength and beauty. He had placed this instrument under ground in several parts of the gardens belonging to the king of Denmark's country house ; and among others under a bridge, when in walking over it you touched a certain plank of the bridge it formed this sound, which lasted as long as the foot remained upon it : I constructed upon this invention the novel entitled, *The Harmonious Tomb*. Ploetz was in other

respects exceedingly estimable ■■■ clever; ■■■ pre-
 ■■■ me with several specimens of turning which
 ■■■ had made, ■■■ were *chefs d'œuvre* in
 their way. I gave him ■■■ miniature represent-
 ing ■■■ very beautiful Magdalen, copied ■■■ Rome
 from a picture by Guercino.

My ■■■ Mademoiselle Itzig ■■■ been, ■■■ I
 have stated, ■■■ from the ■■■ of fourteen, and
 she was ■■■ twenty-eight. Her greatest ■■■
 of uneasiness was, ■■■ being able to write with-
 out the intervention of a third person to a
 sister who had at Vienna. I bethought myself of
 the little machine by which Madame du Deffant
 wrote without the assistance of any one: I ex-
 plained its construction ■■■ M. Ploetz, who made
 „Any setty” resembling it, which I presented to
 Mademoiselle Itzig. This caused her infinite joy, as
 it enabled her sometimes ■■■ write private ■■■
 her sister: I made her make ■■■ of the machine
 under my ■■■ eyes; she had not forgotten her
 orthography, but she scarcely ■■■ wrote the last
 syllable of her words; this reminded me of what
 I ■■■ read in a collection of Voyages, about an
 Englishman who was found on a desert island, and
 who, after remaining there fifteen years ■■■ for-
 gotten ■■■ pronounce in speaking the last syllables
 of ■■■ words he used. ■■■ was in my book of

Souvenirs, [redacted] Itzig [redacted] tracing her first written lines. I performed a great deal of music along with M. Ploetz; this [redacted] the evenings I passed at the houses of [redacted] Cohen and Mademoiselle Itzig extremely agreeable.

I [redacted] frequently saw Madame Bocquet, whom I introduced to Madame Cohen, in order [redacted] have [redacted] opportunity of passing [redacted] time [redacted] her. We went very often to walk in the gardens belonging to the Princess Henry, and [redacted] [redacted] expressed a wish [redacted] know me. When this [redacted] communicated to me, I replied with all possible [redacted] respect, but positively declined the honour of being presented to her. I acted in the [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] all foreigners who [redacted] [redacted] Berlin, with the exception [redacted] of artists. I have always thought that when [redacted] fortunes [redacted] completely fallen, [redacted] can only preserve [redacted] dignity by avoiding exposure, by making advances to none, by meeting only those of friendship, and by living in the profoundest solitude.

The life I led at Berlin was extremely agreeable; my friends and pupils loaded [redacted] with attentions; my rooms [redacted] always crowded with flowers, and [redacted] with fruits, pots of jelly, [redacted] butter, excellent pastry, beautiful [redacted] baskets, [redacted] others made of a thin kind of oser peculiar to [redacted]

country. Young [redacted] all these gifts [redacted] things [redacted] by himself, [redacted] me in baskets or in pretty boxes. On my side, I acknowledged these presents by returning [redacted] my labour, in the shape of drawings, embroidery, [redacted] flowers; and I gave Madame Cohen among others, a very handsome mahogany box, beautifully mounted, and embellished with six paintings by myself, representing fruits, insects, and animals; I have [redacted] done any thing with more care, or better finished.

I received a letter [redacted] Philadelphia from the Prince of Talleyrand. This letter pleased me [redacted] much, that I have carefully preserved it among several others. This is the substance of it :

" Any letter which reaches [redacted] in America is a benefit; when it [redacted] from a person [redacted] it [redacted] treasure; judge then of the extreme pleasure with which I received yours.

" Separated from all that is interesting [redacted] my heart, I [redacted] myself only with the [redacted] which may [redacted] regain what I have lost, [redacted] it more; [redacted] live with those who [redacted] dear [redacted] me independent of [redacted] of [redacted] world, [redacted] with a few friends [redacted] world [redacted] ourselves, impenetrable [redacted] folly [redacted] wickedness which reign [redacted] present [redacted] unhappy Europe. [redacted] condi-

tion of my mind is now much as you have always known it, neither more full of hatred, nor more violent than in general. I scarcely think of my enemies; I am only busied with re-establishing my fortune, ■■■ to this end, I exert all the activity which ■■■ be inspired by the employment I hope to make of it, in which my imagination finds food for hope, and ■■■ the sweeter emotions. Among the sentiments which a man wants in order to be pleased with himself, ■■■ rank the feeling of independence; and it is now my daily task to become so. If I succeed I ought to regard my present years as the most useful of my life, and to rank myself in the small number of those whose fortune has fallen in pleasant places.

"This country is a place where honest men may prosper, though not, to be sure, quite ■■■ well as rogues, who, as may be expected, have many advantages ■■■ their side. I wished to write and send you something about America; but I ■■■ ■■■ that it ■■■ a senseless project. I ■■■ defer the few observations I intended ■■■ have made ■■■ the conversation which I propose having in the long evenings I hope to pass with you hereafter. America is like all other countries. There ■■■ a few great facts known ■■■ every one, from which a Copen-

hagen cabinet may guess at the whole of America. You know the form of government; you know there are large and immense tracts of inhabited land, where you may obtain property at a price which bears a proportion with the price of land in Europe; you know the fertility of the country; no capital, and yet great ambition to make fortunes; and no manufactures, because labour is and must long remain dear. Combine all this, and you are better acquainted with America than the majority of travellers, including M. de L—, who is here making notes, inquiring for authorities, and writing observations, and who is much greater bore with his questions, than the inquisitive traveller described by Sterne.

“ My health has been tolerable, notwithstanding the rigours of the winter, and the changes of weather, which passes suddenly to the mildness of spring, and thence returns to ice and snow. The changes are incessant; the insalubrious heats of Philadelphia oblige us to pass the winter at New York. Happy, say you, is the country where the inhabitants desire to avoid maladies and the natural calamities of destruction. In many parts of Europe, violent causes of destruction are so frequent, that we ought to count on but little, whatever only follows the order of nature.

" I await [redacted] with impatience [redacted] work which you mention, together with some miniatures which you allow [redacted] [redacted] hope for, which [redacted] [redacted] me the highest pleasure. You may [redacted] any thing to *Mr. John Parish, American Consul, Hamburg.*

" Is your friend Henriette [redacted] with you? Be [redacted] good as to remind her of me, and [redacted] tell her [redacted] I continue to be tenderly attached [redacted] her. My age, and the intervention of a revolution, allow of tender expressions, which at another time, I should not venture to employ. Receive with kindness the [redacted] of an attachment which will attend you [redacted] all times, in all countries, and under all circumstances. I [redacted] you to write to me; let there be plenty of proper [redacted] in your letter, and [redacted] that of Madame de Valence occupy a large space in it. I wish your engagements led you [redacted] inhabit Denmark, rather than any other country in Europe. It is the kingdom where most probably I shall fix myself; but on this head I am as yet undecided. The only thing certain is, that [redacted] long [redacted] the [redacted] lasts, I shall continue in America.

" I beg you to send me a seal."

Hearing about this time that Pamela [redacted] [redacted] Hamburg, as she [redacted] not wish [redacted] remain in [redacted]

after the tragical death of her husband, I wrote her to request that she would come to Berlin, along with her heroic mother, in which she had behaved throughout the unfortunate war in which her husband was involved, the purity of the life she led during the years of her marriage, had, if possible, augmented my esteem for her. Her reply gave me great pain; she refused positively to come to me. I did not at all look for this refusal; and my false reckoning on the occasion afflicted me greatly. By redoubling my activity, I sought and found relief from my grief. I did not write, but I played a great deal, and I never in my life made so many trinkets; my address in Berlin way became so celebrated, that a Berlin merchant who had the finest shop in the town, for the sale of all kinds of things, offered to give me four thousand francs a year if I would work two or three hours a-day for him, under the view and with the assistance of two young persons whom he would send to me every morning; and if I gave him any inventions. I did not accept, as I was desirous of returning to France. This was the second opportunity I had of living by the labour of my hands independently of music and literature; for at the beginning of the revolution, I had really lived in

this way at Altona. During some months of my residence in that town, I painted mosaics on paper as patterns for the cloth made in a manufactory there.

A short time before leaving Berlin, I visited a synagogue. The person who showed it me was much distinguished in his country by his fortune and his knowledge; he pointed out all the antique ornaments, which were mostly of pure gold covered with precious stones, and he said: "I am sure, Madam, that you regard with indignation all those things which are held sacred by us."—"No, Sir," I replied, "on the contrary, I look upon them with respect, as being the origin of the truth." This reply charmed him; he related it everywhere, and it was cited as an instance of great presence of mind. There happened to me about this time an accident singular enough. One day, while reading the list of books at Leipsic, I saw one announced under the title of *Catéchisme Moral*, by the Countess of Genlis. The title of *Moral Catechism*, satisfied me that it was the fruit of modern philosophy; and it was in fact a doating effusion of anti-religion by M. de Lambert. It was pleasant enough to find such a production attributed to me. The booksellers at Leipsic, in

order that I might have a better sale, thought proper I put my name on the title-page. I disavowed the work to all the German papers; I was equally anxious both on account of my principles and my pride of authorship, that it should be a contemptible book.

Monsieur and Madame Cohen had a passion for private theatricals, and they had a pretty little theatre in their house: they entreated me earnestly to compose a little piece for them. I felt better in health, I was very anxious to accede to their wishes, and I began by writing a proverb, which we acted in our room; entitled *A bon Entendeur salut*.* It was founded on the true history of an adventure which had formerly happened to M. le Comte de Roquesneille: what gave me the idea of making use of that story was the circumstance of the timidity of the young person who usually played proverbs along with us: she begged me to give her very short parts, and I promised to give her one which should be the principal character, and in which she would only have to say a single word. I performed in that piece the part of the hostess. I wrote another comedy called *Les Lutins de Kernori*: I took the original idea from a story of Ma-

* Or *Mamit*.

d'Aulnoy: it has been printed; my friend in France, I gave the manuscript to M. Radet, who made a Vaudeville out of it. Lastly, I sent also to Berlin my *Galatea*, which has been in my works. We played three pieces: the Baronesa Grothus, by order of my instructions, played in a delightful part of *Galatea*; I myself acted *Eurimone*. I performed in *Les Latins* Kernosi; but Casimir, who had only been learning French for four months, played the part of a valet, which was very long, and absolutely essential to the piece: he played it with a grace and intelligence which delighted every one; and the more particularly, as he declaimed without the slightest accent. What chiefly surprised me was, that he added from his own several traits of character and pleasant *bons mots*. I played on the harp in this piece, accompanying an air which was to be sung by a young person; but, concealed behind a curtain, at the moment when she was to sing, her voice failed her through terror, and she declared it impossible for her to form a sound: upon this, as I was out of sight, I took the opportunity of singing the piece myself. She suspected it, but she thought that it was Hagedorn, and I applauded the echo: it was the first time I had sung in pub-

lic. These pieces succeeded so well, that they performed several times. Young Lombard, whom I taught to perform, played with talent, and in the agreeable manner: we performed the *Marriage Secret*, in which I acted the part performed by Mademoiselle Contat: the celebrated M. de la Harpe was to witness our performance, and he had the politeness to say of me, that I beat the best of the French. There were also at our performance several princes of the royal family. I had never been seen but in a very careless dress; but when I wore rouge and ornaments, it was impossible to recognise me at a little distance; strangers would not allow me to be more than thirty. All these heightened M. Lombard's sentiments for me to a pitch of folly: he wrote regularly subjects of composition which I gave him, and which I corrected. He told me that he wished to choose himself his own subjects, because those I gave him were too serious; he said also, that being desirous of forming his epistolary style, he would write to me. The first day he wrote me one which expressed the passionate love: it was addressed to the divine to whom it was addressed, but I pretended not to see it. It was a letter to an imaginary person, and I merely told him that I begged him in

future to write in [redacted] style; he replied, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] to write in that [redacted] until I [redacted] teach [redacted] how [redacted] please in it. Our disagreement ended by a positive order against it on my part, and a decided rebellion [redacted] his.

In the mean time, General Beurnonville arrived [redacted] Berlin; he [redacted] often [redacted] Madame Cohen's, [redacted] displayed a great interest in my fate. It [redacted] rare thing for a fugitive to receive testimonies of goodwill from a French republican; but I [redacted] [redacted] sensible to them [redacted] if I had deserved to be exiled from my country. I explained to him my situation: he [redacted] easily that I could not be reckoned [redacted] emigrant, and that by [redacted] allowing me to return to France, [redacted] the constitutional laws [redacted] violated in my person. He promised to write in my favour, and he kept his word. I [redacted] myself to Paris, and had [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] hope [redacted] a recall: a short time previous, M. de Finguerlin [redacted] returning from Poland, called on me, and [redacted] [redacted] that he had been [redacted] Warsaw, [redacted] a delicious country-house called *Arradia*, belonging [redacted] the Princess of Radzivill, [redacted] that [redacted] [redacted] there [redacted] [redacted] the extremity of the park, a charming house, newly built, furnished with the greatest elegance, [redacted] embellished with a garden filled with *hearts'* *ease* [redacted] *sensitive plants*: on [redacted] [redacted] of [redacted] house

were **Voltaire** **these** words—*The Asylum of Madame de Genlis*. **Voltaire** added, that the princess had caused the house **to be** built **for** reading my *Epistle to the Asylum which I may seek*. On hearing this, I **sent** **her** epistle in **which** **the** Princess **Radzivil**, **to** thank her : she replied by a charming letter, in which she requested **me** **to** **visit** **her** and **to** **live** **in** my house without delay : she sent me **at** the **same** time **a** blank book magnificently bound, which I preserved : I made of it **a** *Religious Souvenir*, and gave it **to** Casimir.

Madame Cohen had a fine country house at Charlottenburg, where I **used** to pass several days : I **was** given up my pupils, because the money due to **me** from the sale of my works had now been paid, and my health **was** re-established : but I continued **to** give gratuitous lessons **to** **M. de** Cohen and to young Lombard ; the latter, aware **that** I **was** about to return to France, **fell** into such a profound melancholy, that he **lost** the jaundice in consequence. Madame Bocquet **and** **Madame** Cohen could **not** bear the idea of my departure. As **the** latter was to undergo in a few days the operation of piercing, she entreated **me** **to** pass with her the rest of the time **she** had to remain **in** Berlin. I consented, and took Casimir along with me ; and first, **we** went to **live** **in** **her** days **at** Charlotten-

tenburg. One day when I was in the garden with Madame Cohen and Casimir, the former went into the hot-house with Casimir to pull figs. I left me in the garden, and as I was tired of waiting, I went and walked out into the fields, where I met with eight vagabond boys, who asked me in a very insolent manner for draërs (a small coin.) I had none, and consequently refused: they called me all kinds of names, and pursued me to the house, flinging stones after me: one of the largest hit my hat. I picked it up and brought it with me, and showed it to Madame Cohen, who was still in the hot-house with Casimir. I told her my adventure, and in a few minutes turning to look for Casimir, I found he had disappeared; I supposed he was in the garden, and sought him, but in vain: upon this I returned to the house, but did not find him; the servants told me he was gone out. I became uneasy; Madame Cohen shared my disquietude, and followed by two servants, we went to the place where I had been attacked by the boys; there we found Casimir who had beaten them, and put them in flight. He remained master of the field of battle, and we saw the vagabonds he had conquered running away on all sides. There were many among them who were twelve or thirteen years of age.

Casimir, ■ red ■ full of animation, ■ up to us, telling ■ that he ■ avenged me, but that he had taken care to hit none of the boys on the ■. I called the boys, but they refused ■ return; however, ■ ■ brought them ■ by force, with the exception of two, whom they could ■ catch : we addressed them ■ prove that they should not throw ■ when they demanded draërs, and I gave them a ■ to console them for Casimir's victory.

We returned ■ Berlin on account of the operation on Madame Cohen, which ■ performed next day. I held her in my ■ all the time it lasted : the operation is not painful, but it exhausts the strength. When the operation ■ over, the patient fainted; she languished much for a few days, but afterwards recovered her health, and judging by her face and shape, it would never have been supposed but that she ■ thoroughly cured. ■ terrible disease is very common ■ Berlin, as well ■ the stone. During my residence ■ Berlin, there ■ performed ■ operation for the stone, which ■ very remarkable, ■ which ■ place on the uncle of Madame Bocquet : he ■ of it. The ■ which was taken from his body was as large as a lemon : ■ had the colour and form of it, ■ protuberance which

■ ■ be ■■■ at ■■■ of the extremities. ■■ appear-
 ■■ so curious, that it ■■■ demanded for the Royal
 Cabinet of Natural History; but the widow re-
 fused, wishing ■■ preserve it *through sentiment*. I
 was desirous of seeing it: ■■■ Bocquet ■■■
 ■■ her aunt's, who preserved it under ■ glass on
 ■■ chimney. We were greatly surprised ■■ kind
 of sensibility which prompted a person to keep always
 in her sight ■ thing which ■■ occasioned ■■■
 of her husband; nevertheless, that person had al-
 ways been the best of wives, and sincerely regretted
 her husband, who had been always the object of
 her affection.

I ■■ ■■ only occupied with the thoughts of
 my return ■ France; I received ■ letter from my
 daughter, which informed me that I was to be im-
 mediately recalled. I communicated this inform-
 ation ■ Madame Cohen, who burst into tears, and
 ■■ me she would certainly die if I quitted her.
 ■■ represented ■ me that nothing ■■ as yet
 stable in France; that my religious sentiments had
 made me many enemies in a country where reli-
 gion was abolished; and that I exposed myself to
 many persecutions by returning. One day, her
 feelings broke out in an astonishing ■■■
 had very handsome ■■■ which ■■ never
 wore. ■■ brought me her jewel case, and ■■■

me all her diamonds, which I had hitherto but partially, when she lent us of them to act our parts. As she saw me admiring her handsome jewels, she said, "Well, they remain with me, and I will give them to you." I was astonished that I was motionless with surprise, and could not reply for some time. Supposing that her flattery tempted me, she redoubled her entreaties; it was in vain that I softened my refusals by protestations the most sincere of the tenderest friendship: her grief was so lively, that it rendered the prospect of my stay with her very disagreeable. M. Lombard discovered a kind of affection much more unreasonable; the poor young man in his folly seriously proposed to me to marry him: as it was not to be thought of, I, on the subject, I simply told him, (which was true,) that I had made a vow never to marry again. His despair was great, that every one perceived it, and discovered the cause. He wrote me daily letters in which he called me *barbarous*: my only reply was sending them back with corrections in the style. This put him frequently into an inconceivable fury: he brought me several, which I entreated him to preserve, and which I have still. This singular correspondence by letter continued till my departure. My extravagant passion not only embarrassed me by

absurdity, but the [redacted] disproportion of our [redacted] [redacted] genuine [redacted] [redacted] which I had for him, gave [redacted] love in my eyes an air of insincerity which rendered it quite odious [redacted] [redacted]

I experienced another vexation: my correspondence with Mademoiselle d'Orleans [redacted] broken off. I believe I [redacted] already said, that having [redacted] her in a letter a [redacted] miniature, representing [redacted] [redacted] blue ground a red and a white rose in a green box, the Princess of Conti said that they were the three colours, [redacted] consequently a revolutionary sign. In vain Mademoiselle d'Orleans represented that the colours [redacted] five, seeing that there [redacted] also brown [redacted] and green leaves. The Princess of Conti persisted in her idea, [redacted] forbade her to write to me. Mademoiselle d'Orleans found [redacted] of at once obeying and [redacted] letting [redacted] hear of her: she [redacted] [redacted] her vexation to her confessor, begging that pious person to write, which he did punctually from time [redacted] time during [redacted] than eighteen months. I [redacted] him my letters, which he remitted [redacted] Mademoiselle; but [redacted] last [redacted] was obliged [redacted] go to Vienna. Mademoiselle wrote to him while in that town, [redacted] [redacted] correspondence [redacted] in [redacted] way for [redacted] months; but, [redacted] [redacted] period of which I speak, I received a letter from a person who was unknown to me, and who re-

commended not to write again to the priest, because he was just dead. I mourned his death sincerely, especially afterwards I received news of the d'Orleans.

By a singular chance I received the letter, which ought long before to have reached me, which, by a singular chain of circumstances, remained long on the road, a thing which then occurred frequently. I received a letter of a date greatly posterior; but the latter deeply touched me, and discovers so completely the goodness of heart and disposition of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, that I place it at the precise epoch when it procured me so much consolation. It relates to the death of her unfortunate father, which I had concealed from her, and which she did not discover till a few days after our separation.

The following is the manner in which she expresses herself:

" Fribourg, 10 October, 1794.

" OH!—my beloved friend! to what a pitch of misfortune has heaven reduced me! Alas! I know evils of all kinds! Ah! what griefs—what sufferings—what my unfortunate heart experienced! how cruel is my fate! But religion, my own heart, my beloved friend, oblige me to sup-

port it for the sake of those I love; it is theirs, not mine, and I preserve it as a relic which they have left me. Alas! it is only the dear objects which I love so tenderly that have power to attach me to existence. Oh, my friend! do you imagine that those who are altogether unhappy, who do not lay violent hands on themselves, can be unsupported by religion?—No, I cannot believe it: without such an all-powerful motive, who would not render himself of existence rendered unhappy at each moment? But thanks to the principles you have given me; be not uneasy my dearest friend, God sustains your unfortunate Adèle, and gives her supernatural courage and strength. My aunt shows me a tenderness which touches me deeply, and softens by her excessive goodness as much as in her power my cruel and cruel situation. Adieu, my tender and beloved friend; I embrace you with all the tenderness of my unhappy heart. I cannot at present write you a longer letter, but my pen shall at a long time. Let me have the pleasure of hearing from you often; alas! I have daily more and more need of it!”

On quitting Germany, I supply me with interesting details which I have omitted: while I

■ Sielk, I learned that my two pupils were in the number of *détenus* ■ Marseilles. I ■ ■ ■ ■ Directory the following brief memorial, which I caused ■ ■ inserted in several German journals :

“ One of the things which doubtless ought ■ ■ ■ ■ tribute ■ ■ ■ than any thing else ■ ■ render the ■ ■ government ■ ■ respectable ■ ■ the best citizens desire, is that it should always act upon the principles of the strictest and most invariable equity. The certain mark of a really good government is, that nothing is ever ■ ■ ■ for in vain, whoever it may be that invokes it. A friend of humanity ventures then with confidence to raise her feeble voice in favour of two young and unfortunate beings, whose misfortunes, whose present situation, and whose age, render them equally interesting. Why are the children of Madame d’Orleans still ■ ■ prison? why, when their mother, their aunt, and the citizen Conti have been ■ ■ ■ liberty, are they retained in captivity? When they were imprisoned, ■ ■ ■ eldest ■ ■ but seventeen years of age, and the second thirteen : why is this cruelty ■ ■ ■ cised towards them? and why, lastly, when the gates of their parents’ dungeon have been thrown open, ■ ■ it been thought allowable ■ ■ ■ ■ theirs upon them? ■ ■ one ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ since ■ ■

death of Robespierre ■ manifest a just and tender
 ■ in the daughter of Louis XVI; ■ ■ ■
 unfortunate children to inspire less? They have
 experienced the same misfortunes, they have de-
 served them ■ little, and moreover, ■ long ■ they
 ■ ■ liberty, they have constantly shown the
 greatest patriotism, and in the army the greatest cou-
 rage. Nothing ■ justify the treatment they have
 received; and we ought ■ expect from ■ justice
 and the humanity of the government that it will
 no longer defer restoring them to liberty; or ■
 least, if it refuses to grant them their rights ■
citizens, let them be exiled from France to the
 place they may choose; for banishment would be
 a benefit in comparison with such ■ captivity."

During their imprisonment, the young Count de
 Beaujolois, who ■ little ■ than ■ child, per-
 formed an action well worthy of being related: he
 had formed along with his brother ■ plan of escape;
 all seemed ■ succeed. After having secured ■
 small vessel ready to sail, they plotted their escape
 at midnight out of a very high window with cords,
 which they found means of procuring. ■ Count
 de Beaujolois passed first, and reached ■ ground
 without injury: he ■ ■ the vessel, but ■ ■
 in vain for his brother. ■ commander ■ the

little bark impatient of this delay, upon sailing break of day. Touched by the entreaties of the Count de Beaujolois, he deferred departure for a few minutes longer; but he weighed anchor, Count de Beaujolois, unable to determine parting without his brother, voluntarily sacrificed his liberty, his life to rejoin him. He found him stretched on the ground with a serious wound: the cord had broken, and the unhappy prince had fallen on the ground broken his leg. The Count de Beaujolois took him up in his arms, and called for help. They were again put in prison and guarded more strictly than ever.

The Count de Beaujolois, that charming and interesting prince, who displayed much talent, and who at an early age discovered such a noble mind, was not quite twelve years old when I left him in France to go into a foreign land. He was under my care from the age of three; I felt towards him like a mother; he wrote me several times in the early part of my exile. The following is the last letter I received from him; it is very infantine, but it is precious to me.

“ You wish to look at my letter, but I have looked for one in vain. I am constantly writing,

but no ~~one~~ replies to me; I am ~~but~~ a ~~poor~~ person. I have just been writing ~~to~~ my sister; but I know not whether she will receive my letter; it is very disagreeable: one does ~~not~~ know on what ~~one~~ reckon. I ~~am~~ in now three months since you went away, and you don't think of returning; M. Aillon is surely not gone yet; if ~~he~~ has been unable ~~to~~ go, and you should ~~prevent~~ yourself to prevent him—Oh! how glad I should be! but I will not weary your patience longer. Good bye, my dear and tender mother, whom I love more than myself.

BEAUJOLAIS."

January 5, 1792.

At length I received my recall to France; but my joy was greatly troubled by my grief in quitting my friends who were quite in despair.—Madame Bocquet, Mademoiselle Itzig, Madame Cohen, M. Mayet, M. Gualtiery, and M. Lombard. To avoid painful farewells, I quitted Paris four in the morning with Casimir; I put up the most sincere prayers for the happiness of my friends and for that of the hospitable country I

■ Afterwards sent by his government into Portugal. ■
died.—(Note by ■ Author.)

leaving, whose king so virtuous, and whose government so mild and so equitable. The homage which I render him here is not of date; I rendered him honours of the same higher kind in the second volume of the *Souvenirs of Felicie*, in which I have given equal eulogies to Prussia and its monarch. I published this volume at the time when the Emperor Napoleon was residing at Berlin, which he had just conquered.

I am about to re-enter my country after nine years of expatriation! I shall always preserve a kind remembrance of the places where I have lived, and the tenderest attachment for the persons who received me kindly during my long proscription. I shall never forget the pretty town of St. Edmundsbury; the convent of Bremgarten, the humble asylum of the virtues; a little habitation on the borders of the lake of Zug, the woods and the waters of Oudenarden, the hospitable of Hamburg and Altona, the farm of Sielk, my dear cottage of Brevel, the châteaux of Dolrott, and Berlin. I have every where found friends; whom I leave here (at Berlin) will always be dear to me. May they live always happy and peaceable in the bosom of their country! their shall be always interesting. If it

changes I will partake their pains as they have partaken mine ! I shall all my life [redacted] myself in the prosperity of Berlin, of that brilliant and beautiful town [redacted] wisely governed, [redacted] ancient [redacted] modern refuge of unfortunate French fugitives !

I next went [redacted] Hamburg, where I stopped [redacted] the house of my niece, Madame Mathiessen. Here I received [redacted] visit from Klopstock. There are certain people with whom [redacted] interview is insupportable to authors. Such people wish, not [redacted] know you, but to show you [redacted] [redacted] as soon [redacted] they [redacted] you, all they know, and [redacted] the talents they have. I shall always recollect my singular interview with the famous author of *the Messiah* in the early part of my residence in Hamburg ; I [redacted] then boarding with the pastor Volters. Klopstock requested permission to [redacted] me, and [redacted] I [redacted] alone with my niece, when there entered [redacted] little old man, lame and very ugly ; I [redacted] approached him, and led him [redacted] [redacted] arm-chair ; [redacted] [redacted] down in silence with [redacted] air of reflection, thrust himself into the arm-chair, and assumed [redacted] appearance of [redacted] [redacted] who has fixed himself there for [redacted] long time. Then, with a loud [redacted] [redacted] voice, he addressed to [redacted] this singular question : " Which, Madam, in your opinion, [redacted] the best prose writer, Voltaire or Buffon ? " [redacted] [redacted] of entering

■ a thesis, ■ ■ conversation, petrified me ; ■ Klopstock, who was much more anxious ■ let me know ■ opinion ■ ■ to ascertain mine, ■ not insist much upon my ■ ■ . . . "As for me," replied he, "I pronounce for Voltaire, and I found my opinion on several reasons—the first . . ." He then gave me ■ dozen reasons, which formed ■ very long discourse ; afterwards he spoke ■ ■ of his residence in Dresden and in Denmark, of the honours which had been paid ■ him there, and of the translation which a French emigrant ■ making of the Messiah. Throughout the whole conversation, I did not utter more than six monosyllables. Klopstock, after passing three hours with me, retired, highly satisfied with my powers of *conversation* ; for he said in the ■ ■ of the evening to one of my friends that he thought ■ very amiable. Assuredly I ■ amiable ■ very little expense.

This reminds ■ of a trait of another kind, at least equally comic. A French lady, receiving for the first time the visit of ■ man of letters and a baron—a German, named M. de Rambor—she addressed him even before he ■ down, thus : — *Pray, baron, what do you think of the action of Julian the Apostate, who, on disembarking and quitting the Tigris, ■ ■ ■ fire !*"

This singular trait ■ related ■ ■ by ■

Prince of T——, and proves that pedantry among all nations takes the same forms, is equally absurd.

I remained here some days, and then departed for France. My niece, Pamela, and several other persons conducted me as far as Harbourg, where we separated. I found myself with great joy in the inn at Harbourg, where, years before, proscribed and a fugitive, I had passed the night in which I wrote my *Epistle to the Asylum which I may have*. We continued our route gaily. M. de Lawoestine came on to meet me at Antwerp; I met him again with the greatest pleasure; he had given me a real proof of his friendship some years before, when he performed a journey of two hundred leagues, to come and pass a fortnight with me at Holstein. There happened on that occasion a singular accident, which I shall relate here;—I was at Altona in my inn, when I heard where M. de Lawoestine was; I wrote to him, and he replied that he would quit every thing to come and see me; I received his reply at the very moment when I had just renounced my *incognito* and resumed my real name. While my lodging was preparing at Hamburg I remained a week longer at Altona, continuing to dine at the *table d'hôte* during the time of my *incognito*. For two months previous, a young stranger, whom

nobody knew, and wearing ■ order equally ■ known, came regularly ■ dine ■ ■ inn; his ■ ■ ■ very agreeable, he spoke French very well, and seemed to have ■ talent. He placed himself always by my side at table; and I had great pleasure in talking with him. When I had declared my name, he paid ■ a great many compliments, and ■ he had ■ ■ that he had resided at Clèves, where M. de Lawoestine was, I asked him if he was acquainted with him, he cried out with enthusiasm, that not only he knew him, but that he was his intimate friend, and he added, that having a lodging ■ Hamburg he hoped that ■. de Lawoestine would reside with him when he ■ there to see me. Two days after this conversation, I received ■ evening ■ letter from the stranger, who said that he ■ at the height of his joy, that M. de Lawoestine had arrived; but that he did not write to me in consequence of being unable, through an accident, which, however, ■ by ■ ■ dangerous, ■ use ■ right hand, and that he ■ obliged through fatigue ■ retire to bed. ■ begged ■ however, ■ go immediately to ■ him, and ■ that in order ■ ■ me all difficulty and delay, he ■ ■ ■ a coach; and in point of fact, ■ hired carriage ■ waiting ■ ■ at the door. This

letter [redacted] me so extraordinary that I [redacted] it [redacted] my hostess, Mademoiselle Plock, who [redacted] my room; Mademoiselle Plock [redacted] that the young [redacted] passed generally for [redacted] adventurer, and advised [redacted] not [redacted] go to this singular rendez-[redacted]. I dismissed the carriage, saying that [redacted] should [redacted] go to Hamburg. The next day the stranger [redacted] dine, nor the following days; indeed he never returned. M. de Lawoestine had not arrived; and when he did, which [redacted] not till two months after, he said he had [redacted] or known such a person as the stranger. I imagined that this stranger wished by his falsehoods, to induce me to go to his house, there to make [redacted] sign some surrender of my works; [redacted] thing is certain, that this trick was meant to cover [redacted] plot of a very black nature.

I met with my daughter at Brussels; after nine years of absence, my joy at seeing her again [redacted] inexpressible; for the dangers she [redacted] run, and the cruel disquietudes she had caused me, [redacted] made the years of our mutual absence twice [redacted] long and twice [redacted] painful. [redacted] passed several days at Brussels, where I was kindly received by Monsieur and Madame de Pontécoulant [redacted] the Prefecture. Casimir, who walked before me, [redacted] the [redacted] first; [redacted] mode of [redacted] somewhat

singular; ■ had never ■ a floor waxed and rubbed, ■ (at least ■ that time) oaken* floors ■ very rare. The apartments, though otherwise very elegant, were merely boarded, ■ washed every day, ■ covered with carpets. Casimir was quite overjoyed ■ the sight of the shining floor, which made him fancy ■ the ice ■ which people skait; accordingly he made a long ■ upon it, and in his impetuous ■ knocked down ■ children, and ■ almost into the lap of Madame de Pontécoulant, who was ■ the other end of the room; this mode of introduction met with the greatest success, for it excited the laughter of the whole company. I found also here my nephew César du Crest; our happiness on finding ourselves together made ■ pass two or three days in the most agreeable ■ ner. I ■ also at Brussels M. de Jouy, with whom I ■ been ■ intimate at Tournai, and ■ whose marriage, moreover, I had contributed my assistance; I showed him that I had constantly preserved in my book of Souvenirs, ■ of kindness which he ■ composed for me ■ signed with his ■ hand.

I returned ■ Paris ■ my daughter; I ■ attempt ■ paint ■ emotions which I experienced in again passing ■ frontier, on entering

France, ■ hearing the people ■■■ French, on approaching Paris, on seeing the ■■■ of Notre Dame, ■■ on passing the barriers.

Emotions of ■ very different ■■■ awaited me ■■ Paris, and rendered my sojourn there very painful during the first three months.

Every thing seemed new to me; I ■■ like ■ stranger, who stops at every step ■ look round him. I could scarcely recognise the streets, ■ which all the names were changed; I found *philosophers* substituted for *saints*; I ■■ been prepared for that metamorphosis by reading the *National Almanack*, where I saw the saints replaced by the *uns-culottides*, by *onions*, *cabbages*, *dung*, *asses*, *hogs*, *hares*, &c. &c. The national antipathy which the chiefs of the republic had for all that ■■ not ignoble, or ■ least vulgar, had ■■ them to suppress the ■■■ of *hôtel* and *palace*. Accordingly I found the inscriptions half effaced which had formerly been placed on the fronts of these ancient edifices: *Maison ci-devant Bourbon*, *Maison ci-devant Conti*, *propriété Nationale*, &c. There ■■ still visible on several walls the republican inscription—*Liberty, Fraternity, ■ Death!**

* I had ■■ ■■ leaving France, in going from Clermont into Auvergne, ■■ ■■ rocks, ■■ Châlons ■■ Autun, ■■■

I ■■■ passing hackney coaches, which I recognised for the confiscated carriages of my friends : ■■■ in walking along the quays, I ■■■ ■■■ stalls, books' which ■■■ on their bindings the ■■■ of arms of many persons of my acquaintance ; and in other shops I saw their portraits exhibited for public sale. I entered one day the shop of an auctioneer, who had at least ■ ■■■ of them ; I recognised them all, and my eyes filled with ■■■ when I thought that three-fourths of the unfortunate nobles, whom these pictures represented, had been guillotined, and that the rest, despoiled of every thing, and proscribed, were perhaps wandering in foreign lands !

On leaving this shop, I wandered, still alone, to walk upon the boulevard ; in a few minutes ■■■ person, carrying some pretty little wicker baskets, passed close by me ; I stopped him to choose half a dozen ; but I had no money about me, and besides I could not have carried home the baskets ; ■■■ asked me for my address, and as I was near the ■■■ door of a wine merchant, I stepped up ■■■ counter, and requested the ■■■ of ■■■ pen, ink, and paper ; I wrote my address quickly, which I read aloud ■■■ basket-maker before

with ■■■ words—" Tremble, aristocrats ! Liberty, or death," &c. &c.—(Note by ■■■ Author.)

giving it him; upon this, the young ■■■ of ■■■ shop cried out—" *Dear me! you ■■■ home here!*" "How?" said I.—"To be sure; ■■■ is ■■■ house that ■■■ formerly the ■■■ *Genlis!*" . . . ■■■ fact, this ■■■ very house which my brother-in-law, the Marquis ■■■ Genlis, ■■■ occupied fifteen years previously. ■■■ impossible for ■■■ to recognise it; all the ground floor ■■■ divided into several shops, and the front of the other part altogether changed. This little incident wrung my heart, and I hastened to leave ■ place which inspired ■■■ with such melancholy feelings.

I ■■■ many *parvenus* who, born ■■■ the class of simple workmen, had acquired the most brilliant fortunes; ■■■ of these remembered their former condition, only to admire the height to which they ■■■ risen, as if it was ■■■ all wonderful that ■ plebeian should have obtained a high rank at a time when the nobles were despoiled ■■■ excluded! The rest, full of arrogance and conceit, mistook rudeness for dignity; the words, *respect*, *honour*, never entered into their modes of speech, even when they addressed ■■■ ■■■ women; but substituting ■■■ phrases which ■■■ in use ■■■ educated people, ■■■ words *advantage* ■■■ civility, reckoning nicely their steps when they

conducted a stranger to the door, scarcely condescending ■ bow, and speaking always loud, they fancied they had got the ■ ■ of nobility, and a tone of complete fashion.

I ■ with great pleasure the ■ of one of my old gamekeepers, now a captain, who ■ served with great honour in our armies; his grace and good air reminded me of the saying of Rochefoucault: *A ■ look is often preserved at court; but never in the army.*

I met with ■ who naturally hated ■ kinds of interesting or witty conversation, because they could take no share in it; tittle-tattle ■ scandal formed all their talk: they had produced a coolness among all their husbands' friends, by their insipidity, their dryness, and their aptness ■ take offence, the ordinary defect of ■ who want talent and education. The most of these persons, ridiculously vain, reckoned their reciprocal visits, and bid (as it were) for a curtesy; they were always ■ the *qui vive*? always uneasy with regard to the manner in which they ■ treated, with- ■ knowing positively how they ought to be treated: so that they were continually irritating themselves by imaginary failures in politeness, and ■ impertinences. They were perpetually complaining ■ their husbands, who ■ first paid no

attention ■ them, but who, by degrees, became accustomed to this kind of conversation, ■ it ■ impossible to ■ any other with them. I no longer found any *bureaux d'esprit*, and though I ■ any such, I regretted them. It ■ thus that ■ formerly styled ■ derision, those houses where the company consisted principally of ■ of letters, of learned persons, and of famous artists, and where the conversation turned principally ■ the fine arts, literature, and the sciences ; and these were the assemblies which ignorant persons and fools tried always ■ turn into ridicule.* Yet these assemblies would be equally instructive and agreeable, if they were exempt from all pedantry, and then no kind of society could have presented equal claims to our regard. In order to this, it would have been sufficient for the mistress of the house ■ have been frank and amiable, for in that ■ you ■ easily give the society that meets at your house the ■ which you yourself possess. After the Hôtel de

* There was doubtless some pedantry at the Hôtel de Rambouillet, but ■ general these assemblies of clever persons necessarily ■ jealousy of fools, who never ■ ■ generalize particular mockeries, where they fall upon persons of great merit. It would be curious ■ collect all the good things that have been said ■ the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

Rambouillet, ■■■ famous *bureaux d'esprit* ■■■ in the last century, those of Mesdames du Deffant, Geoffrin, d'Espinasse, ■■■ d'Hondetot. Among all these clever women, she who ■■■ the honours of her house the best, ■■■ Madame du Deffant.*

I found many other subjects of regret—for I found every thing changed, ■■■ the language. This change happens regularly in all revolutions of long continuance. I have already cited ■■■ this point the example of the English revolution, and the pains which Charles II. took to reform the language, which had become altogether disfigured under Cromwell.

But although many persons among us still employ very bad forms of speech, ■■■ speak now much better than ■■■ my first return to France. The following ■■■ some of the phrases which struck ■■■ most singular, and I am of opinion that it may ■■■ be useless to quote them here, for the benefit of young people and foreigners. *Ce n'est pas l'embaras—se donner les tons*—and *des gens de même farine*, appear ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ be expressions equally

* ■■■ present, the *bureaux d'esprit* ■■■ entirely gone, ■■■ our ■■■ ought specially to regret ■■■ peace ■■■ be quite established, if they were to replace ■■■ *bureaux of politics*.—(Note by ■■■ Author.)

nonsensical and vulgar; and I could not have conceived, without hearing them, that they could ever have passed into the modes of speech of well educated persons. The following phrases are in no less bad taste: *Cela est farce*—an object consequent—*cela coûte gros*, or *le Pérou*, signify that cost much money. On the subject of the latter phrase, a charming friend of the prince of T was quoted a great deal at one time. The reply proves much presence of mind and the capability of that distinguished person to assume all tones when requisite. He had given a magnificent entertainment. A lady highly dressed, who was unknown to him, approached him, and said, "*Cela doit coûter gros.*" "Oh!" replied he, "*Ce n'est pas le Pérou.*" In order to converse well, nothing must be said too strongly, and, at the same time, all that is necessary to the clearness of what is to be expressed. Ellipsis is always injurious to conversation, because words that are understood always will throw into it something of obscurity or equivocal; for this reason, we are wrong when we say *la Capitale*, (the capital,) for Paris; *Champagne*, or *Bordeaux*, meaning the wine of Champagne or Bordeaux; or, *les Français*, of the French theatre. *Elle a de l'usage* . . . of

what? ■■■ say, ■■■ à ■■■ l'usage du monde. When ■■■ a louis d'or, you speak wrongly in ■■■ sense. *Eduquer*; il reste, for ■■■ demeure, meaning ■■■ lives: son équipage, ■■■ of sa voiture, (his carriage;) venez manger ■■■ soupe; ■■■ castor, ■■■ ■■■ chapeau, (a hat;) je ■■■ fais excuse, ■■■ roule carrosse; une bonne trotte, for une bonne course, (a long journey;) ■■■ dû, for his salary; le ■■■ monde; ■■■ beau râtelier, or une superbe denture, when you praise ■■■ teeth, are modes of speaking exceedingly low; ■■■ the vulgar expressions, elle est puissante, that is, grosse, (stout;) un muscadin, a coxcomb; and the verbs, embêter, endéver, &c.; je suis mortifié, for je suis fâché, (I am sorry.) Mortifié means humiliated; and it is extremely absurd ■■■ say that you are humiliated not ■■■ have found ■■■ person ■■■ home.

All ■■■ is not without its use; for foreigners learning ■■■ ordinary language in general only by talking it with domestics, often ■■■ very ridiculous expressions. Thus several English ■■■ of rank have often ■■■ heard ■■■ remark, ■■■ they were cold ■■■ hot, comme tout.

■ ■■■ no less astonished to hear the words votre demoiselle, ■■■ of Mademoiselle votre fille; Madame quite short, in speaking of a wife ■■■ husband; en usez-vous? (do you use to-

bacco ?) for, ■ you ■ tobacco ? *j'y vais* ■ suite, for *j'y vais tout de suite ; il a des ecus*, (he ■ crowns,) for, he is rich. *Il lui fait* ■ cour, ■ express, he ■ in love with her—a phrase which used ■ be ■ delicately expressed by, ■ ■ *occupé d'elle*.

Here ■ several other modes of speech, which ■ considered very improper formerly, but which ■ become quite ■ *J'ai pris une glace*, (I have taken ■ ice.) You might very well say, *prendre des glaces*, but you ought to have said *J'ai pris une ou plusieurs tasses de glaces*, (I have taken one or more glasses of ice,) which is a much ■ accurate way of speaking. *Des ■ nières engageantes*, (engaging manners,) ■ ■ absurd phrase, and was considered ■ with ■ son ; it was too much to say of a man, and to say it of a woman ■ almost to calumniate her, ■ all events, to give her ■ eulogy by no means desirable. Foreigners often say that they have drunk coffee, tea, &c. ; *boire*, (to drink,) is only applicable ■ liquors intended ■ drink, in order ■ quench thirst, such as water, wine, beer, cider, &c. ; ■ should say, *prendre du café, ■ thé, du chocolat, &c.* (take coffee, tea, chocolate, &c.)

But what ■ chiefly was, ■ hear ■ calling their cabinet, ■ *boudoir*—a strange

word which was formerly in use only among
 I thought also, in doing honours
 of a house, you should not offer in a
 vague manner, many persons who seem
 know the of what they you par-
 of; saying only *voulez-vous du poisson*, or
volaille? (will you take fish or fowl?) The
 milliners were called *modistes*, and a memorandum
 book an *album*; and in speaking of any one's
 dress, it was *mise, sa mise décente*, &c. The
 following some revolutionary phrases, which
 displeased less—*aborder la question*,
dernière analyse, traverser la vie. You only
traverse a road by crossing it—for to walk along
 it, is to follow the path. You only say of an
 infant which has died in its cradle, that it has
traversé la vie.

Somebody had invented a marvellous phrase,
 which replied every thing, and excused every
 thing. When any one took a foolish step, his
 friends said, *C'est qu'il étoit dans une fautive posi-*
tion; and then nothing could be urged in way
 of objection. Nevertheless, that phrase literally
 translated, signifies that a person is in an embar-
 rassing situation; to which, in former times, we
 should have replied, that good conduct, courage,
 and ability ought to release the person from it. But

the *faux position*, — has been said, justified every thing.

I ought to state, to the honour of the society of the present day, that much seldomer hear incorrect phrases which I have quoting; even the common-place and fashionable phrases, which, before the revolution, infused a monotony insipidity into the of our conversation. In former of society, extinct broken up, heard every where exclamations expressive of astonishment, desolation, horror, enchantment, or enthusiasm; every thing *inconceivable, unheard-of, monstrous, horrible, charming, or celestial*. When met another after having shut his doors against him, he never failed to protest that he *in despair* not having been home. People of more refined contented themselves with saying that they were *afflicted*. After paying or eight visits, you entered your house with a feeling of for having plunged into affliction and reduced to despair a dozen people, but then you soled on the other hand by having charmed and rendered happy a like number. At the present day these exaggerations greatly of use; especially much colder, affectionate, less *welcoming* the manners; are

they more sincere? . . . It is a question which I shall leave upon me to answer.

Suppers were no longer in fashion—for our customs, as well as our language, changed;* the plays ended till eleven, and this produced a great change in society. After dinner every one was disposed either to give visits or go to the play; all were absent in mind, and pre-occupied with other thoughts; they looked at their watches; in short all this gave an air of constraint which was a complete check upon agreeable conversation. The supper terminated the day; there was no longer any thing to be done; there was more apprehension of the bustle and the interruption caused by the visits which were always made after dinner; every one was disposed to enjoy his neighbour's company; and in place of counting the hours, they were forgotten; you were with perfect freedom of mind, and consequently in an agreeable manner.

Formerly the suppers of Paris were renowned for their gaiety; all tried to amuse themselves, and talked without interruption round the table, because you were always placed beside persons of

* There were of the Anglo-revolutionary party who exist; those, for example, who are quoted.

your choice, and most suitable to your disposition Among the princes of blood, the prince always selected persons, always women, to sit by him; the princess did the same, likewise choosing two women, unless there was a prince belonging to a sovereign house, and on the throne; besides, it was thought that neither a princess nor any lady in society could properly invite a man to dine and sit by them for an hour and a half; it was considered that unless the elevated rank conferred the privilege, there was no case in the ordinary course of things in which a woman could make advances to a man. Politeness was in its perfection, and of course always agreeable; it degenerated into cold ceremony, and all persons in society carefully avoided that bore any resemblance to *etiquette*, that could recall the idea of any inequalities in rank. It was thought that in your circle you ought to distribute your attentions to those who merited them, whether by their reputation, their wit, their personal consequence, or their places and employments; but without wounding or disobliging others—a plan which was accomplished by attending somewhat more to the persons, by solemnly giving them preference which made those who did not obtain it feel as if they were

playing inferior parts. The great lord who invited ■ ■ splendid supper the wife of ■ farmer-general and the lady of ■ duke and peer, treated them both with equal attention and respect. The *financière*, ■ ■ seated in the circle would ■ ■ have yielded her place to the duchess; and if by chance she had offered it, the duchess could not, under the pain of being thought impertinent, have accepted it. When the company was about ■ sit down to table, the master of the house did not rush towards the *most considerable personage*, lead her from the bottom of the room, make her pass ■ triumph before all the other ladies, and place her with pomp at the head of the table by his side. The other gentlemen ■ not spring forward ■ *hand the ladies*, as I have ■ ■ and sometimes still see them do. This was ■ custom then ■ known but in country towns. The ■ ■ left the saloon first; those who ■ ■ nearest the door passed first; they took occasion ■ pay ■ another little compliments by the way, but in few words, so ■ by no ■ ■ to delay the ■ of the ■ pany. All this took place without any confusion, but calmly; there was neither hurry ■ slowness; the ■ ■ last. When the company reached the dining-room, each placed himself ■ table where he chose, and the master and mistress ■

easily means *without making a scene*, induce the four distinguished in company to sit by them. Generally arrangement, like of the others, been privately agreed on in the drawing-room. Such the social and truly polite manners of days! which honoured those whom it was right particularly honour, without wounding the others; *but we have changed all that.** On my return France, I found that only (and this practice is still continued) the master of the house laid hold of the distinguished lady in the room, whom he always placed by his side, but he required a second, and named another gentleman, the highest in rank, whom he made also to sit near her; and if that lady, highly honoured, happened to be fonder of amusement than of glory, and that by bad luck (the thing is not altogether impossible) the master of the house, the general, the marshal of France, &c. a very tiresome personage, the lady passed an evening. The other ladies less happy; for imperious despot who had brought them together his house, had named aloud the persons who were sit near them. A gaiety proof against every

thing absolutely necessary all who wished be cheerful in entertainments.

Formerly after dinner supper over, gentlemen, and princes of the blood, out of respect to them, did not allow themselves to do the same thing in their presence, but went into the antichamber for the purpose. Now-a-days part of our toilette is performed at table in many of our houses, where Frenchmen, seated by the side of ladies, wash their hands, and spit into a vase. . . . This spectacle would have been truly astonishing to their grandfathers and grandmothers : the custom from England. It is certain this usage is not French : but at least the habit is more excusable in England, as there the women always rise at the dessert, leaving the gentlemen at table.

Formerly in the best company the were treated by the with almost the respectful prescribed towards princes of the ; they spoke to them almost always in the third person ; they used the phrases *thou and thee* among themselves in their presence ; and however intimate they might be with their husbands, brothers, &c. they would never in their presence

have mentioned them merely by their names. Then, persons of good breeding would have thought of praising a woman's beauty ■ her face ; ■ they supposed her to possess ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ deaty of her sex—the ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ flattering compliment they could ■ her. When they addressed ladies, it ■ always in a tone of voice much less elevated than that which they used in speaking ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ This shade of respect ■ a grace about it which it is impossible to describe. Let ■ add, that before the revolution, no man would have ventured ■ Paris to appear in the presence of a lady in boots. To be sure, except when in the country, it ■ very unusual in ladies to receive gentlemen except at dinner or in the evening.

All these things were out of use when I returned ; each man might have said,

De soins plus importants mon âme est agitée.

On the other hand, the women being no longer treated with respect, had lost the ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ which ought always to characterize them ; for example, they called young ■ ■ ■ in company simply by their Christian names ; and from the habit of hearing *thou* and *thee* continually made ■ ■ ■ of in their presence, had fallen into the custom of calling each other *thou*

and *thee* before company—a thing heard of in former times.*

I observed another amusing absurdity. I discovered, in spite of the affected abuse of the old régime, that several *parvenus* had made a serious study of the art of mimicking the great lords of the old court. Messieurs de Talleyrand, de Valence, de Narbonne, and de Vandreuil eminently their models. It must be allowed that they well chosen.

A thing which particularly displeased me, was the suppression of coverings for the feet in sofas. I saw the highest and most fashionable ladies of that period receive company in dress, and lying on a couch without a foot covering. Of course, the slightest movement discovered their feet and part of their legs. The want of decency, which always takes away a charm, especially from women, made their manner and appearance in my eyes quite disagreeable.

* This remark in the *then and thee* reminds me of a very pleasant repartee of de Bussy, wife of the governor of St. Domingo. Being alone with her husband (whom she not love) de Bussy entreated her to call him *then and thee*, which she had before done. After a great many entreaties, she consented but, and said to him, *Eh bien, ça-t'en va!*—(Note by the Author.)

My visits in several houses, opened my eyes to the inexperience and the bad taste of those who new-furnished the *hôtels* the ruined palaces. I remarked in their plan a thousand absurdities. The stuffs with which the walls hung, were plaited instead of being plain; the possessors doubtless calculated, that in that way the rooms would be much larger, and consequently the appearance of the whole would be much more magnificent. In order to avoid the appearance which they have brought to remembrance the origin of certain persons, all articles of furniture received the heaviest and massiest forms. As symmetry had in general been banished from our gardens, it was thought right to exclude it from our apartments also—accordingly all the draperies were put up as by chance. This affected disorder gave the rooms the ridiculous appearance; you might have fancied yourself in a room which the upholsterer had yet had time to arrange. Lastly, to show that the ideas neither excluded grace nor gallantry, and they hung the curtains of their beds with the attributes of love, they formed their night tables into altars. You might have seen conspirators who had been in blood, stretched in sleep upon sumptuous beds,

adorned ■■■■■, representing Venus and ■■■ Graces! ■■■ hanging over their heads, you might ■■■ sword ■■ Damocles, but a light shaft, or a wreath of roses! *

Even ■■■ carriages were ■■■ from this general spirit of innovation. Before ■■■ revolution there were no hired cabriolets,† and this was an ■■■ thing; for the ■■■ of ■■■ occasioned ■ number of accidents. The ■■■ have been suppressed—as have ■■■ *brunettes*, ■ kind of carriage very desirable ■ the class ■ persons who were unable ■ pay the *fiacres*. It is surprising that public litters for the sick, drawn by mules, for convalescents, for ■■■ with child, &c. &c. to whom the ■■■ of ordinary vehicles is forbidden, have never been invented. These litters ■■■ ■ used at Paris, in the neighbourhood, and ■■■ travelling.

The shape of the old carriages was much ■■■ agreeable than that of carriages ■ round as balls, which are in the worst ■■■ The shapes of ■■■ *berlines* and of the old *calèches*, as well as that of

* This only refers to 1800; since then (thanks to the charming designs and the talents of M. M. Fontaine and Percier,) our furniture is as elegant as can be desired.—(Note by the Author.)

† There were some at Naples long before the revolution.—(Note ■■■ Author.)

the vis-à-vis, ■■■ admirably designed ■ their way, ■ of the greatest elegance.

Jacobinism ■■ suppressed ■ kinds of compliments, by suppressing the decencies of life. They ■■ began ■ revive about the time of my return, and apparently as if to make up for lost time they ■■ multiplied and lengthened. For example, in entering a drawing-room and ■ leaving one, each person thought himself obliged ■ go and pay ■ compliment ■ his arrival ■ departure ■ the mistress of the house. Formerly, instead of these noisy and triumphal entrances, people presented themselves modestly and without *éclat*; they did not go up intrepidly to attack (as it were) the mistress of the house: generally a simple curtesy formed all the ceremonial. When the company left the house, they did not go up to take a solemn leave; they took the opportunity of retiring when other persons ■■ coming in, and endeavoured, in the little bustle which this caused, that their re- ■■ should not be seen, in order ■ avoid the reciprocal inconvenience of compliments, and of being followed to the door. The spirit of ■ these ■■ good; it would be well if ■ returned to them entirely.*

* ■ is now the ■■ What has just been ■■ ■■ ■■ 1800.—(Note by the Author.)

After passing _____ time at Paris, I paid a great many visits to the neighbourhood and among the châteaux; I _____ made some of these excursions simply as a traveller, and through pure curiosity, and I confess I thought in general that there was a great deal _____ popularity and *liberality* to be found in our old castles. I _____ longer _____ with the chapels which _____ formerly so excellent an examples _____ peasants. I saw women only at the parish churches; the men never went _____ it; and the peasants to imitate them obtained also.

I _____ equally scandalized by the *fêtes* given to the _____ people; the master of the chateau opened his gardens, with *permission* _____ invite to them keepers of public houses, cooks, &c. of whom they bought the repasts which we formerly gave _____ generously, but which, when wisely distributed, checked the drunkenness, the quarrels, the scandalous scenes, and the frequent murders which otherwise resulted from them. Another thing which struck _____ ridiculous, _____ the pride of the ladies of the chateau, who, on these occasions of rejoicing, refused to dance with the peasants. I recollected that formerly in their *bals champêtres*, we always refused to dance with any one else, and desired that the gentlemen of _____ acquaintance, instead of inviting us, should choose peasants.

only as their partners. All ■■ ■■ certainly ■■ without exceptions ; ■■ saw then, ■■ in the ■■ try and ■■ the *châteaux*, the charity of ■■ kinds, ■■ I ■■ admired, exercised in ■■ its ■■

I had been more than a year unable to pass the ■■ ■■ XV., then ■■ the Place de ■■ Revolution, and to look ■■ the Palais Royal.* . . . I lived ■■ ■■ in the Rue Papillon, in the Chaussée d'Antin, in charming apartments, ready furnished, belonging to a young person, who hired them to me for six months. Madame de Montesson, my aunt, had showed ■■ signs of life, ■■ far ■■ I ■■ concerned, during the whole of my residence in ■■ foreign country, though I had quitted Paris in a perfectly good understanding with her ; ■■ subsequent to the death of the old Duke of Orleans, she confessed that she had no ■■ ■■ speak otherwise than handsomely of ■■ I found ■■ in the highest favour, through her ■■ acquaintance with Madame Bonaparte, wife of the first consul, who ■■ caused the whole of her fortune ■■ restored ■■ her. However, I went ■■ pay ■■ a visit the day after my arrival ; I ■■

* A singular thing, and which proves the power of the imagination, is, that when the tops of the railings were gilt, the appearance of the ■■ no longer made the same impression upon me. —(Note ■■ Author.)

she came with her; she received me with a
 smile which was the length of impertinence,
 and affected, before me, to make a grand parade of
 her credit in court; she spoke a great deal about
 Bonaparte, and the breakfasts which he
 gave her. My visit was short, and during it I spoke
 but little; M. de Valence went to the door. I
 told him on parting, that I was much too old to
 allow myself to be thus used, and that I should
 never come back: he excused Madame du Mon-
 taur in a moment by saying that she would
 be better another time; that she had been vexed
 by seeing that I had not got at all the look;
 that it was a female weakness, which I must
 pardon.

M. de Valence told me of my affairs. He
 said that I could understand nothing of them;
 requested that I would leave them to nobody,
 and that he would undertake the charge of them.
 I replied, that I should know nothing of my chil-
 dren, though I was the best rights well secured,
 seeing I could make a claim on the Sillery estate;
 but that I should claim my dower from the Mar-
 quis of Noailles, who by regular deeds had engaged
 to pay it; in default of which, (as, for example,
 if he had been insolvent,) I had, as I have
 stated, a claim upon the Sillery, which

was still in my family, and that I only made the [redacted] of my dower on: [redacted] Noailles, [redacted] pre-[redacted] [redacted] principal of it to my children; [redacted] for the interest, I [redacted] resolved to employ [redacted] in doing good public works.

I say *public*, for I [redacted] determined [redacted] keep no part of it for my private use. The following is [redacted] statement of the way in which [redacted] [redacted] arranged.

By my marriage contract, the half of all the furniture, and of the wines in the cellar, belonged to me. After the Terror, my daughter received a considerable sum from the government, [redacted] [redacted] consideration for the pillage of Sillery, and of her father's house in Paris; but I never claimed any part of that sum, though the half of it belonged [redacted] me. There remained at Sillery much of the furniture, and the whole of the library, but I never demanded any share of it; in short, I abandoned, without restriction, whatever [redacted] *family property*. I carried my delicacy [redacted] far, [redacted] not [redacted] keep a very fine statue of marble, which represented me [redacted] [redacted] length, and which formed one of the [redacted] of the tomb of the late Maréchale d'Estrée. This statue, [redacted] which I had given many sittings [redacted] M. Monot, sculptor [redacted] the Academy, [redacted] which [redacted] [redacted] part, [redacted] my return to France, of [redacted] collection

M. Lenoir, was restored to me, through the generous attention of my friend the Count Kownoski, a Pole. I knew that this piece of sculpture had been sold by M. de Genlis four thousand francs, and I had bought it of M. de Valence. It was not found after his death, and no one knows what he made of it, for many persons saw it in his house for several days. As to my dowry, M. de Noailles, who had got rid of it *with the nation*, for two thousand francs in assignats, refused point blank to enter into any negotiation with me on the subject. This occasioned a suit, which should, properly, have been decided before a high tribunal; but M. de Noailles requested that the cause might be heard before a lower one, which I decline naming, but which was composed only of five persons; to this request I was so simple as to consent, contrary to the advice of my counsel, M. Fournel, an advocate equally able and honest. Out of the five judges, M. de Noailles had three who decided in his favour, who gave as the ground of their decision, that I had my *portion* in the *revenue* of Sillery. This I in fact had; but as I have said, I have constantly refused to profit by it, and I gave up my dowry entirely to my children.

In my conversation with M. de Valence, I added, that being in want of money at this moment, I

claimed the portion which resulted to me from the property of my grand-uncle Desseaux, on the whole of which Madame de [redacted] seized, and of [redacted] one-third belonged to me; he left among other things, without country plate, [redacted] furniture, [redacted] ready money, [redacted] estate of Pannats, near Avallon; this [redacted] was valued at five thousand francs a year, [redacted] there was a pretty chateau belonging to it. Madame de Montesson did not scruple [redacted] the [redacted] of ten thousand francs, [redacted] paid, for my share. I had nothing---I [redacted] in the greatest difficulties---and I [redacted] compelled to accept the offer. [redacted] made me sign an act, by which I agreed [redacted] lay claim to any thing further. If I had [redacted] got this sum in ready money, I should have been enabled to free myself from all my difficulties, because I should have [redacted] time to compose a work, and sell it to advantage; but I had not had the precaution to put this clause in my bargain, [redacted] I [redacted] received these [redacted] thousand francs but in [redacted] sums, and in various dates; yet I was obliged to purchase all that was necessary, to furnish my apartments---a [redacted] furniture, a provision of linen, [redacted] of silver articles. In this difficulty, I thought of bringing out a new edition of my *Rival Mothers*, with an [redacted] volume. I [redacted] advised to sell

Henrichs, bookseller, who offered four thousand francs for it, which I accepted. But I was enough not to have written agree- with him; the in a fortnight, Henrichs to give a farthing. Maradan then called on me, and me twelve hundred francs a year to write in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, which had at that time forty subscribers; which I consented. I wrote my first tale, called *Le Malencontreux*, which succeeded well that the number of subscribers immediately quintupled. I afterwards gave *The Hermits of the Pontine Marshes*. I knew, as I have already stated, that the Duchess of Orleans exceedingly anxious to return France; I this tale with the sole intention of exciting an interest in her favour, and of seconding design she entertained of returning her country. The permission she solicited refused; but I had nevertheless the merit of a pure-spirited, and action, which have been highly displeasing the government of day. I afterwards wrote the most touching eulogy of virtues in *Souvenirs de Félicie*. I never let slip any opportunity of praising her, doing homage character. The *Souvenirs of Félicie* : awakened in my favour many old recol-

lections. A friend who, previous to that time, had preserved [redacted] all, (M. de Cabre,) [redacted] me [redacted] following charming [redacted] :

Seule, [redacted] centuplez le temps,
 Par [redacted] de talens, de magie,
 Qu'il [redacted] doit bien quelque [redacted] ans.
 Lui seul le peut, qu'il nous oublie.
 Non, [redacted] ne vieillirez jamais,
 Vous dont l'art donne à tout [redacted] vie,
 Puisque moi-même je renais
 [redacted] souvenirs de Félicie.

After the *Malencontreux*, I published two novels, and *Mademoiselle de Clermont*, of which the success [redacted] extraordinary, that Maradan, of his own accord, had the politeness to give [redacted] four thousand francs, instead of twelve hundred, for the *Bibliothèque des Romans*. In four months after, I bought furniture, and went to fix myself in the Rue d'Enfer. Amidst all these labours, and all my difficulties, Casimir [redacted] my greatest consolation; I amused myself with teaching him [redacted] play [redacted] the harp—an instrument [redacted] which [redacted] since done wonders.

My [redacted] in the mean time, [redacted] of awakening somewhat of kindness in [redacted] de [redacted] towards me; she made [redacted] apology [redacted] her former reception of me, and I

returned ■ visit her. On this occasion, her behaviour ■ me formed a complete contrast ■ what it was ■ the last; she received ■ with exaggerated demonstrations of affection, which continued up to her death. She never, however, ■ ■ ■ single service, nor did I ■ ask her ■ favour; and in her will she disinherited ■

In ■ few days after my establishment in the Rue d'Enfer, I received the following polite letter from M. de la Harpe, which greatly surprised me :

“ Madam,

“ It is, doubtless, somewhat singular to reply ■ ■ Paris, to ■ letter written from Holstein near four years ago. But we ■ now accustomed ■ singularities of every description, and this ■ belongs to the revolutionary genus. Here ■ the facts.

“ The letter with which you honoured me, reached ■ ■ the moment of the crisis of *Fructidor*. Being obliged to fly, and to conceal myself, I ■ guarded ■ a necessary precaution, that my handwriting, which ■ known, should not be seen ■ the post-office, in any ■ whatever. You ■ ■ all letters, without exception, ■ opened there; mine would, assuredly, have been perfectly ■ the public. ■ you ■

the Directory what members were capable of, having possession of any mine, whatever were its contents. I pur- fury already, I did wish to give other my enemies.

Besides, Madam, the sentiments which dictated your letter, which touched me to the bottom of my soul, might have satisfied you by anticipation of the result of mine; on the one side the other, they were the fruit of principles common to both; the public profession which I made of them, and which always make, allowed me to bear feelings of resentment against any one, especially against you, Madam, to whom I owed the deepest gratitude, for the kindnesses you honoured me with, during the too short period of our acquaintance. Founded, this feeling happily was, on the love of letters alone, and the charm of your talents, it could never have occasioned me either of any thing approaching regret or repentance, and you yourself knew how to guard me against the seduction, which another kind of charm might have been dangerous to my peace. This is a piece of justice which is due to you; as to your works, you will find it in its proper place, in the book I am now finishing.

" I distrust, or the trifling self-love have contributed to put an end to a connection which to me will be always dear, you are now as capable as I of appreciating these literary vanities. Your letter assures me of this, and as I am concerned, I can only beg you to add to your former kindness, that of excusing any wrongs I have been guilty of towards you. For you, Madam, if you think I have offered you any, the step which you have been pleased to take to efface them; it does honour to yourself, more than to me, or rather it is a homage to him who is the Author of all Good.

" Accept, Madam, the respectful of gratitude.

LA HARPE."

" P. S.—The retired way in which I live, prevented me from knowing till within the last days, your residence in Paris, or your address."

A short time afterwards I received another letter, which contains a paragraph so curious, that I preserved it.

" I suddenly and completely changes disposition; a mind suddenly enlightened by the light of religion, and giving itself to God without delay, with rapidity in the virtues and all

the perfections which often ~~was~~ the ~~mark~~ of a long but indolent penitence, which though, nevertheless, sustained by sincere faith, exhibits neither ardour nor enthusiasm. Thus the simple fact of a conversion ~~was~~ destroys but in the long run; a ruling defect, and that of M. La Harpe was coxcombry. In the letter to which I have just alluded, after some phrases relative ~~to~~ ~~his~~ past quarrels, he adds: "That, nevertheless, throughout, he has rendered justice to my character, and that he had even justified ~~me~~ from several calumnies, saying boldly that he had loved me, but that I had always resisted him!" . . .

I replied ~~as~~ well as I could to this singular letter. He called upon ~~me~~ I congratulated him from the bottom of my soul on his conversion; and reminded him, that long before the revolution I had predicted it. He replied, that in reality his mind had been always struck with the proofs of religion, with its grandeur and its morality, and that he had only been seduced from that single object of his existence by the attractions of pleasure. These ~~are~~ his very words. He told me that he reserved ~~one~~ day in the week for his friends; and ~~on~~ that day they ~~all~~ ~~came~~ visit him, merely ~~to~~ talk. ~~He~~ pressed ~~me~~ earnestly ~~to~~ go, and I ~~gave~~ a vague promise ~~that~~ I would. But on

making inquiries ■ the subject, I learned that ■ assemblies, always consisting of twenty-five ■ thirty persons, formed at ■ a *bureau d'esprit* and a *mystical and political assembly*; ■ ■ I never had any taste for secret associations, except such ■ had for their object the relief of ■ poor, I determined not to go. M. de La Harpe ■ me ■ notes on the subject. The following ■ a phrase in the first: "You ought really to belong to us." This expression to us confirmed my belief of what I had been told. I persisted in refusing to visit him. I excused myself ■ the ground of my occupations and my *sauvagerie*, which entirely cooled his ardour about me. He never returned to my house, and our reconciliation stopped here. Afterwards these meetings ■ to be regarded as seditious, and M. de La Harpe ■ exiled to the environs of Paris. As it is certain that the ■ bers of this society confined themselves to speaking freely of the government, without plotting against it, such severity towards M. de La Harpe was unjust and ill-judged; the talents and ■ ■ of M. de La Harpe merited not only particular attention, but ■ kinds of favours and literary distinctions. ■ received none under the imperial government, ■ yet they ■ lavished upon literary ■ who were ■ all respects inferior to

him. His health already weak at the time of his exile, soon became altogether broken : he felt his end approaching, and he saw death before him with all the firmness of a Christian. When he knew he had but a few days to live, he prepared for and received all the sacraments. At the same time he wrote to his friend M. de Fontanes, whom he wished to see before he died. M. de Fontanes immediately came to him, and gave him M. de La Harpe in full possession of his memory and his opinions, and of sentiments of the most exalted piety. Two hours before his death, he caused the Mass for the dying to be repeated, making himself the response in a touching yet firm tone. Thus died, banished to a village, the first man of letters of his time, and one of the best critics of his age. I derive all the particulars relative to his death from M. de Fontanes, by whom I saw them a few days afterwards at the house of my friend Madame de Montesson.

M. de La Harpe, as a poet, had a great deal of talent; there are many charming pieces in his fugitive poetry, and the versification of his dramatic works in general is fine. Nevertheless, he may justly be accused of occasional false taste and of some other defects. M. de Voltaire has written against these defects, and the bad taste which

becomes general towards the middle of the reign of Louis XV. de La Harpe would always have been an excellent moralist, if false philosophy had not influenced him at an early age, both his principles and his understanding. He would have been always the first of critics if self-love and literary ambition had not prodigiously influenced all his opinions. His *Course of Literature* is a general excellent work; his impartiality is wanting throughout. In order to maintain in it his early opinions, and especially the unbounded flattery which he once lavished on Voltaire, he strives much to conceal the defects in the dramatic pieces of that author, more particularly the defects of all his plots. *Zaïre* is far too highly praised, and is preferred to his plays; though, certainly, true critics always prefer *Brutus*, *Alzire*, and *Mahomet* to *Zaïre*. He does not sufficiently praise Racine; he is unjust to Crébillon, is shockingly partial towards Du Belloy; in short, he is in general many faults, merely because they are to be found in his writings. He may be also reproached with not being sufficiently read in the old poets; he had not at all studied the part of our literature. It is also to be regretted that he had so superficial an idea of foreign literature, especially of English, though

he written separate dissertations on Shakspeare. spoken of him very ignorantly, because he judged him only by the mockeries of Voltaire, by some translations; he know a word of English. This ignorance of modern languages common to all the men of letters of last century. In spite of all I have said, however, *Course of Literature of M. de La Harpe*, is a work made to last, and must always useful. There is throughout the work admirable refutation of philosophical principles, and it develops a superior understanding and infinite wit. The time at which M. de La Harpe published this *course*, might of itself immortalize his memory. It amidst triumphant impiety that he had the courage to proclaim, without regard personal consequences, his beautiful and lofty lessons. He suffered many insults, pursued and persecuted, and he made himself many enemies; but he braved all, and endured all, for the sake of maintaining the cause of religion and of truth. His conversion gave his character and his mind an energy, a warmth, and a zeal, which they had never possessed; yet ten years afterwards his enemies did not scruple to say that he was only a hypocrite. The epoch of conversion,

and [redacted] years that passed up to the time [redacted] his death, [redacted] a sufficient reply to this absurd [redacted] sation.

I resume my narrative.

I was scarcely fixed in the Rue d'Enfer, when Maradan the bookseller called on [redacted] [redacted] beg I would interest myself in behalf of a young man called M. Fiévée, author of two novels—the [redacted] entitled *Frederic*, the other *La Dot* [redacted] *Suzette*—who [redacted] in prison for his political opinions.* I immediately occupied myself with the task of obtaining his liberty, and I had the good fortune to succeed. While he was still in prison, he [redacted] his young friend to thank me for the steps I [redacted] taking in his favour; the young man was clever and amiable; I felt great pleasure in conversing with him, and gave him a letter to M. Fiévée, to which the following [redacted] [redacted] returned :

"MADAM,

"You require [redacted] to write to you. After the works which prove your talents, your information, and your principles; after the interest you have shown in my fate without knowing me, [redacted] interest

* [redacted] persecution should now [redacted] regarded as honourable to him, seeing it [redacted] to an alleged correspondence with [redacted]
XVIII.—(Note by [redacted] Author.)

which ■ once ■ me ■ proves ■ of justice, there are still, I find, other qualities to be discovered in you! I should be reduced to guess ■ them, however, were it not for the visits of Théodore; but, after having seen him several times, do you imagine I could ■ ignorant of the charming goodnature which renders your society so agreeable, and that attention of remarking ■ others whatever is ■ to their advantage? ■ speaks of you so much and so well, that I am sure I know you far better than many who have had the pleasure of being often in your company.

" I sometimes smile ■ the idea of our first interview, perhaps only because ■ is impossible ■ me to figure to myself any idea of it.

" It would ■ be surprising to ■ if, from the very first ■ talked to each other like old ■ acquaintances, who ■ together without ■ love, because their intimacy excludes it, and with- ■ scruple, because persons who ■ boast of some good qualities, are not angry to hear themselves reproached with some ■. This it ■ which gives its true value to praise! ■ shall succeed in forgetting ■ we have ■ wit ■ the public, and then it will be easy for ■ to omit ■ display ■ it between ourselves. I ■ you ■ your friendship for Théodore, because ■

him too vain: you will readily find reasons for scolding him in your turn, and I assure you he will be delighted to see his Mentor under the yoke. Upon whole, I am convinced that you and he will always make against me.

"Farewell, Madam; you will perceive that after having begun by moralizing, I end by talking nonsense; is not this too often the custom?"

He afterwards to pay me a visit of thanks, and we formed together an intimate friendship, which lasted till the restoration. At that period, M. Fiévée without quarrelling, without any discussion, any bad behaviour on his part, ceased altogether to see or to write to me. I regretted this, because I had a sincere friendship for him, and duly appreciated his understanding and his talents. I have a right in this instance to complain of his injustice in point of friendship, though I have no right to accuse him of ingratitude. I rendered him service, which he returned, by rendering me another highly important one, which I did not require at his hands, which might have exposed him to risk, as will be seen hereafter in these memoirs.

I remained only nine months in the d'Enfer. Finding it too expensive for me to live

Paris, I went ■ fix myself ■ Versailles, where I hired ■ small house in the *Avenue ■ Paris*.* I had increased my family by two persons; the one, my god-daughter, fourteen years of age, the daughter of M. Alyon, who was ■ of the persons employed in the education of the princes ■ Belle-Chasse; the other, ■ young German girl of ■ teen, very pretty and clever, who drew very agreeably, and composed in her ■ tongue ■ which announced the highest talent. There ■ poetry in her blood; her grandmother, whose name ■ Karschin, had possessed ■ very high reputation in this way. Her history is singular, and ■ as follows:—

She kept sheep in Silesia, and nature had formed her ■ completely ■ poet, that when spinning in her cottage or in the fields she ■ posed beautiful verses; she composed ■ ode in praise of Frederick the Great, who ■ then alive; a traveller brought this piece of ■ from Silesia

* I ■ been ■ months in France, and ■ the works of which I have spoken, I had published ■ volume of the *Annales ■ Vertu*, which ■ been ■ entirely ■ Germany, ■ well as my ■ of Teaching. I also ■ my ■ for children, a work much wanted, ■ which has ■ through an infinite number of editions: ■ lastly, I published my ■ edition of the ■ *La Bruyère*, ■ of which I ■ several new thoughts.—(Note by ■ Author.)

Berlin, and it produced a great sensation : the king to know the name of the author, and being unable to persuade himself that a shepherdess such talents, he for her out of Silesia—she presented the king, in her peasant's dress ; his majesty delighted with her talents ; she composed pretty in his presence subjects with which he furnished her ; the prince her pension ; fixed herself Berlin, was married there. Her grand-daughter Helmina inherited her talent for poetry.

I was very unwell at Versailles, yet I continued to work : my situation obliged me to do so, and I would allow this to any one, my perpetually remonstrating with on my *unreasonableness* : this inspired one day with the following lines, which I have either published shown, but which I find in an old script book. They are :—

malade et souffrant, un malheureux auteur,
Languissant assis à son pupitre,
En gémissant composoit une épître
Sur la gaieté, sur le
Ce moment arrive son docteur,
Mécontent de le voir à l'ouvrage,
L'exhorte à devenir plus sage
De ses maux il veut guérir.

" ■■■■ répond l'auteur, en poussant un soupir,
 Ce conseil est très-bon, que ne puis-je le suivre !
 Je ■■■■ ■■■■, ami, pour mon plaisir ;
 Croyez-moi, ■■■■ ■■■■ la gloire qui m'enivre ;
 ■■■■ mieux que moi ■■■■ jouir
 Des charmes d'un heureux loisir ! . . .
 ■■■■ je suis obligé de me tuer pour vivre."

A grievous vexation which occurred ■■■■ ■■■■
 Versailles, rendered my abode there very disagree-
 able to me ; my nephew and pupil Caesar, after
 having displayed ■■■■ much valour and even rash-
 ness in the war, after having often had his clothes
 pierced through with balls, without having been
 ■■■■ wounded—was ■■■■ in ■■■■ national fête with
 the wooden part of some artificial fireworks. Thus
 perished, ■■■■ the age of twenty-eight, ■■■■ young man
 of the best disposition, the highest accomplishments,
 virtues, wit, and talents ; and whose excellent
 conduct and prudence have ■■■■ varied. I have
 rarely seen so much gaiety and ■■■■ many agreeable
 accomplishments united ■■■■ ■■■■ much steadiness.
 I was seriously ill for two months ; ■■■■ having
 determined ■■■■ returning ■■■■ Paris, I petitioned
 the government for ■■■■ house : I ■■■■ ■■■■ that
 of Mademoiselle Arnoult, formerly ■■■■ ■■■■
 of ■■■■ opera, who was dying, and ■■■■ ■■■■ two
 months to live : she lodged ■■■■ the ■■■■ d'An-

gevillers. ■■■ name was that of an emigrant,* ■ relation of M. ■ Genlis; he ■ occupied that hotel in quality of ■ superintendant of the arts. The house belonged to the government, but ■ it bore the name of Angevillers, ■ ■ it might ■ regarded as family property, and that I might have been thought ■ have profited by a confiscation: this ■ carrying delicacy too far, but ■ thought ■ ■ only doing what ■ right in refusing the lodging; I got one at the Arsenal; it ■ very handsome, and contiguous to the library. The minister, M. Chaptal, gave orders that they should lend ■ all the books I asked for, which ■ done.

During the two first years of my residence ■ the Arsenal, I continued to write in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*; afterwards wishing ■ finish without disturbance the romance of the *Duchess of La Vallière*, which I had begun, and which indeed ■ considerably advanced, ■ ceased writing in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, which then lost its subscribers. A short time before the publication of ■ *de la Vallière*, ■ Fiévée, who ■ in correspondence with the ■ consul, knowing that neither myself nor any person of my family had ever tried to recommend me to the

* Brother of M. de ■

head of the government, told me he was determined to write that I ~~had~~ recovered none of my property ~~in~~ my ~~country~~ France, ~~and~~ that I lived entirely by my works; I thanked M. Fiévée, but entreated him ~~not~~ to take a step which would certainly compromise him, ~~and~~ the ~~first~~ consul only allowed him ~~to~~ write on political ~~subjects~~. M. Fiévée however generously persisted, and ~~the~~ ~~sequence~~ of ~~his~~ letter was, that the ~~first~~ consul ~~sent~~ M. de Remusat, prefect of the palace, ~~to~~ me, to inform ~~me~~ that the first consul had now, for the first time, heard of my situation; *that if he had known it on my first arrival in France, he should have been immediately improved; and that he requested me to demand whatever I was wanting to make me happy.* As my first emotions ~~are~~ always romantic, I replied that I could live very ~~well~~ by my labours, and that I should never ~~do~~ any thing.

It ~~was~~ ~~at~~ the Arsenal, as I have stated, that I wrote the ~~romance~~ of *Madame La Vallière*: I wanted money and sold for a hundred louis for three years, that work, which in the space of two years, ~~passed~~ through eight editions in 8vo. ~~and~~ in 12mo. This romance put the age of Louis XIV. extremely in fashion.

Even the newspapers ~~are~~ ~~now~~ work well;

■■■■■ ■ *Vallière* ■■■■■ favourite subject of conversation in society: I never ■■■■■ any one ■■■■■ company, who did ■■■■■ pronounce ■■■■■ name with the epithets *charming* ■■■■■ *ravishing* attached to it. This went to such lengths that I became ■■■■■ last quite annoyed ■■■■■ it, and ■■■■■ listened ■■■■■ such ■■■■■ pliments ■■■■■ of absence, ■■■■■ I proved ■■■■■ night ■■■■■ the house of Madame de Lacours. There ■■■■■ a large party, and I ■■■■■ sitting alone ■■■■■ a sofa, when a lady, ■■■■■ clever ■■■■■ she is amiable, (Madame de Remusat,) ■■■■■ and ■■■■■ down by me, and, as usual, began ■■■■■ converse about Madame de La Vallière. As in the course of the evening I had heard the compliment repeated upwards of thirty times, I ■■■■■ into ■■■■■ complete fit of absence, and replied unconsciously, "Oh yes, it is *charming, ravishing*." The surprise which showed itself in the face of Madame de Remusat, ■■■■■ once discovered to me the blunder I had made; I ■■■■■ cordingly repaired my mistake, by frankly relating ■■■■■ her the fact, which she thought droll enough. ■■■■■ laughed heartily, and related the anecdote to every body for several days. But I ■■■■■ ■■■■■ equally indifferent to the suffrage of a certain distinguished person; it caused me ■■■■■ delight approaching ■■■■■ enthusiasm; one of my friends, Madame de Bon, wrote ■■■■■ the following note:—

MEMOIRS OF

“ I [redacted] you, my dear, [redacted] the [redacted] consul [redacted] *Madame de La Vallière* the day before yesterday, that [redacted] read it through without once stopping, and that he was affected by it to [redacted]. This is a positive fact; I [redacted] informed of it by M. de Fontanes, who [redacted] told [redacted] by the consul himself. Marnigné says, that I send you the consul's tears, which [redacted] better than verses; the truth is, that the circumstance has infinitely delighted me. Farewell, you, whom I adore, and for whom I would sacrifice my life.

“ELIZABETH.”

This note delighted me; I [redacted] proud of making the man weep who had just restored religion, order, and peace, who had saved my country from anarchy, and who was the greatest captain of the age. In the first moments of my enchantment at my success, I wrote [redacted] impromptu in verse, which I sent immediately [redacted] Madame de Bon. [redacted] gave the [redacted] [redacted] M. [redacted] Fontanes, who, without delay, transmitted them [redacted] [redacted] first consul. I regret that I did not preserve a copy of them, for there [redacted] in them [redacted] certain inspiration which truth and feeling are always sure [redacted] give.

Madame de Brosseron, after reading [redacted] same work, made [redacted] [redacted] present of a charming original

portrait of Madame de Vallière in youth ; and subsequently, Mr. Crauford took from his collection of portraits, that of Madame Maintenon, a full length picture, in which she was painted large as life, and seated. At the time of the restoration, I sold this picture the late Duchess Dowager of Orleans. It is in the superb gallery of his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans.

I received the same occasion, from an excellent literary critic, (M. Fiévée,) the letter which I here quote :

" I did not give any note to the person who brought me *Madame de la Vallière*, because I wished to send you something more than thanks : I have read page one hundred and nine, and I must write to you before going to bed.

" Your preface is good ; your work better than any thing you have yet done—better than any thing I have ever read ; and you know that I do not often give compliments. At page one hundred and nine, where I was forced to stop, I can only say to you, in the words of Father Anselm, *Per-
fectum* What truth in the details ! what grace and what depth in the reflections !—and the portraits ! You will be able to explain to me why

their truth [redacted] me smile with a smile which is [redacted] [redacted] gaiety; it seems to me, [redacted] [redacted] springs from the pleasure I feel in being able to discover [redacted] [redacted] movements of the human heart. [redacted] I have known you, this is the [redacted] work of yours I have read without thinking of you; it seems [redacted] [redacted] that you are no more, for I think you must have [redacted] [redacted] eye-witness of what you [redacted] describing."

I obtained another suffrage, which procured me [redacted] charming letter from the Count de Ségur,* (the

* Nothing [redacted] [redacted] clearly paint the Count de Ségur, than the portrait which that illustrious person has drawn of himself, in the first volume of his memoirs. It is as follows:

"My situation, my birth, my connexions, both by friendship and relationship, with all the most eminent persons in [redacted] [redacted] of Louis [redacted] and Louis XVI.; the ministry headed, by my father, my travels in America, my negotiations in Russia and Prussia, the advantage [redacted] having known, [redacted] [redacted] public [redacted] private, Catherine II., Frederic the Great, Potemkin, Joseph II., [redacted] [redacted] III., Washington, Kosciuszko, La Fayette, Nassau, Mirabeau, [redacted] Napoleon, as well as the chiefs, both of the aristocratic and democratic parties, and [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] writers of my time; [redacted] [redacted] I have seen, performed, experienced, [redacted] [redacted] during the revolution—my strange alternations of happiness [redacted] misery, [redacted] credit and disgrace, of favour and proscription, of wealth and poverty—all the various occupations which my fate has compelled me to engage in—persuade me, that a sketch of my life may turn

elder,) which contains a very judicious criticism
 ■ ■ very bad description of ■■■■■ which,
 for ■■■■ ■■■■ past seemed to ■■ getting into
 fashion.

“Madam,

“Madame ■■ Valence has ■■■■ ■■■ the copy of
 ■■■■■ ■■ *la Vallière*, which you ■■■■ ■■■ good-
 ■■■■ ■■ direct to ■■■■ Receive, I entreat you, my
 best thanks for ■■ amiable ■■ mark of your remem-
 brance. You render me but justice, if you think
 that I feel all the value of the purity of taste and
 style, which you, perhaps, alone preserve in the
 present day, and which renders your works worthy
 of the best days of our literature. *Madame ■■*
la Vallière is, in my opinion, the work of which
 you have most ■■■■■ to be proud; you have per-
 fectly new-made ■■ subject familiar to every body,

■■■ piquant ■■■■ interesting, since chance ■■■■ ■■■■ I
 ■■■■■ successively have performed ■■■■ parts ■■ colonel, general,
 traveller, navigator, courtier, son of a minister, ambassador, ■■■■
 gociator, prisoner, agriculturalist, soldier, elector, poet, ■■■■■
 author, ■■■■■ editor, publicist, historian, deputy, counsellor
 of state, senator, academician, and peer of France.

“I have, of course, seen men ■■■■ things, under all ■■■■ ■■■
 pects; sometimes, through the prism of good luck, ■■ others,
 through the crape of misfortune—and ■■■■ views ■■■■ been lei-
 surly taken, by ■■■■ light of the torch of mild philosophy.”

doing me the honour to send me a copy of the
of your works. I never had the pleasure of
knowing you, but through the pleasure of read-
ing of gave . It has been said, that
Fenelon the first writer who the art of
rendering virtue amiable. In my opinion, you
share that glory with him. Fenelon his
enemies, and, of course, you have yours.
The injustice of which you to complain in
your writings belongs to every age. I doubt, in
age worthy of you, whether the Meadames
de Sevigné and La Fayette would have pardoned
you for surpassing them. It is true, that the La
Rochefoucaults, the La Fontaines, and the La
Bruyères, would have been at your feet---but where
they this day?

"Accept, Madam, my thanks and my respect.

"FONTANES."

The engravings illustrative of these works were
found in all the shops; the government
began to umbrage this kind of
enthusiasm, and an order from police, severely
executed, forbade all dealers to expose
plates from these two romances. I wrote
time, *Penitent Life of Madame la Vallière*.
The severity of the government, with regard

these works, astonished me the more, as the Emperor had greatly praised them, and even my novel, *A Trait in the Life of Henry IV.*, which was made into a vaudiville, under another name. Dupaty wrote a pretty comic opera, *Mademoiselle de Clermont*, under the name of *Mademoiselle de Guise*. When this piece was printed, it was dedicated to me by the author; the dedication in French is charming, in English it is not. There have also been brought on the stage most of my novels; among others, *Ida, or the Green Petticoat; Family Meetings; A Woman's Prejudices*, which my friend has been inserted; the *Lovers without Love*; and the *Husband turned Tutor*. It was the latter novel, which a volume of letters, justly celebrated, (M. Etienne,) brought on the stage, under the title of *La Jeune Femme Colère*. A work thus metamorphosed, when it succeeds, discovers the talent which is in a good translation; so many things must be altered in a borrowed subject, that the author, who has chosen it, rightly appropriates to himself all the merit, and moreover adds much from his own imagination. There are also borrowed from my novels and *Arthur and Sophonia*; *Clara*, from *Siege of Rochelle*; *Belisaire*, from my piece of the same name;

Knights of the Lion, from my *Knights of the Lion*, and *Camilla in the Cavern*, from *Théodore*. Even of my comedies, two have been travestied; *La Cloison*, of which has been made *Aucassin et Nicolette*; the other, *La Curieuse*, from M. Duval has so ingeniously framed his interesting drama, *Edward in Scotland*.* Many things have been borrowed from my works, without counting plagiarisms. I have noticed any of them, but that of Madame Cottin, whose novel, called *Matvina*, is altogether founded upon my *Vaux Téméraires*. I passed the plagiarisms of Madame Gay, who made a romance of two of my tales; the one of which be found in the *Souvenirs of Félicie*, of which the hero is a mute; the other called *The Rencontres*. If I were disposed to reclaim all that has been stolen from me, I should have to add another volume to these memoirs.

Some time afterwards, M. de Lavalette that first consul, emperor, I would write him a fortnight, on politics, finances, literature, and morals, as well as on any

* The King of Sweden, (who assassinated, and did such benevolent things to the blind man of Spa,) me the honour of translating my play, *Curieuse*, into Swedish.—
(Note by the Author.)

other subjects **■** might occur to **■**. I **■** wrote to him either on politics or finance; I never requested any favour for myself, though **■** have asked many for others; he granted almost all **■** requests, without **■** writing me a single line. **■** never said a word against my enemies; often I **■** spoken in their favour; I wrote to him nearly every month, but my subjects **■** only religion, and morals, literature, and the philosophers of the last century;* it was not my fault if he **■** not become religious. I know, through M. de Talleyrand and others, that he highly esteemed my letters, in which he found sense, frankness, and sometimes gaiety. **■** **■** of correspondence made me a prodigious number of **■** enemies, **■** through envy, and others, because they **■** persuaded that I only amused the emperor by speaking ill of all other persons; **■** calumny touched **■** deeply. I replied **■** it by a note, which I **■** in *Madame de Maintenon*, and which formed a complete answer to such a base accusation. I **■** in that note, in reference to the pure

* There was a species of courage in writing to him against the philosophers, for every body knew, and I did not forget, that the emperor, while first consul, had paid a visit to Madame Helvétius, saying, that he wished to see the widow of a **■** man.
—(Note by the Author.)

correspondence of Fenelon, [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] papers of the Duke of Burgundy [redacted] his death, that a person must have the blackest of hearts to speak against any one in a correspondence of this kind, when it is secret, and when [redacted] [redacted] addressed [redacted] [redacted] person of such rank. I added, that it *proved a [redacted] of respect [redacted] the prince who [redacted] addressed, not [redacted] dread his contempt and indignation against [redacted] professor of sentiments [redacted] base.* The following is the note [redacted] length :

“ We have witnessed the publication of the [redacted] correspondence of a [redacted] of letters with a foreign prince, but in [redacted] very different vein : I allude [redacted] that of M. de La Harpe, with the Grand Duke of Russia. There is none of the talent of M. de La Harpe to be found in that frivolous production ; but what renders it most odious [redacted] the impiety and wickedness with which it abounds. We are wanting in respect to a prince when [redacted] correspond with him about [redacted] enmities and [redacted] literary quarrels ; for, independent of [redacted] principle, [redacted] [redacted] esteemed the character [redacted] [redacted] prince, [redacted] should be disposed to display some delicacy and generosity, and [redacted] conceal [redacted] meanness and our vanity. I [redacted] go the length of thinking, that in [redacted] [redacted] of [redacted] kind, a man of letters ought to refrain from rendering a critical account of the writings of [redacted] enemies.

The correspondence of M. de la Harpe consists entirely of a false or exaggerated detail of his successes, of satires, consequently, of hoods, anecdotes of scandal: opinion, then, must have had of the Grand Duke of Russia?"

above justified completely; the calumniators reduced to silence, but enemies remained.

I never kept any copy of my correspondence with the emperor, but I have preserved some notes of a moral and religious kind, which formed a part of my letters. Here are some of these fragments:

SIR,

"As I wish my conduct in respects to be open to the eyes of your Majesty, I think it right to submit to you the following:

"I have received for the first time, since the last fifteen years, a letter from Madame de Bourbon, from Barcelona. It states, that she has written a great deal about religion, . . . she does wish to publish her manuscripts, she is desirous that I should see them, and the style, if I should approve of the thoughts. I did it right to refuse

request of Madame de Bourbon, in her present situation. I have always been partial to that clever princess, who has a great deal of originality in her character, and many attaching qualities---others, most perfect sincerity; besides, I should be delighted to succeed in turning her thoughts to writing. I have replied, that I am highly honoured by her confidence; and that since I am esteemed and qualified, I should read her manuscripts, in order to give her my frank opinion about them. The letter reached me by a person unknown, of whose name and address I am ignorant, and whom I did not see, as he came to call at the Arsenal, where he gave the letter to a woman, whom I left in charge of my furniture. He has not returned since.

"It is twelve or fifteen days since this occurred; I gave my answer to one of my friends, who forwarded it by the post, under cover, to a merchant residing at Barcelona. Since my return to France, I have not had the least correspondence with any persons resident in foreign countries, who might, by their situation and their opinions, be discontented with the government.

"Even in foreign lands, while despoiled and proscribed, I conducted myself in the same manner. Before returning to France, I

write the Duke of Orleans from the month of April, 1794; I have had no correspondence with royal since 1792. d'Orleans always be dearest to of all my pupils; towards me the deepest gratitude, and the liveliest friendship; she constantly me as long as I in a foreign country, but she has entirely ceased to do so, since I have resided in France. I know this has been entirely through discretion, for I have, from time time, heard of her indirectly. However, after five years' silence, wrote me, three months ago, a long letter, only, however, expressive of her tenderness; to I replied, and here our correspondence stopped. I have preserved that letter, as well Madame de Bourbon's. These my relations with that unfortunate family, for which I disinterestedly sacrificed myself, without any other motive than that tenderest attachment, which never adequately recompensed, but by the angelic disposition, charming talents, the perfect good and the sentiments of d'Orleans and her brothers.

"In England, I have nothing a political attachment religion; and the multiplicity there produces, moreover, a scepticism almost universal; but the Catholics in that country

as they make great sacrifices for their religion, are attached with their hearts. I have noticed nothing in Holland, I have occasion to remark it more strongly in Germany. There I had occasion to acquire another proof of the profoundness of the views of Bossuet, who predicted in his *Variations*, that Protestants would end in becoming Socinians, as it is in the of error, when persisted in, go astray constantly and more. All the Protestant pastors are in general deists. They scarcely ever pronounce in their the name of Jesus Christ. Nothing is ridiculously profane than their discourses from the pulpit. At Berlin, I heard the pastor of the French Protestant church, a preacher highly renowned in that town, (M. Ancillon,) speak of nothing in the pulpit but of *sensibility*, of friendship, of that *divine sentiment*; and in a pastoral exhortation, on occasion of a marriage, he said, in speaking of women, *that enchanting sex*. This discourse, equally insipid and absurd, printed; I brought a copy of with me. This misplaced tone, which in such taste, sufficiently proves astonishing degeneracy in the religious notions, both priests and auditors. The people in these are attached to their religion; they their

children to ■ brought up in the ■ religion. I can cite two examples among my own pupils—Lady ■ Fitzgerald, and ■ brought with ■ Berlin.”

The following was written ■ emperor on ■ subject of ■ age.

“ In my youth, I always promised in my own mind that I should study that age in myself if ever I became old : I am now old, and I keep my word. I formerly viewed with horror the prospect of such ■ state, which is to ■ sure sufficiently ■ in perspective ■ a woman when she ■ gay, animated, brilliant, and surrounded with admirers. An aged monarch, whose reign has been marked by goodness and glory, presents ■ divine view of old age : ■ are tempted ■ offer him our adoration. An old warrior, or an aged magistrate, who have done their duty, inspire us with profound veneration. But, an old woman ! . . . the very name is cruel ! . . . I have met with very ■ old women after my own taste, even among those who are reckoned amiable. ■ air of affected mildness, and a honeyed tone which looked like hypocrisy : others displayed a gaiety which ■ unnatural, ■ which ■ away

from them all the dignity of their age. Some affected tiresome gravity; others tell stories too much: besides, what effect does an old woman produce in a party? First of all, she disfigures it; and next, is it not ridiculous of the embroiderer, of the jeweller, the milliner, should he throw away on the embellishment of a face sixty years old? Shakspeare says, that a great charge which has once been in the hands of a man of genius, and which afterwards devolves upon a fool, is like *the habit of a giant worn by a dwarf*. What would he of an elegant head-dress made by Leroi, to be put on the head of an old woman? Yet, we see this daily; we even see these queens, who have been long dethroned, wearing diadems of diamonds and flowers. It has always seemed to me so difficult, not to say impossible, for an old woman to be pleasing in public, that there is something of mockery in her appearance there, unless she is constrained to be in society by a positive duty. But if she is frank and good-humoured, if she is well acquainted with society, her intimate acquaintance may be agreeable, provided always, that she has not a fury for relating anecdotes, and never tells stories but in right places.

“Cicero is the man who is the best

things ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ says that they are ■■■ wines, which time either improves ■■■ ■■■ ■■■.

"There exist some human creatures who have ■■■ been vicious, and who in the ■■■ of their lives have been thought neither weak ■■■ foolish, who nevertheless, when they get ■■■ ■■■ age of seventy, think seriously that they ■■■ created for ■■■ other purposes but ■■■ dress, breakfast, dine, sup, play ■■■ piquet and sleep.

"Whoever ■■■ capable of reflecting, must be very unhappy in old age, when, in throwing a glance on the past, he sees only ■■■ long series of years passed in unthinking idleness: and when in the space of more than half a century, he finds not the useful and active ■■■ of ■■■ intelligent being, but the shameful vegetation of ■■■ brute.

"When an old man is exempt from infirmities, ■■■ his intellectual faculties, and is religious, he is in a ■■■ of habitual happiness, which, in his youth, he could ■■■ have known. He ■■■ ■■■ naturally ■■■ from all social obligations; and this fortunate freedom of course, doubles to him the ■■■ which remain. ■■■ will not regret pleasures which do not belong to his age: if he has ■■■ good understanding, he will have been fatigued ■■■ ■■■ tiated with them long before he has been obliged ■■■ ■■■ them. ■■■ future which ■■■ before

short, but is completely it, dispose of time without dreading his resolutions may be crossed or overthrown by his passions, impulses, his imprudence. He knows true value of things; he no longer himself about trifles; he is calm, judges accurately: and this is whole of a wise man's behaviour. If presence no longer excites turbulent joy or gaiety, it inspires respect and veneration. Well educated young people do not dispute with him the deference which is due to his age: for, when you honour an old man, to whose age you may one day attain, you honour yourself in prospective; and nothing is so attaching than the conversation of an old man who does not abuse the privilege of being listened to with interest and attention. In short, the physical weakness and even the debility of age, has its compensations. That light sense of weariness, which gives its habitual heaviness without the feeling of suffering, renders the slumbers and the rest of old so sweet! Sitting down in a comfortable arm-chair, especially on returning from a walk—tasting the charms of a perfect calm, sometimes amidst agreeable reverie, yielding for a few sleep—these are the pleasures of and these daily renewed.

speaks in favour of morality, without bitterness and without exaggeration. He is inaccessible to hatred, and all his endeavours are directed to making happy those who surround him; he asks nothing of them; he offers them the counsels of his wisdom and of his experience; and he is to his family and friends a watchful sentinel, placed in his post for a short time.*

The stories which circulated daily respecting the court, appeared to me so pitiful, that I produced the following fragment, addressed to the Emperor :—

“ It is not astonishing that, after such a commencement of our campaigns and such victories, we should be full of confidence: but it is also true that before such brilliant successes, no one doubted of the triumph of armies commanded by such a chief. At the present day the enthusiasm is general—every one is proud of being a Frenchman: but the state does not prosper, the merchants do nothing, and the jewellers,

* Some persons have been pleased to cite with praise the chapter on Old Age, which I have inserted in my *Employment of Time*. I ought here to mention, that in that chapter I have regarded age under another point of view.—(Note by the Author.)

in stuffs, embroideries, fashions, &c. &c.
 particularly loud in their complaints. It is to
 be wished that the princes and all persons in place,
 give grand dinners, concerts, &c. have
 their houses open days.
 This would of itself give a good appearance to
 Paris, would occasion the sale of stuffs, and fur-
 nish work for the artizans. All the fortunes of the
 present day are benefits conferred by the em-
 peror, and those who enjoy them ought to show a
 disposition to concur in the views of the govern-
 ment; some display would, undoubtedly, be
 the present be exceedingly useful; and if
 princes and ministers set the example, it would be
 easy to engage senators and other rich persons to
 follow it, by means of articles inserted in the
 newspapers, in which such conduct should be
 adroitly praised, without exaggeration of any kind.
 It be recollected, that the suffrage of
 wealthy merchants, great manufacturers, and
 distinguished artists, has much in-
 fluence now than formerly, because society is pre-
 made up from all classes; their murmurs
 formerly confined to their counters, but they
 are echoed in our drawingrooms. I was a few days
 since in a house where, in general, one meets with
 company; there were twelve

persons present, and among others, a person unknown to ■■■ who complained greatly ■ the ■■ existing misery, ■■ said, that all the houses ■■ actually shut up ; ■ predicted ■■ bitterness ■■ the winter would be ■ *disastrous* one, because there would be no *fêtes*—no grand dinners ; ■■ he added, in so plaintive ■ tone, that there would ■■ ■ ■ *single lustre lighted* in private houses, ■■ I said ■ my neighbour, “ I’ll wager ■■ ■■ ■■ candles :” and in fact it turned out ■■ he was interested in ■ manufactory of that article. This man and ■ thousand others will applaud ■ exploits much ■■ heartily, if ■■ princes and rich people this winter keep up a brilliant appearance. Let me add, that on the contrary ■■ houses closed, &c. ■■■■■■ distrust, with respect to events ■ finances, &c. &c. Wood ■ ■■ prodigiously dear, and if the winter is severe, the poor will have great reason to complain ; a few ■■■■■■ of this description, granted ■ ■■ people, in the name of their majesties, would have an excellent effect. Before the revolution, all the princes of the blood caused fires to ■ lighted ■■ ■■ palace-courts ; I should ■ happy ■ see such fires before the Tuileries in ■■ absence of your majesties, if you ■■■■■■ ■■■■■■ the month of December, ■■ I should ■■ be glad

that money ■■■ paid ■ the curates to purchase wood for the poor. ■■■ sort of liberality has always a great influence on the people. Lastly, I should wish that on each victory, all persons who are in high situations, should give fêtes and have rejoicings—the courts of their houses illuminated—a great dinner—a concert—and at their doors ■ distribution of food for the poor. All this without having ■ air of being done *by command*, and ■ if it came from the feelings of the parties themselves.

“ When the houses of the great ■ opened, ■ will dress, the merchants and workmen will be pleased ; and from time to time ■ few public liberalities to the poor will complete the union of all hearts, and induce them all to form the ■ wishes.”*

■ following I wrote ■ another time to the emperor:—

■ At length the Institute has bethought itself of its duties, and has decreed a prize to the fine

* These counsels were, in a great measure, immediately followed, so that in a short time people spoke of nothing but the *Asiatic* luxury of the court and of individuals.—(Note by the Author.)

poem, "*The Tombs of Denis*," by M. de Treneuil, who added to his work an admirable piece—the *Expiatory Altars*—a piece, which of only be in praise of the emperor. I have only once heard it read, and I only recollect of it the two following splendid lines:—

Et verser le sang d'une seule victime,
L'hommage expiatoire a surpassé le crime.

"There is a fine exhortation, recommending fidelity to the French, and many other things of great beauty. M. de Treneuil is at a good Frenchman, an affectionate subject, and a true poet. His character is of frankness and honour, he is loved and esteemed by all who know him: yet he has been the occasion, or rather the subject of terrible scenes at the Institute. He has been attacked with fury—with madness—but he has been valiantly defended with all the advantage which justice and united can give. These details are very curious. M. de Treneuil has on his side the public and all honest men—his enemies know this, and for that they have determined on softening their proceedings towards him."

— The emperor admirably confirms the words of

Masellon—that *princes are* *the earth's* *providence*. *well* *recompenses* *merit and* *virtue!* *de-Montesquieu* *appointed* *governante*. This is a choice, which in spite of the envy of some, is universally approved. I know a person who has a high *and* a great *of* *merit*, who would admirably fill the place of her deputy—it is Madame de Lascours. She *of* the proper age, *is* thirty-two; her manner *charming and elegant*; her reputation irreproachable, and her understanding *remarkable* with which I am acquainted among *Her* *talents are beautiful*, she *musician*, she plays on the piano, and paints in miniature exquisitely—but what it is impossible to praise too highly in her, is her disposition, and her agreeable manners in society. She is the only woman, without exception, whom I regard as so reasonable, *so prudent*, so correct, and yet *amiable*, and I know that all her virtues and good qualities are genuine. I confess, *if* friendship lays one open to *charge of* *partiality*, I *have* *for* her; yet my esteem *only* *respect* which I have *her* *virtues*, *the* *infinite* *pleasure* I have enjoyed in her society. I have been separated from her *five* *months*, and I have so many occu-

pations, that my correspondence by way of letters is very irregular. I am totally unacquainted with her ideas about her situation; I only know that none could fill it better, and that besides her solid merits, she would have an air of fashion—a matter which is to her by no means trifling, especially in court, where every thing ought to be dignified.

My work on women is at length altogether stopped! I have solicited in vain permission that it should be censured from the proofs—after a month's suspense, this is refused me. I must give up the manuscript, of which I have no copy, full as it is of corrections and alterations, and scarcely legible. I must wait for a six week's examination, and undergo the unreasonable criticisms of a malevolent censor, who is, perhaps, my personal enemy. This is very lamentable; with intentions so pure as mine, and a heart so truly French.

Cardinal Maury will be an excellent archbishop; he has a great deal of talent, with a sound understanding, which is quick and clear, firm and conciliating; he would have made a very good ambassador. He told me that nothing could be compared to the emotion he was on taking the oath, that the emperor, when he grants

favour does so with so much grace and majesty, a person would feel happy at that moment, in yielding his life for him. He told me, he trembled to be unable to support himself; he was naturally timid; for he might have emperor what an old officer, intimidated by the brilliancy of royalty, said Louis XIV. 'Sire, I do not tremble thus before your enemies!'

"Favours which have not been solicited, and which are accorded to you by surprise, have a double value. Gratitude is then a thousand times more lively; it is proportioned to your astonishment. A lucky but unexpected event, forms for a person an epoch in one's life; and the pleasure is far higher to the benefactor, because the benefit is more generously bestowed."

The following is another fragment of this correspondence:—

"The literature of Paris at the present moment presents nothing of any interest, except three excellent articles by M. de Bonald,* which have

* M. de Bonald, sprung from an old family of Rouergue, composed during the time of the emigration a work entitled *A Theory of Power, Political and Religious*, in which he predicted the fall of the French Republic. This work was seized by the Convention.

appeared in *The Mercury*. ■ ■ two ■ ■ compares atheism to political anarchy, ■ principles of democracy to deism, ■ those of the Catholic religion to those of monarchical government. All this admirably well expressed and proved, will produce luminous and sublime results. His third article is a fine critique on the tragedy of ■ *Templars*—the only one, in my opinion, in which there is at once judgment, talent, politeness, and impartiality. I do ■ ■ all know M. de Bonald, nor ■ I the friend of any of his friends; I have never ■ any correspondence or connexion with him even of an indirect kind; but I am not the less on that account of opinion that he is a great writer, that he has an understanding, full of acuteness, and a prodigious genius. With these talents, which ■ of the highest kind, this author lives peaceably on his estate; he is virtuous, he is not an intriguer, he keeps himself retired;—all this is ■ ■

“There have appeared in print some letters from conscripts—and dialogues of conscripts, written with the best intentions; but in order to

■ ■ Executive Directory. ■ 1808, Napoleon ■ ■ M. de Bonald, ■ ■ of the Imperial University, ■ ■ place he has ■ ■ since the restoration. M. de Bonald was ■ ■ a ■ ■ of ■ ■ Academy in March 1816.—(Note by ■ Editor.)

succeed, these things should be written in the best taste; if they are not extremely clever, they must be in their purpose. I have been told that they are written for the people; but since I have permission to speak all my thoughts, and as they are of no consequence, it seems to me that it is not right to allow the people to suppose that we write for them in that style: for they infer from this that we wish to gain their opinions because we fear them. These small means are frequently employed by the government which we wish to forget: but in those days of glory they are the best useless. We ought to love the people, not to interest ourselves in their happiness, but we ought to be indifferent to their suffrages, on general occasions: for doubtless the sovereign ought personally to desire their love. But the mob has much of excellence—it naturally loves whatever it admires—especially the French, the first of all nations. I therefore think that the police ought not to think of having composed for the people any thing but songs of a light cast, fit to be sung in the streets. These have the importance of pamphlets, and are suited to the time to the national character; the music animates the words, and the words are retained in memory. This plan, which has been employed at all times, is the only one of

the kind which is good without consequent inconveniences of the

I have discovered an expense which go
which is altogether useless, even hurtful. The *Conservatoire de Musique* gives prizes for composition, and whoever prize into Italy at the expense of the government, finish their studies musical composition. It is as if one should send a geometrician into another country perfect himself in geometry. The rules of composition are the same every where. They are equally well understood in England Holland, where musical genius is rife in Italy. It by no means necessary travel to Italy for the perfection of taste. Their instrumental music is very inferior to ours. Our posers are excellent. Le Sacur is very learned; Cherubini is one of the first composers of Europe, and much younger than Paesello. He is, perhaps, the leading master present. Besides, it is in music as in painting, it is requisite for go and the works of the great painters, but great composers can multiply by hand of engraver. At five hundred leagues distance may study their *chef-d'œuvres* just as well as if they themselves were at hand. young whom we far, would

lose in Italy their time, their morals, and their health. That ■ all ■ gain that would ■ from such ill-placed munificence. It would be much better to give them an allowance. From attachment ■ my sovereign and my country, I desire that they should ■ amongst us, ■ form and instruct themselves, and that ■ not evince (at all events, uselessly,) the ■ of seeking elsewhere for information ■ talent. It ■ appears to ■ desirable, that ■ should dispense with sending the painters to Italy. The expedition is not, perhaps, of greater service to them than to the architects."

Here is yet another fragment which I addressed to the emperor.

"Those who regret times past, only ■ under-value and often ■ calumniate the present, lament without ceasing the decline of literature, of arts, and of ■. In ■ ages, certain individuals have exhibited this rage for detraction. During each succeeding reign, they have lauded the preceding one, in order ■ depreciate that under which they lived, except when the ■ sovereign ■ a sanguinary tyrant, and when they resorted to eulogies on ■ other kings, his contemporaries,

or took refuge in comparisons between the existing time, *the age of gold*. This captious spirit has produced more ridiculous exaggerations, more falsehoods, than flattery itself.

“ After several years of bloody anarchy, after the reign of callous villains, who sought to annihilate religion, and consequently, morality, should we be astonished at the alteration which may be remarked in politeness, in manners, and morals? It must be confessed, that this alteration is great among the people generally, that we cannot turn to any epoch at which it was more striking and sorrowful. The people, misled by the *excesses* of the tribunes, by the public impieties which they called *fêtes*, by the pamphlets composed for them, and again, by the *two penny libels*, the people no longer resemble, (at least, in Paris,) what they formerly were; and in this metamorphosis all has been lost. But the revolution has not had nearly so much influence upon other classes of society. It would not be difficult to prove, that the corruption of morals was greater in France during the period of the regency, than it is at present, because the rigour of the latter years of Louis XIV., superseded, in almost all the characters of that time, a system more or less false, and until his death all hypocrites kept their

masks. It is only requisite to peruse the memoirs of that period, to be convinced of the truth of this. The depravity of manners was indeed then so great, that a woman's pen could draw a picture. I am convinced that the present era furnishes a wide field for the satirist; but while it is thus decried, it offers, at the same time many things, both general and particular, worthy of high commendation. Under the *ancien regime*, several females, (in time of peace,) have followed their husbands into garrison, but there are no examples of women traversing the seas, in order to avoid separation, in the midst of the horrors of a sanguinary and cruel war, or refusing to quit their husbands during the deadly contagion. I have known one who, scarcely convalescent from a long and dangerous malady, hesitated not to follow her husband, to Constantinople.

"With regard to literature, it is certain that we have many bad works issue from the press; but that must be an unavoidable evil, when the world writes. It is only necessary to select, the most delicate may be fully

"It is to me, that when we can cite the names of Chateaubriand, Fontanes, Bonald, Delille, Michaud, Dussault, Jay, Ba-

rants, De Traneuil, Arnault, Duval, Picard, Etienne, Le Comte, Ségur, De Choiseul-Gouffier, Staël, and many others, justly celebrated, and so many agreeable points in French literature possesses; it appears that, as it is, this moment it still keeps the first rank among all polished nations.*

"As to the arts, who can say they are in the decline, when we see the works of David, Gerard, Guerin, Girodet, Le Thiers, Robert Lefevre, Vanspaendonck, together with those of our sculptors; and lastly, the product of the arts, in all their branches, exhibited year at the Louvre."

"I should wish that two persons should be appointed to write the campaigns of his Majesty; Louis XIV. named Boileau and Racine his historiographers; but in choosing contemporary historians, they are always apt to be accused of flattery. It is thus with warlike affairs, for they are positive facts, which every brave man in the country can bear witness. We write these narratives with as much interest during the lifetime of the hero, as after his death; and perhaps

* This was written in 1806. Since that time we have lost, of the persons above, Traneuil, Choiseul-Gouffier, Fontanes, Arnault. (Note the Editor.)

■ is better to write them during his life-time, because ■ work will gain by being read over by him in manuscript; it ■ the part of the conquering general ■ correct ■ author. Such ■ work would be ■ admirable monument of the glory of ■ French, which has been carried to its height merely by the valour of the hero who governs them. It appears to me, that ■ should ■ in such a work something unique—that the envy and the bad faith of the enemies of France have provoked, and ■ necessitated these wonderful exploits; and that France must have been dismembered and lost, if Europe had not been subdued. All the foreign powers ■ the time of the revolution, when Louis XVI. ■ dethroned—they made an oath to annihilate France, *for the sake of example*.

“ I ■ in England ■ the time when the republic ■ decreed. Mr. Davis and Mr. Sheridan ■ me then, that from that moment it ■ absolutely necessary that France should either conquer Europe, ■ be annihilated; that her abasement was not sufficient for the alarmed powers—that her destruction ■ necessary for the security of their thrones. In 1793 I ■ in Switzerland; there appeared ■ that ■ pamphlet, (I believe by ■ du Pan,) which made a great noise, and which I read with horror. This worthy

He said, that it was absolutely necessary, that soon the throne should be again re-established, so as to annihilate the fruits of the revolution, even the good which it had done was to be abolished; to replace it as it formerly was, to restore all the conquests, to punish all who had the slightest employment, who had taken an oath, who served in any grade of military officer-ship, in order that, for an example to the universe, it might say with truth, that nothing but evil and calamities had resulted from the revolution. No one pretended that France should be any thing less than destroyed, but it was said, that the well being of the world required it. In this way, the conspiracy was formed and established long before the triumphs of the emperor, so that it required little short of a series of victories to undo all these plots—in other words, to do what the emperor has done. So that the victories and conquests have been legitimized and ennobled by such powerful interests, seeing that the salvation of France depended upon them. This is what should be developed in the brilliant narrative of these miraculous campaigns, and it would give a character altogether particular to the work. The memoirs should be furnished by the soldiers, and two men of letters should employ

It appears to me, that there are three worthy of writing such a history, M. de Bonald, M. Fiévée, whose political would be admirable; and M. Dussault, who writes with elegance and purity, which are most remarkable at the present day. All is only a thought of my own; for not only I have never heard such a thing talked of by any one, but I may add also, that I have never spoken of this thing to any one whatever."

I published "*The Religious Monuments*," at the period when the pope came into France; I sent him a copy, and he, by a holy letter, the goodness of which I thank me, by a letter, which Cardinal de Bayane wrote me in his name. The pope never writes with his own hand as a female; his greatest token of condescension is to write for the purpose of a cardinal. The following is a copy of the letter which he condescended to dictate on this occasion.

"Madam,

"Of the two copies of your excellent work which you have sent me through M. de Cabre, I, having read with avidity the one destined for myself, I have presented the other to the pope,

rendering him an account of my perusal of it His Holiness, who was acquainted with you already by your reputation, has commanded me to return you a thousand acknowledgments on my part, and to testify to you the esteem and respect with which he employs you, for the honour and service of religion, the happy genius which God has been pleased to endow you with.

After having executed, Madam, the orders of my holy father, if I were not sensible of the importance of your time, I could fill whole pages in assuring you of the sentiments of admiration which the perusal of your works has excited in me.

"I have the honour to be, with respect,

"Madam,

"Your most humble,

"And your obedient servant,

"THE CARDINAL DE BAYANE.

"Paris, Dec. 14, 1685.

"I have not omitted also to give your letter to His Holiness, who has ordered me to return it to him, in the terms which I have transcribed."

His Holiness had the goodness to send me a chaplet. I went to the Tuileries to receive his benediction, and Casimir, just emerging from

boyhood, accompanied me. ■■■ so touched with ■■■ majesty of the pope, that the latter particularly remarked and caressed him.

In the *Religious Monuments*, ■■■ to be found several curious researches, and many interesting details. The Abbé Fraysinuous did that work the honour of citing it in his eloquent conferences,* and recommended his auditors to read ■ chapter on the pictures representing the Holy Virgin. The plan I have followed in the arrangement of the work has been blamed, and with reason; in describing the *religious monuments*, I ought to have described them in the order of the countries where they exist, not in the order of their titles; for example, I range under the words *cathedral* and *chapel*, all the cathedrals and chapels in Europe. Instead of this, I ought to have given ■ account of the churches ■ be found in each country; for example, all those of France, then those of Italy, and ■ ■■ I followed ■ bad arrangement, because I had first of all written, while abroad, ■ *Diction-*

* The eloquence of which was so persuasive, that by means of these conferences, a number of young men were converted, who went only to ■■■■ what they heard. The emperor, without any reason or pretext, however frivolous, issued an order to stop these conferences, but the virtuous Abbé Fraysinuous acquired only the more popularity.—(Note by the Author.)

ary of the I saw religion re-established in France, I fancied that amidst a clergy that then forming, the title of my work might have something about it *ambitious for a woman*; I accordingly wrote the *Religious Monuments*; but in order to profit by the articles already written upon those monuments, I preserved dictionary form; I have, however, desired my publisher to change it, which assuredly he in a new edition.

Nothing can give an idea of the paternal aspect of Pius VII.; of the calmness and majesty of his air, of his splendid appearance in the grand and magnificent gallery of Diana, then filled with persons of both sexes, the most distinguished for their talents, merit, rank, and reputation. Every physiognomy, without exception, expressed the profound veneration; and I felt so much pleasure in contemplating this religious and imposing spectacle, that when I left the gallery, and went with M. de Cabre to pay a visit to the Cardinal de Bayane, I found it impossible to speak of any thing else; the cardinal informed that this feeling always been general, that the observer would have been able, in the presence of the pope, to distinguish the persons who religious those who not so.

On this subject, he told me that Y. de la Lande, the astronomer, some days previously, at the pope's public audience; and that the excessive ugliness of that famous pope, having struck the holy father, he approached M. de la Lande, and said to him: "I am delighted by your presence here, that you deny, in a personal manner, the horrible calumny which attributes to you a book* unworthy, in all respects, of such a personage as you." At these words, M. de la Lande fell at the feet of the sovereign pontiff, who gave him his benediction.

On another occasion, the pope perceived at the extremity of the gallery a young man, who affected airs of mockery the most indecent. It was the time when the pope had an opportunity of marking such insulting behaviour; he walked up to the place where the young man stood, and when he reached him he said, "Young man, kneel down, receive my benediction; the blessing of an old man always brings down good." The young man, touched to the soul, prostrated himself on the ground, and his tears began to flow.

At the end of this conversation, the cardinal took leave of us, as he was about to sit down.

table with the pope, and dinner was already served ; he asked me if I would wish to pass through the dining-room, as the pope would be there for some minutes. I accepted eagerly, and immediately entered into the dining-room ; I stopped a moment, and seeing a sumptuous entertainment laid out, I smiled with a smile, that the pope was certainly full of good cheer. " No, Madam," replied the cardinal, " on the contrary, his table is always that of a *minim*. This repast is for us ; the pope eats nothing but vegetables prepared with oil, in little dishes ; and such he constantly repasts." He added, that the pope had the goodness to remain at table during the whole time of dinner, though his own repast did not last a quarter of the time of that of the cardinals ; that he did not rise from table, and only remained there to converse, which he did with equal affability and talent.

The pope came to France with no other design but to serve religion, and it is certain that none of his predecessors ever took a step so useful as the sacred pontiff ; he firmly declined all the temporal advantages which he might have drawn from it, and which were offered him ; he travelled at his own expense, and would accept nothing in lieu of the expenses incurred by him during his stay

in Paris. The Cardinal told us, that ■ had been ■ the way of ■ very valuable box, ■ taining ■ richest ■ most beautiful chaplets. The Holy Father did not conceal from himself the ■ which would be produced in Europe by his granting ■ public mark of esteem and admiration which Charlemagne himself had not obtained, though ■ benefactor of the church. ■ is well known that Pius VII. publicly said, that he ■ sure this solemn act would excite ■ great deal of discontent among the princes, his contemporaries. "However," added he, "I shall prevent France from becoming protestant, and my disinterested- ■ will prove that such is the sole motive of my conduct."

It required, in fact, views of this religious and profound nature, and sentiments as pure ■ those of ■ Holiness, ■ sustain an old ■ amidst the dangers of a route ■ long and so fatiguing, undertaken and continued in ■ rigorous season of ■ year. The heavens blessed his courage, and his presence of itself revived faith in the bosoms of all, rendering respectable, even to the unbelieving, the ■ which could inspire so much strength ■ greatness of soul.

I ■ not ■ a single occasion during the pope's residence ■ Paris, of seeing the Holy Father in

churches, of seeing him pass through the streets. I had the greatest desire to ascertain by my own feelings whether the portrait of him by David was as fine and as good a likeness as had been stated: I was charmed with the portrait, but the Queen of Naples (afterwards Queen of Spain) assured me that the pope's head was still finer in the picture of the coronation, which was then only to be seen in the workshop of David. I signified my regret at being unable to see there, and I had strongly blamed, in my *Precis de Conduite*, the actions and the political opinions of David, and I supposed, with great appearance of probability, that he would refuse to receive me. Upon this the queen had the goodness to say that she would take me with her, which she did the following day. David received me without any ill-feeling; on my side, I praised, with perfect sincerity, not the entire picture, which may be found fault with in many respects, but the figure of the pope, which is quite admirable. Somebody said to David one day that every one thought, and with reason, that he had made the Empress Josephine ridiculously young: "Go and tell her so," replied David.

M. de Cabre, my friend, who was intimately acquainted with the Emperor Bernadotte, and who was

in the [redacted] of paying his respects frequently [redacted] the Queen of Naples, induced her majesty [redacted] express [redacted] desire to be acquainted [redacted] me; she discovered [redacted] much kindness for me, [redacted] I [redacted] in her so many virtues, that I became attached to her from my heart. Through a singularity which belonged to the nobleness of her sentiments and her [redacted] ners, she constantly recalled to my mind the remembrance of the princesses of the old court. [redacted] had, for example, all the air and all the [redacted] of the last Princess of Conti; if heaven had decreed she should be born the heiress to a throne, it could not have given her a more beneficent disposition; this great quality, which ought to characterize every prince, [redacted] perfected in her by piety the [redacted] sincere, and [redacted] total absence of all ostentation. The following is [redacted] trait among others which I must cite. The Priest of Saint Sulpice (parish of the Luxembourg) remarked, that for four [redacted] five months, the person who solicited for the poor at nine o'clock, brought every day in her purse a piece of forty francs; it [redacted] evident that the charity [redacted] from the [redacted] hand, and it [redacted] soon found out that the giver was a veiled lady, who stood always by the same pillar in [redacted] corner of the church. She was followed, and [redacted] [redacted] discovered that this charitable person, who [redacted] [redacted]

little ostentation, was the Queen of Spain, who went regularly to that church every morning. She was attended by either footman, or suite, and, as has been stated, always veiled. Those who found out the magnificent giver of charity, had the indiscretion to divulge her name. From this moment the queen suppressed her anonymous benefits, but the poor lost nothing by it—her generosity only changed its form and place.

It was about this time that I took the liberty of recommending to that princess a young person whom I only knew by her misfortunes, and who was the most interesting, as well as joined to a pretty face, great youth, and the most deplorable poverty. The queen gave me the address of one of her almoners, who was charged with the distribution of the alms she granted to the unfortunate. The young person, after receiving what was destined for her, came on me, and told me, that on her arrival at the door of the almoner's house, she found the court and staircase so blocked up with poor persons, that she could not succeed in seeing him for two hours, and that it was impossible to get him once without risk. The young person was soon placed in a community, where she improved her talents for drawing.

and embroidering ; her allowance has always been regularly paid.

I already had the honour to receive several times at the Arsenal, Madame Bernadotte, wife of the marshal, (sister to the Queen of Spain,) who had that time all the charms derived from a very pretty face and the agreeable struck with the harmony which existed between her amiable face, her conversation, and her talents. I saw her for the first time at a dinner-party M. de Cabre's. I was placed by the side of the marshal, who looked astonishingly like all the portraits of the great Condé. His fine appearance, the nobleness of his manners, and his politeness, aided this glorious resemblance, which he completed in other respects by his great and warlike qualities. I believe I have already stated that leaving the table I said in a low tone to M. de Cabre, that the marshal had the of a king. I did not think at the time that I was uttering a prophecy. afterwards returned to Paris as Prince of Sweden. I went to pay my respects to him, and found him just as polished and obliging in as before extraordinary rise. In short, he thought sufficiently well of himself personally (and he had a good right to do

so) not ■ fancy it necessary to change any of his external habits. He had not substituted an ■ and *patronizing* air to his natural gracefulness and benevolence.

I fixed a day at the Arsenal for receiving ■ pany, but happily *rouls* were ■ yet unknown in France; I made out a list, which ■ subsequently, however, much enlarged, because I inserted in it the ■ of several foreigners; but ■ first it ■ confined ■ persons remarkable ■ their wit, their disposition, or their talents.

Madame d'Harville, my ■ and faithful friend: the Baroness de Lascours, whose portrait I have already drawn, in a way which all those who know her will agree is not too flattering ■ likeness. M. de Lascours, her husband, equally estimable for ■ noble sentiments and his capacity in matters of business; and Meedames de Châtenay. I have already rendered frequent justice throughout my works to the merit, the information, and the talents of Madame Victorine de Châtenay, who has formed the happiness of ■ mother ■ tender as she is virtuous, and ■ a father worthy of being the head of such a family. The Princess of Baufremont, (afterwards Countess de Choisenl,) of whom I have already spoken, and ■ whom my family ■ honour of being allied. She is a person whose

originality has always been to me ■ striking as her virtues and her talents have seemed worthy of my ■ admiration; she joins ■ vivacity ■ best and ■ understanding and ■ soundest discretion; and though she ■ appearance of thoughtlessness, no woman in ■ world ■ better-qualified to judge correctly ■ give better counsels. In her early youth ■ was thought ■ have ■ appearance of coquetry—but this was a mistake. She never had a wish to please, but through benevolence or through ■ timent; yet her modesty is incomparable—she has no desire of shining; ■ knows the dangers of it, and her mind, which is strong and full of feeling, disdains its glories; but in spite of her modesty, she is not humble, for she judges and appreciates herself as she would another. Madame Kennens, whose talents, mildness, sensibility, and powers of writing render her acquaintance so agreeable and so lasting. Madame ■ Vannoz, ■ fortunate rival of Delille, relative ■ the poem of *Conversation*, and whose literary reputation ■ require my eulogies. ■ Brosseton, with whom I became acquainted in an agreeable ■ singular manner, of which I shall hereafter give the detail; Madame Roger, (afterwards Countess of Montholon,) two persons ■

of amenity, who have every requisite rendering their society charming. Hainguerlot, to whom de Cabre introduced me on my arrival at Paris, and whom I found to be she really was, full of talent. Her conversation equally piquant and animated; my acquaintance with her several years; afterwards the illness of her husband compelled her to make several voyages, and to visit the waters; I then altogether lost sight of her, Madame Cabarus, (afterwards Princess of Chimay). During my residence at Berlin my daughter wrote to me to say that she had contributed to her life. When she had the goodness to call on me, and even to pay me the first visit, I received her with equal pleasure and gratitude. Her intimate conversation, which is full of curious anecdotes, which she alone could have gathered, had the interesting and rare singularity of being always exempt from scandal and declamation. She is, perhaps, the person, who, of all women, has rendered the greatest number of services—and who consequently has made the greatest number of ingrates. She is still exceedingly handsome, and her beauty was generally pleasing; there is a great air of nobleness in her shape, her carriage, her most agreeable expression in her smile. My friend, Madame de

Bon, the translator of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, who is a passionate in her friendships—a quality which is the more charming as she never leads her to exact too much; she is capable of a generous profusion of attentions, and is never wounded by neglect nor even by your apparent neglect of her, provided she can see in the solidity of your sentiments. Lastly, Mesdames de Bellegarde, who may be cited as models of sisterly affection and of loveliness, amiability and benevolence.

M. Briffant, who was then very young, and who already announced the talents he has since discovered: * he had naturally so good a taste, that independently of all reflection, he was offended at the bad tone which then sometimes pervaded society; he loved old traditions, and began to attach himself to me in order to collect them. I was delighted to talk to him about old times; he comprehended every thing, and every thing, and listened earnestly! He was right to look

* M. has just published in May of the present year (1825,) a charming dialogue, in which one of the supposed speakers, M. de Fontanes, (who is now dead,) expresses himself as he would have written. I shall return in detail towards the end of this work, to this dialogue, which is so worthy of being quoted.—(Note by the Author.)

back—he looked for another age—in his are to be the spirit of that of Louis XIV.

M. Laborie, who is as obliging as is clever, and who nothing in order be completely amiable, but to have less business do, to less is a hurry: you always your- the subject of his twentieth visit, for breathless, and wiping his face; you are delighted to him, but he is scarcely seated when he his watch with an air of alarm; he discovers that an appointment him away, he rises, and disappears—and the only fruit of his visit is to leave regrets for its shortness behind.

M. Pieyre, of whom I have already spoken and with so much pleasure. M. Millevoe, a young poet, whose face, verses, and disposition equally pleasing. He wrote some charming for my *Garland*: I do quote them here, because I do not wish to extract any thing from this little manuscript work.*

M. de Charbonnières, a and friend, who would have enjoyed a great reputation as a poet if he had made a better choice of his subjects.† Deschery, a passionate disciple of J. J. Rous-

* This young poet is since dead.—(Note by Author.)

† This was written a few years before his death.—(Note by Author.)

an outrageous philosopher, who pleased me much, because he was accustomed to society, he was amiable, and did not proclaim his principles and opinions any where but in his writings; he had besides an acquaintance in the fine arts, presented the singular spectacle of a man of seventy-two, who had a very good voice, after the best methods.*

M. de Cabre, my old friend, who, without being in orders, had been an abbé before the revolution: it was he, who in a party when some person asked him to draw the portrait of a lady who was attractive by her graces even by means of her defects, wrote the spot this impromptu:—

Pourquoi me demander ce que c'est qu'une femme,
A moi dont le destin est d'ignorer l'amour!
De l'aveugle affligé vous déchirez l'âme,
Moi lui demandez ce que c'est qu'un jour!

M. de Coriolis, whom I should love, I knew nothing farther of him than his *Minuit*, of the most charming fugitive pieces in which he had written for a long time, but who besides, by the equality of his humour, the agreeableness of his conversation, and his virtues,

* He was upwards of eighty.—(Note by the Author.)

unites so many powers of pleasing, ■ so many qualities for acquiring general estimation.

M. ■ Courchamp, whom ■ one could ■ of pedantry or pretension in company, though ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ youth an astonishing fund of information and many pleasing accomplishments; which ■ of itself ■ high praise of the whole ■ of ■ man of the world ■ of ■ ■ it is impossible ■ have read ■ much, ■ to have acquired such various and profound knowledge, without having great firmness of character, ■ ■ for order, and a passion for study. Intriguers and ■ of ambition will ■ obtain ■ ■ fortunate result from the employment of their time. Besides, M. de Courchamp unites ■ unchanging political and religious principles, the ■ searching and piquant talent and perfect goodness of heart.

M. de Treneuil, whose fine verses have nobly expiated the lines of another poet, ■ Lebrun, in ■ ode, styled *Patriotic*. The following ■ the execrable strophe which provoked the profanation of ■ royal ■ at Saint Denis :—

Purgeons le sol des patriotes
Par des rois encore infecté.
La terre de la ■
Rejette les os des despotes.

De ces monastères divins,
 Que tous les cercueils soient brisés !
 Que leur mémoire soit fétrée !
 Qu'avec leurs mânes errans,
 Sortent du sein de la patrie
 Les cadavres de ces tyrans !

This strophe, (says M. Trenetuil, in his poem, *The Tombs of Saint Denis*,) inasmuch as it outrages only kings in their coffins, is one of the most humane in the ode, styled patriotic . . . If poetry does not live, and cannot exist but in religion, in pathetic and tender affections, in noble and virtuous sentiments, the author of these patriotic odes is terribly mistaken in his sacred ministry.

Let me add to this, that M. Lebrun, in spite of his political and republican enthusiasm, made up very comfortably with the Imperial Government, of which he was a great admirer.

I met M. Desprès for the first time, at the residence of the amiable and virtuous Queen of Spain ; it is impossible to know him without wishing to know him, you are grieved if you are forgotten by him when you have once known him.

Radet, whom I owe my gratitude for having embellished some of my novels, brought to the stage complete success.

Dussault, whom I praise for three things common in the present day : a friend, a good writer, and an impartial journalist.*

I became acquainted with Mr. Crawford, through his fine collection of historical portraits ; it is impossible to imagine any thing of this description more curious or interesting. Mr. Crawford was a worthy appreciator of his gallery, which was always the resort with amateurs of the fine arts ; he had the magnificent gallantry, as I have stated, to present me with a fine full length of Madame de Maintenon ; but a portrait which in that rich collection outshone the rest in design, colouring, expression, composition, and the importance of the person represented, was that of Bossuet. If one had seen engravings of the author of *Oraisons Funèbres*, of so many admirable *Sermons* of the *Variations*, &c., it would be sufficient, having read these works, to cast your eyes on the picture, in order to recognise the likeness, and to make you cry out—"That is the great Bossuet !" I saw any thing which struck me so much.†

* He was lost to letters and to friendship in the year 1825.—(Note by the Author.)

† Crawford is no longer living. I do not know what has

I was also in the habit of seeing two men of the world, as remarkable for their talents, and the mildness of their [redacted] as for their fits of absence—Messieurs de Sabran and [redacted] Laborde. I [redacted] already quoted [redacted] de Sabran's graceful [redacted] clever reply, which he made [redacted] me [redacted] day when I [redacted] [redacted] of his absent moods. Besides, these [redacted] persons, who scarcely listen but [redacted] [redacted] by chance, are [redacted] charming both with respect [redacted] talent and disposition, [redacted] their [redacted] of absence have [redacted] character of insolence about them; they only inspire you with the desire of trying to fix their attention; they have no need of being *apropos*, in order to please. Absent people have, in general, [redacted] air of [redacted] and frankness, which gives them, when they have talents, [redacted] appearance of the [redacted] amiable originality; we pardon their blunders, and [redacted] are [redacted] [redacted] by their attention! they neither require flattering preparations, nor studied compliments; they would make [redacted] courtiers, but they are excellent friends.

[redacted] following is a comic and novel trait, (in [redacted] *absent way*,) of M. de Laborde: [redacted] [redacted] invited to a marriage; on arriving at the church, [redacted] placed himself in front of the grand altar, opposite

became of the incomparable portrait of which I have been speaking.—(Note by [redacted] Author.)

the new married couple ; and **the** when they pronounced the irrevocable vow, he approached his neighbour **said**, " Will you go as far as **burial-ground ?**" . . . He thought he was at a funeral !

M. **Laborde** is a passionate lover of all the fine arts, and a real connoisseur in music ; he was an enthusiastic admirer of the incomparable talent of Casimir Becker, my pupil, and a dissertation, equally luminous and learned, on the extraordinary discoveries, and the astonishing effects produced on **harp** by Casimir, and which he alone, up to this day, **produce**. In **essay**, which **printed**, and which has been translated into English, **de Laborde** clearly explains, by these discoveries and effects, several **in the ancient writers of Greece**, **the lyre of** **ancients**, which till that time were **all understood**.

Among the men of fashion whom I saw at my house on **Saturdays**, and who took a leading rank in society, **Lascours ;***

* I have already spoken in my *Prisoners*, of **performed by M. de Lascours**, at Auch, where he was prefect, and where he left behind him, **quitting that office**, **regrets**. Good, honourable, **gious**, and full of ability, he has at all times **the**

d'Estournelle, who joins to agreeable of a man of the world, a great turn for business, and a poetry; Carion de Nisas, so well known by his dramatic talent; Choiseul, author of first and best picturesque voyage; * no conversation retraced better than that of M. de Choiseul, the good times of the French society; no one ever related anecdotes with grace, nor noble or agreeable. Praise of more substantial kind might be given him for honourable and excellent principles, which has never belied, either in France or in foreign countries.

The Cardinal Maury,† whose talents orator have obtained so much *éclat*, and whose conversation, full of piquant anecdotes, has many charms.

of all who had any acquaintance with him.—(*Notes by the Author.*)

* The drawings of this voyage are as beautiful as the work itself is written.—(*Notes by the Author.*)

† He said many *bon mots*, and often gave reporters of the most description, made on the instant. The following had prodigious success in this way, and was universally cited. day, presence of Napoleon, and a great number of courtiers, he had an earnest discussion with de . . . who concluded by saying to him rudely: "It is well known M. Cardinal, that, in your heart, you think yourself above the whole world." "No,

M. de Sennovert, the man of all the world who the various information, who discourses in the best style on the arts, literature, politics, and the interests of society.*

Marigné, who made his charming, that we could avoid a feeling of regret that his confined the circle of private society, consecrated her strains friendship.

And, lastly, M. Denon. His fine cabinet of curiosities attracted towards him all the of such matters; whilst the amiable reception and pleasant intercourse of the possessor, supplied a still surer means of recalling them.†

Monsieur," replied the cardinal, "I am without pride when I judge myself, but I confess to some portion of it when I compare myself with certain other people." died at Rome, 1821.—(Note by the Author.)

* M. Sennovert has since established himself at Petersburg, where his own merit, and the superior discernment of the Emperor of Russia, have procured him employment, which he has exercised throughout a great number of years. His health, however, has compelled him latterly to return to France.—(Note by the Author.)

† M. Denon has died in the course of the present collections of his cabinet were all equally interesting in their particular way, more especially those of old varnished work, the most beautiful ever seen, and of works manufactured by savages;

After [redacted] nomenclature, it would have been appropriate [redacted] have given to [redacted] assemblies, (which lasted during nine years,) the [redacted] of *Bureaux d'Esprit*, which however [redacted] [redacted] done, neither during the time I [redacted] [redacted] *Belle-Chasse*, where I received in the [redacted] way, every Saturday, men of letters and of science, together with those members of society [redacted] distinguished by their wit.

I believe that, in general, when the lady who does the honours of [redacted] circle has [redacted] kind of pedantry, no [redacted] ventures [redacted] display any before her. Nevertheless, the assemblies of Madame du Deffand were denominated *Bureaux d'Esprit*, though the conversation [redacted] as amiable as various; besides, Madame du Deffand [redacted] [redacted] unaffected [redacted] I [redacted] be, and she was certainly far more amiable.

M. de Talleyrand came also very often to see me [redacted] the Arsenal; but, the more to enjoy the charm of his conversation, I received him always alone. This eminent [redacted] had naturally in [redacted] [redacted] and indeed the whole of his personal appearance, something cold and indifferent, which has [redacted] than once wounded those persons who were known [redacted] him but slightly. We [redacted] with difficulty

this latter could not from its nature be rich, but is complete and charming.—(Note by [redacted] Author.)

the bluntness of persons whose reputation for merit wit makes their suffrages desirable. But this apparent carelessness of M. Talleyrand gave far greater value to the particular marks of interest and friendship. A sign of approbation, a benevolent smile, an attentive and air, in him actual fascinations. detractors admit the superiority of wit; of this wit, flexible, which, without or pedantry, could great occasions manifest itself with eclat, and which in familiar intercourse could alike enliven conversation with epigrams, or lend itself with inimitable to badinage the frivolous. His enemies have not done justice the goodness of his heart, a goodness of which I have myself, during the emigration, proved the effects, as I have related already in the course of these memoirs. M. de Talleyrand has any pomp parade about the services dered by him. In general, his good deeds are done with so much simplicity, that he easily loses remembrance of them unless he is reminded them.

I enjoyed such complete tranquillity Berlin, I admired so much the kindness and the equity of the government of that country, that I desirous long since of doing homage sovereign ;

but I [redacted] that this tribute of recollection should be disinterested. Several persons among my [redacted] [redacted] had counselled me to dedicate [redacted] the king: I replied that I should not be [redacted] in doing so, when I [redacted] be no longer under [redacted] power. I projected then at the Arsenal the [redacted] position of the Life of Henry the Great, [redacted] offering it, by a dedication, to the King of Prussia. I [redacted] Berlin to obtain permission for this, [redacted] was accorded me in [redacted] the most flattering, and in a letter full of kindness. I then collected all the materials for [redacted] history; but [redacted] learnt with certainty, that I should [redacted] be [redacted] to publish it in France. I have written it since the first restoration; but as the Prussians had entered in the character of conquerors into Paris, I would [redacted] dedicate it at all to the King of Prussia. In order to dispense with this, and [redacted] the same time give a [redacted] which should be perfectly true, I did myself the honour to write to this prince, that when I had solicited permission [redacted] render him this homage, I had not reflected [redacted] I should [redacted] obliged [redacted] speak of the Calvinists in a manner which would displease him, and that therefore I [redacted] the offering him such a work would be [redacted] of disrespect.

This history [redacted] quite printed when Louis XVIII.

was obliged to quit France. I caused a copy to be presented to him on the eve of his departure, ■■■ work was exposed for sale two days before the entry of Bonaparte into Paris. They proposed ■ me ■ insert cancels : ■ had written it without any intention of making allusions ; but there ■■■ naturally ■ be found in it many things offensive ■ Bonaparte. I had the courage, however, ■ put forth my History without any alterations. It could not have appeared at a moment ■■■ disadvantageous for it : nevertheless, the edition sold rapidly ; ■ second was required in the course of two months. A few of the journalists ventured to give ■ ■ count of it, while in the fear of displeasing Bonaparte, no one dared to speak of it in detail, nor, (I will be bold ■ say,) with the commendation which it merited. Nevertheless, all seemed ■■■ vinced that it ■■■ the only complete History of Henry IVth, and that all the portraits found therein ■■■ well drawn. Madame de Staël, in her ■■■ posthumous work, in speaking of Henry IVth, avails herself of my representation of that prince. She says that Henry was, of all our kings ■■■ thoroughly French. The journalists in alluding to this expression, have designated it *sublime*. It is borrowed from my work, but they ■■■

nothing whatever about it when [redacted] appeared : such [redacted] the spirit of party.

The first compilers of the *Journal des Débats*, and who have been since changed, charged M. Hoffman, with rendering [redacted] account of this work, a task which [redacted] performed with all the malignity which he is known to entertain against me, [redacted] with an ignorance which it [redacted] impossible [redacted] anticipate in one, who [redacted] the title of a literary man, (a title which in other instances he has merited.) For example, he confounds in his extracts a theological conference with a battle; he observes again on my want of tact, in putting forward an [redacted] dote, which makes my hero appear the most ungrateful of men : when Henry wrote to the Duc d'Epéron, to testify to him his joy at the brilliant victory which the Bishop of Evreux had obtained [redacted] the Calvinists, entirely beaten and vanquished ; and M. Hoffman declaims sentimentally against this barbarous joy of Henry. At what rejoiced Henry IVth ? says he ; [redacted] blood poured forth, at the defeat of the Calvinists, who had placed him upon the throne. What ingratitude ! what horror ! Thus, M. Hoffman believed, that under the reign of the most warlike of our kings, a bishop commanded our armies ! Thus, he makes out of [redacted]

of the triumphs of religion, a theological discussion, a bloody combat; and of a bishop, general of the army wallowing in blood. This surely is a strange manner of reading and of criticising. As no journal would receive my contradiction of these inconceivable blunders, I inserted it two months after in the preface to the editions of Henry IV., and at the greatest length, quoting M. Hoffman's article literally, with the number of the Journal. There was no reply made to this. M. Hoffman maintained a rigorous silence.

I wrote at this time (at the Arsenal) the *Memoire of Dangean*. I made this immense compilation from a quarto manuscript in forty volumes and upwards, copied after the original in folio, which belongs to the family of Luynes. This copy, which is in a fine hand, is equally authentic with the original; it is *verbatim*, and made with exact fidelity; nevertheless I was desirous of comparing a certain point, and Madame the Duchess of Luynes had the kindness to lend me her entire manuscript every day, during eight months: with the aid of two or three friends, I amused myself by comparing several parts, and found that the correctness was of the most scrupulous kind. There was also a folio copy in the king's library. I preferred working from that

■ the Arsenal, ■ account of the beauty ■ the writing ■■ the commodiousness of the size. As ■■ library of ■■ Arsenal belonged ■ ■■ emperor, I obtained from him permission ■ mark in the margin by scoring those passages which I wished ■ extract, and which I ■■ thus enabled to copy by degrees. Afterwards, I added my ■■ to my ■■■■■. This abridgment may certainly be ■■ sidered ■ the work most calculated ■ exhibit the greatness and goodness of Louis XIV., and the manners of the glorious ■■ during which he reigned; but it required all the patience which I could muster to undertake the reading of the prodigious original; it required also the perusal of all the known memoirs of the times, in order to make ■ good extract, and to avoid tiresome or fastidious repetitions; it required, besides, for the purpose of adding useful notes, to have flourished at the court and in the high circles, and to have known all the traditions of that reign of the regency. I believe myself ■ have rendered an important service to literature by this prodigious exertion, which, as will appear in the sequel, entailed double labour ■ ■■ I devoted nine months to the necessary reading, which I pursued constantly every evening from eleven o'clock ■ three or four in the morning. ■■ work being finished, the

permission ■ point it, which I ■ thought I might count on, was positively refused ■ I gave my manuscript to the emperor, assuring him that I had kept ■ copy, which ■ perfectly true.

Some days after, I received from ■ Lavalette a letter, couched in these terms:—

"His Majesty commands me, madam, ■ acquaint you that he accepts the offer which you have made him of the MS. *Memoirs of the Marquis de Dangeau*; he desires that I should send them to Boulogne. I request, madam, that you will transmit them to me promptly, in order that I may forward them to the emperor.

"I have received likewise his Majesty's ■ commands to announce that he has been pleased ■ grant you ■ pension of six thousand francs ■ his treasury. I am charged ■ pay you this sum in monthly divisions. I beg you, madam, to let ■ know in what manner I may put this into effect.

"I esteem myself happy, madam, in being, under ■ circumstances, the organ of the ■ peror's will; and I earnestly hope that it may procure ■ sometimes the opportunity of present-

ing you the homage of that profound respect with which I have ■ honour ■ be, &c. &c.

— LAVALETTE."

■ have preserved the original of ■ letter, ■ well ■ of ■ great number of interesting letters which I have received since my ■ France, and which I have not introduced into these ■ moirs lest they should become too voluminous. I should state, also, that the *maximum* of the pensions awarded ■ literary persons ■ four thousand francs.

I had already regarded the emperor as my benefactor, from the generous offers which he caused M. de Remusat to make me, offers which I had refused, and which I owed to the friendship of M. Fiévée. Finding that ■ could not print the *Memoirs of Dangeau*, I seized the opportunity of proving my gratitude to Napoleon, by offering them to him. I made this gift with ■ more pleasure, ■ it afforded a pretext for the pension I ■ about ■ receive. The emperor put the greatest value ■ these memoirs; ■ knew, through M. Talleyrand, that he read them with ■ lively satisfaction. ■ de Talleyrand, indeed, gave me hopes that ■ should succeed in per-

suading the emperor to permit their being printed ; and ■ used, to this end, all the power ■ had, but ineffectually. Having marked, in ■ margin of the large quarto manuscript, by underlining, all ■ extracted by ■ from the work through which I had laboured, I wrote to ■ peror ■ if ■ manuscript remained in ■ public library of the Arsenal, where 'one might copy all that ■ read, others would not hesitate to turn my extracts to account, and to get them printed in foreign countries, seeing that they could not be published in France. This consideration struck the emperor, who instantly caused application to be made for this work to M. Ameilhon, and put it into his private library.

To make the reader acquainted with the value of these important memoirs, I will cite here ■ small part of the preface which preceded them.

" If candour, truth, and impartiality, together with ■ naïve and faithful portraiture of ■ of a brilliant and celebrated court, suffice ■ render fascinating the perusal of ■ historical work, there ■ be ■ memoirs more interesting than those of the Marquis de Dangeau. They have also the inestimable advantage of offering ■ portrait the most striking and the least suspected ■ flattery that ■ have of ■ of our greatest

kings. ■■■ Marquis, who kept this journal during a great number of years with constant regularity, ■■■ would show a single line of it either to Louis XIV. ■■■ Madame de Maintenon, ■■■ mistress. We ■■■ by the letters of the latter, that ■■■ always refused to communicate any part of it to her ■■■ long as she remained ■■■ court, and she read it for the first time after the death of the king, in her retreat at St. Cyr. We cannot ■■■ much admire this delicacy in ■■■ subject—in ■■■ tier who dreaded to tarnish the purity of his recitals, and to weaken the authority of his ■■■ logiums, by submitting them to the eyes of ■■■ sovereign. Madame de Maintenon, in her letters to Madame de Dangeau, often lauds the veracity of this journal, and the perfect accuracy of the facts which it details. ‘I read with pleasure (she wrote to Madame de Dangeau) the *Memoires of M. de Dangeau*, I learn from them various things of which I ■■■ a witness, but which I had forgotten.’ (4th June, 1716.) In another letter she says, ‘The *Memoirs of M. de Dangeau* ■■■ most agreeably; I have read them through—you know what that means.’ (19th June, 1716.) ■■■ means that she passed over the long list of persons who attended ■■■ king ■■■ his excursions, ■■■ of ■■■ promotions

in the army, and in the order of the Holy Ghost, of Saint Lazarus, &c. &c. and an infinite number of things of this description, which ■■■ prodigious space in these memoirs. She afterwards says, 'I wait with impatience for the continuation of these memoirs, which ■■■■ much, ■■■ I ■■■ tempted ■■■ read them too fast.' (21st July.) 'I should ■■■ know how far M. ■■ Dangeau carries his memoirs, in order to read ■■■ faster ■■■ slower accordingly, for it is the only ■■■■ ment I have left.' (20th February, 1717.) These passages sufficiently speak the opinion of Madame de Maintenon, though we might cite many others, which all express equal approbation of them. The applause of such a person ought at ■■■ to place the work ■■■ the head of ■■■ the most interesting memoirs relating ■■■ that great epoch of ■■■■ tional history. Madame de Maintenon had been always the best informed witness, and the ■■■■ intimate confidante of all the facts and events retraced in ■■■ memoirs. Where she praises the accuracy of ■■■ narrative, it is quite impossible ■■■ call in question their scrupulous fidelity. Other judges also, whose suffrage is of the greatest weight, have shown ■■■ highest opinion of this journal: among others, ■■■ Abbé Choisy, the President Hainault, ■■■ de La Beaumelle, &c. M. ■■■ Voltaire ■■■ the only writer who ■■■ spoken

contemptuously of *the Memoirs of Dangeau*. The cause of *the* contempt will be *the* in the memoirs themselves; in *the* years 1719 *the* 1720, (these memoirs *the* continued *the* of *the* XIV,) it will be *the* that *the* Marquis of Dangeau blames the *folly and the satirical Essays of young Arouet*. M. de Voltaire, *an* every body knows, never engaged in extensive reading, *the* which, in fact, *the* had not time. He may have very superficially gone *over* *a* *few* volumes *of* this work; he may have tried to *pick* out *the* passages where the author spoke of himself; these articles, in which *the* cold and laconic censure of Voltaire is not *the* by any praises may have wounded *the* pride; and this being the *the* according to *the* usual custom, he *the* pronounced *the* work to be detestable.

“It *is* very likely *the* Madame de Maintenon *the* patronize this journal; in no other writings is Louis XIV. represented in *a* way *as* *the* so touching and so noble; you *see* in *the* journal, that the charm of his manners and his language sprung from his goodness of heart. Grace in princes is not *a* trifling affair; among private individuals such excess of politeness springs *the* course from *a* wish to please; but in sovereigns it *is* *the* once *a* proof of an *the* disposition, of kindness of heart, and of their esteem; and

by a happy coincidence, it honours as much as charms. Louis XIV. granted a favour without adding a compliment, which doubled its value: his compliment was for ever repeated in his family where it became a glorious tradition; his always even his refusals were so in language so gentle and so delicate, that they were received with gratitude. What could the best policy do more? But policy gives only a cold affability which seduces nobody; there is no language which art never know—the language which speaks to the heart. Doubtless Louis XIV. had his defects; what man is without them? He may be charged with some errors; he did not sufficiently check the court for high play and among individuals—or at least, he bethought himself too late of his duties on this head. Sometimes his magnificence degenerated into prodigality: he gave too many diamonds and jewels to the persons of his court; but his faults had a character of nobleness and elevation; his tenderness, which he carried too far towards his children, his regard to his legitimate children; to all of them he was the best and most tender of fathers. While on this subject, I may remark, that it is a strange contradiction both in morals and religion, that the fault of a parent should stamp upon an illegitimate child (the fruit of adul-

tery) ■ ineffaceable stain, while in ■ sovereign, a person who should ■ an example ■ all, ■ very crime, publicly acknowledged, gives ■ ■ child, ■ object of the scandal, ■ higher ■ of honour ■ ■ greater rank in society. It ■ easy to conceive why this remark has ■ ■ made. It is to be regarded as a real public misfortune, that any moral truth should necessarily be concealed; and it is ■ great ground ■ public ■ joicing, and ■ prodigy in ■ age, that a ■ should exist sufficiently pure to allow ■ writer publicly to blame without danger, whatever ■ ligion and ■ condemn.

"Louis XIV. has been reproached with defects he never had; with pride, excessive arrogance vanity, and ■ low envy of the reputation of Henry IV. The last imputation is formally disproved in the memoirs of the Count d'Estrade,* French ambassador to England; there is in his memoirs an admirable letter by Louis XIV. which ■ tains ■ most splendid eulogy of Henry IV. and in which by a modest yet noble exaggeration, Louis acknowledges that he ■ to Henry IV. ■ that his ■ and France possess of greatness

■ The ■ of the Count d'Estrade have ■ been printed ■ ■ of *Negotiations*—the ■ time at London in seven- ■ volumes 12mo. The complete collection ■ twenty-two volumes folio.—(Note by ■ Editor.)

*and glory.** Louis XIV. was in public an air of imposing majesty, but which was always tempered by grace and mildness; never a sovereign amiable in the bosom of his family — among his intimate acquaintance. He had nothing about it either of sadness or austerity, and his kindness changed towards his children, the princes of the blood, the persons whom he honoured with his friendship, — his domestics. The king was more truly paternal than Louis XIV. He was so easy of access, that persons who were not in the habit of going to court readily obtained private audiences, of which the only subject was family interests; he was daily occupied with reuniting divided relations, and on particular occasions he only spoke and acted as an arbiter and mediator, with the authority of a sovereign. In short, no French monarch ever was fonder of labour, nor occupied himself with matters of business so assiduously, steadily, or boldly; for his sufferings and disease never led him to neglect his more important

* I am proud of being the first writer who has quoted this letter as a complete vindication of Louis XIV. I spoke of it for the first time in the notes to the *Duchess of La Vallière* and *Madame de Maintenon*.—(Note by the Author.)

duties. [redacted] on his death-bed, and [redacted] the day on [redacted] he received *extremae unction*.

"Such [redacted] Louis XIV. in the Memoirs of Dangeau, which have the merit of representing [redacted] prince in all his greatness and goodness, by merely stating facts. The author wrote [redacted] Maintenon, after the [redacted] of Louis XIV., [redacted] if [redacted] thought such *fine* [redacted] would have read his memoirs, they would not have been so negligently written. In fact, he wrote rapidly and carelessly, and made no other pretension than that of being scrupulously exact."

It is [redacted] several years since I mentioned for the first time this Journal (in the *Souvenirs de Félicie*.) Let [redacted] allowed to quote here the opinion which I then gave of them, which reflection has since perfectly confirmed.

"The *Journal of Dangeau* is a work perfectly unique for its simplicity, its accuracy, its good faith, its impartiality, [redacted] spirit of fairness and moderation, [redacted] the excellent sentiments it displays throughout; the language is always that of an honest man. . . . Never man had less vanity; his [redacted] occupies but a small space in [redacted] prodigious number of volumes. [redacted] speaks of himself but when [redacted] in favour he

received from his sovereign; there is no pretention, no display of shining, no of inspiring with a high idea of his character and talents—no animosity against any existing. Let these memoirs be compared with any others, and it will be discovered that they are the most extraordinary of historical monuments, and that the work is, in every way, the most valuable which exists.*

“ We are very solicitous about discovering whether the author of a work of imagination is virtuous or not, but it is necessary that we should so esteem a historian, because in order to be interested in his work, we must believe him to be honest and impartial. We must still consider a person who writes the memoirs of his own time, because it is enough that he is frank and open. If he has vanity, envy, hatred—or if he is vindictive, it is impossible for him to be perfectly sincere, even if he wishes to be so; his passions will blind him, his vanity will lead him to make a frivolous or absurd use of his

* It must be always recollected that Louis XIV. never knew of the existence of these memoirs, and that Madame de Maintenon never read them till after the death of that monarch, and consequently she was entirely in his favour.—(Note by the Author.)

talents; he will speak much of himself, will not speak the truth. The *Memoirs of Cardinal du Retz* are the cleverest known: their style is lively natural; the author's of narrating is piquant and admirable; observes things sagaciously, and paints with genius; book is the work of a factious and ambitious man, of a *homme à bonnes fortunes*; you him with mistrust and without advantage, and you never cite him as authority.* It is to be desired that a historian should have a superior understanding; he ought to be able to the of events, to discern them, to display them, and to draw great results from them; that is to say, he should demonstrate by facts the security of good measures, and the danger of bad ones; in short, he unfold, both to princes and people, a fine treatise experimental reality. If history does do this, the reading of a well-written is improving. Historical memoirs only materials for history. An author of historical memoirs will rarely be of the latter description, (even supposing him sincere, virtuous, and modest,) if he a great of imagination, and talent of writing well.

* is often revoltingly unjust, especially towards Queen Anne of Austria.

He will combine strange unions of events, striking contrasts; he will try to draw portraits, make reflections; he will neglect small details; he will endeavour to find out a connexion between his portraits and the actions of the persons whom he describes; of course, in spite of himself, by irresistible impulse, he will fall into framing systems, disguises, and falsehoods, by dissimulating any action which would contradict his ideas, and by suppressing or distorting facts, in order not to lose his ingenious reflection a striking result. I know that historians themselves are far from being exempt from reproach on this head; but if all memoirs were written like those of Dangeau, they would remove from historians all possibility of embellishing or falsifying events.* If these memoirs had been printed eighty years ago, would M. de Voltaire and his copyists have been able to say, and to repeat, that Louis XIV. full of haughtiness and pride—that his devotion rendered his court melancholy and austere †

* We can only style these memoirs *historical* which follow without interruption the thread of political events, and give an account of the conduct of those persons who have played a part in public affairs; consequently these memoirs are not

† There was music performed daily at Madame de Maintenon's,

none wished to overthrow the throne — the altar.
[philosophy — yet — proselytes.]

“As the author of the memoirs is as interesting as his work, it will no — be agreeable — the reader — introduced — him. ‘He possessed,’ says Fontenelle, ‘a very — physiognomy, a great deal of natural talent, and even wrote verses very agreeably.’

“The Marquis de Dangeau belonged to a pro- family; but in his early youth he — been converted — the catholic faith. He — greatly distinguished for — valour and his military talents.*

“One day when M. de Dangeau was about to join the king’s card party, he solicited apartments in the château of Saint Germain, where the — This favour it was not easy to obtain, because there was but little room. The king replied — he would grant — request, provided he would make it in — hundred verses, to — composed during play; but one hundred verses exactly, neither more nor less: — the game was ended, (in which he — joined, apparently — heartily — usual,) — repeated — — he had composed and counted — exactly, and —

* — Courellon, Marquis of Dangeau, was born in La Beauce, on the 21st September, 1638.

them in his memory ; ■■ these ■■ efforts had not been at all troubled by the rapid progress of ■■ game."

[The king did not require these verses to be fine, and as the talent for improvisating had ■■ very common, it is possible that the Marquis of Dangeau may have improvisated them ■■ game, instead of composing them while playing, which would ■■ much ■■ surprising.]

"The Marquis of Dangeau had the honour ■■ be ■■ court the patron of Boileau, who addressed to him his fifth satire ■■ *Nobility*. The Abbé de Dangeau, brother of the marquis, who ■■ become, through the credit of ■■ brother, reader to the king, took occasion from his place to benefit literature and authors.

"He ■■ intrusted by Louis XIV. with several negotiations ; ■■ ■■ ■■ envoy extraordinary to the Electors of ■■ Rhine, ■■ he concluded the marriage between the ■■ of York (afterwards James II.) with the Princess of Modena. Without any intrigues, ■■ ■■ through ■■ sagacity of his character, his good behaviour, ■■ ■■ ■■ of ■■ sovereign, all ■■ dignities of ■■ court. He joined the virtue of beneficence to his zeal and activity ; he employed ■■ revenues ■■ rights derived from ■■ situation of Grand

Master, in educating in a large establishment for purpose, twelve young gentlemen of the best families in the kingdom, and chiefly destined afterwards to serve in the army. Thus he had the honour (a fact generally known) of having been the first founder of a military school in France, or, at all events, to have suggested the first idea of such an establishment. There were some pupils of inferior rank admitted into that of Dangeau; Duclos says that he was educated there. This fine establishment only lasted ten years; after the death of its founder, the bad condition of his finances did not allow the government to keep it up.

His duties at court, in business, and his useful private occupations, did not prevent Dangeau from cultivating literature and the sciences. He replaced Scuderi as a member of the academy. It happened that two brothers succeeded in that body, two ridiculous persons; the Abbé de Dangeau replaced the Abbé Cottin, who had been so ridiculed by Boileau, that his predecessor, durst not venture to print his discourse. Every Wednesday the Marquis and the Abbé Dangeau gave a party selected from the men of letters and science of the time. At these parties the Cardinal

Polignac,* the Abbé de Longuerue, the Marquis de l'Hôpital, the Marquis de Saint Pierre, the Abbé Ragueneau, Mairan, and the Abbé Choisy; the latter was famous for his wit, his adventures, and his writings, (particularly his *Journal of Travels in Siam*, and his *Memoirs*,) was converted to religion by the Abbé Dangeau, and consecrated himself thenceforth to the service with equal sincerity and zeal."

I shall here give some account of the personages I have mentioned.

The Abbé Longuerue was a prodigy in point of intelligence and memory from the age of four. At fourteen, he knew several of the languages. He made a particular study of history and more especially of chronology. Having well employed his time at an early age, and never having lost anything he learned, he succeeded in doubling a useful life, and his knowledge became prodigious. He has left behind him several works, among others, a *Historical Description of France*.

The Abbé du Roule was a celebrated man of letters. The regent, who could not imagine persons who wrote well, are good for nothing but to make books, employed him usefully in several negotiations. The Abbé du Roule discovered

* Author of the *History of France*.

ed great talents as a diplomatist, and rendered considerable service to the regent. He was born in 1742; he was perpetual secretary to the Academy. He published several works; the most famous is *Critical Reflections on Poetry and Painting*.

The Marquis de l'Hôpital, one of the greatest mathematicians of his time, served for some time in quality of captain of horse. The weakness of his sight compelled him to quit the service, and then he gave up his whole time to study and the sciences. He was received as member of the Academy of Sciences in 1693. His work *De l'Analyse des Infiniment Petits*, (4to. 1696,) procured him a high reputation among scientific men; in society, he had that of a man of honour and of pleasing manners. He married Charlotte de la Cheanelaye, who partook, not only of his tastes, but of his studies. She developed her genius for mathematics, and she aided him in his labours of that kind. The Marquis de l'Hôpital died in 1704, aged forty-three.

The Marquis de Pierre obtained, in the reign of Louis XIV., through the credit of his protector, several benefices, the place of almoner to Madame, and the rich abbey of Sainte-Trinité at Tiron. The Cardinal de Polignac, one of his active

his protectors, contributed principally to procure him favours, to get him received a member of the French Academy, though the Abbé de Saint Pierre was right he was of a bad body. After the death of Louis XIV. he published a pamphlet full of flatteries of the regent, very injurious to the memory of Louis XIV. his benefactor, and that of the French Academy. This occasioned his expulsion from that body, by the unanimous voice of the members, with the exception of Fontenelle, who refused to vote for his exclusion. Fontenelle thought very little of inconsistencies of whatever kind they might be. It is well known that in the latter part of the reign of Louis the Great, he published several discourses full of the most edifying piety, and that after the decease of that monarch he wrote the *History of the Oracles*! . . . The Abbé de Saint Pierre has been outrageously praised by the philosophers of the eighteenth century; the man is plain; in his writings, he declaimed against the celibacy of priests, against Louis XIV. and against government; and he has said many things indirectly and sometimes directly, against religion. He was a bad priest, a bad writer, and an inventor of chimerical projects. It has been said of him he displayed very little sense in company—so that

could have none at all, for he shows in his writings. The modern philosophers agree morals were not pure, but they were very charitable; he has been highly praised for having taken for his device the words *give and forgive*. It is highly ridiculous to boast of his charity, which is not the charity of the gospel, but *beneficence*: it is alleged that he invented this word, which is more harmonious—more elegant; worldly people prefer the one, the poor the other.

The Abbé Raguenet devoted himself to the study of belles letters and history. *His discourse on the Merits and Dignity of Martyrdom* gained the prize for eloquence at the French Academy in 1689. A hundred years afterwards, the finest discourse on the same subject would only have been a ground of exclusion from all literary honours. The Abbé Raguenet has left behind him several esteemed works, among others the *Description of the Monuments of Rome*, which procured him patent letters as a *Roman Citizen*—a title which bore the time of his death.

Jean Jacques Mairan, was born at Béziers in 1678, died at Paris in 1771, at the age of ninety-three; in many respects he singularly resembled Fontenelle; he pursued, like him, a long literary career, and with the same talents, at least

for his sciences, he filled the same places. He was once a scientific and literary man, a member of the Academy of Sciences, and of the French Academy. Like Fontenelle, he had written *Eloges*, which are esteemed; like him he had a quiet disposition, full of candour and amenity, and was generally liked, in the academy of which he was a member, and in society; at length he succeeded Fontenelle in 1741, as perpetual secretary of the French Academy. He has left several good works on physics and eulogies of the academicians who died in 1741-2-3. An expression of his has been cited, which is quite charming, because it could only have come from the heart. He said that *an honest man is one whose blood is warmed by the recital of a good action.*

The Abbé de Choisi was very licentious in his youth; he had a handsome face, and it is quite true that he lived in the country eighteen months in a woman's dress—a folly which forms the subject of one of the *Countess of Barres*, which he wrote at this period. De Voltaire says, that during this time he wrote his *Ecclesiastical History*, which is false and absurd. The Abbé de Choisi published the first volume of that work (corrected by Bossuet) in 1703; he was then sixty, but a gross falsehood, nothing

M. Voltaire, when object to any religious work. It is a fortunate proud thing religion that of such talents M. Voltaire, could injure it by other than by cabals, falsehoods, and calumnies.

M. Ameilhon, who naturally of a very odd and violent disposition, enraged losing this manuscript,* one of the ornaments of the library where he was director. The aversion which he already conceived for me thus greatly augmented. The following the grounds of his enmity; he had always a wish to join to the library the handsome which I occupied, so that he witnessed my establishment there with great displeasure; my apartments had a pretty little garden under the windows of the drawing room; upon this M. Ameilhon seized—a thing which the absurd, he another much larger belonging to his lodgings, which were the handomest in the Arsenal. In order have quietness, I only gently complained of this usurpation, but seeing that he insisted pertinaciously, I yielded without resistance. We lived together tolerably, and he to visit from time time; but the loss of Dangeau's manuscripts gave to his fury, when he came,

* The Memoirs of Dangeau.

behaved in the most violent manner. I replied to him calmly, and detailed my reasons; but nothing could soften him; and from that time he was my irreconcilable enemy. I did not recapitulate here all the vexations which he made me undergo; I can only cite a few of them. He distinctly refused to lend me any books from the library. I wrote him this subject to the minister, who gave him positive orders to lend me the books I asked for; he then sought other resource but that of making me wait for whole weeks. I suffered all this with a patience which never failed me. I played him a little trick which put the finishing stroke to his fury; nevertheless, he turned it to his advantage. He had very little talent, and was a very bad writer; he published a continuation of the *History of the Lower Empire*; at the same time, I had some work in the press. There was a mistake about the proofs; the printer was that of Arneilhon, which I read and corrected from beginning to end—I do not correct the mistakes of the printer, but the bad French of the author; I corrected in this way at least a dozen of phrases. I showed the sheet to two or three persons who called to see me while I was making the corrections; they laughed heartily at them. The thing was told;

M. Ameilhon in a passion, yet he caused the proof to be printed as I corrected it.

In the time, M. Ameilhon named member of Institute. One day he formed part of a deputation and presented himself to the emperor for the first time, with the ardent hope of being remarked by him and obtaining the honour of a few words *à passant*; he placed himself in a conspicuous station in the audience chamber; the emperor at last seeing a face which he only imperfectly recollected, went up to him and said, "Are you not M. Ancillon?"—"Yes, Sire . . . Ameilhon."—"Ah! true, librarian of Saint Geneviève?"—"Yes, Sire . . . of the Arsenal."—"Oh yes—the continuator of the *History of the Ottoman Empire*."—"Yes, Sire, of the *History of the Lower Empire*." At these words, the emperor, annoyed at his own mistakes, turned his back upon him roughly; and M. Ameilhon feeling nothing but the honour and joy of being for a few minutes in the presence of the emperor, and the object of his attention, said emphatically to his neighbour, "*The Emperor is a wonderful man—he knows every thing.*" This story I told me the day by of my friends, M. Destournel, who present.

very beginning of my residence

Arsenal, I renewed my request I had before in Germany to have my grandson with me ; he was fourteen, and charming in face, disposition, and turn of mind. I might have kept him there with me two years ; but my request was refused ; which occasioned me as much grief as I had formerly experienced at Brevel, when I urgently requested he might be sent to Hamburg, whither I should have gone to fetch him. He was then ten years old ; he could have quitted France and remained in a foreign country three or four years without being subject to the revolutionary laws. I was refused my satisfaction which would have been useful to the boy's education. I had also asked my brother at Hamburg, to send me my niece Georgette, then six years old, and I experienced a similar refusal.

I found in France many friends and many ungrateful acquaintances ; but Madame d'Harville, who was high in favour at the court, where her husband had a grand situation, proved that absence and the vicissitudes of fortune do not alter true friendship. I also saw again M. de Csbre, and the worthy Monsigny ; the latter said he would be happy if I had two thousand francs. I wrote to the emperor

the same evening to ask them, and ■■■ day following Monsigny received ■■■ order for a pension ■■■ two thousand francs. M. de Cabre, who wrote charming familiar verses, had formerly written many for me, and that ■ might experience ■■ change whatever in him, he wrote some ■■■ more. The following are ■■■ of the last which he wrote for one of my birthdays :

Jadis je n'osois ■■■ chanter,
Mon adorable Félicie,
J'aurois eu trop à vous conter,
■ ■■ lyre eût ■■■ ■■■
Pour vous peindre mes sentimens,
Quelle ■■■ pare allégorie !
Puisque la langue des amans
De ■■■ ■■■ étoit bannie.

Aujourd'hui je me sens plus fier,
Mon amour n'est plus à la gêne ;
■ ■■ que les messieurs du bel air,
Il se vante de sa trentaine,
Frivoles vainqueurs de vingt ans,
Dont l'ardeur chaque jour s'épuise !
Vous vous croyez les vrais amans
Amour rit de votre mépris.

Ses secrets, ses dons les plus doux,
Il les réserve pour notre âge ;
Quand ses feux follets sont pour vous,
Son feu pur est notre partage.

Par eux de l'imprudent Titon
 Il accièra la vieillesse ;
 ■■■■■ il rajeunit Philémon
 Avec sa femme enchanteresse.

Vous n'obtiendrez pas la faveur
 De cette jeunesse dernière,
 Vous qu'un banal et faux ■■■■■
 Rent prodigue de la première.
 Ces transports, ces plaintes si fous,
 Comme vous tout est les réclame :
 ■■ n'est jeune, heureux comme nous,
 Qu'avec l'esprit, le cœur et l'âme.

Que de raison dans ses discours !
 Dans sa personne que de grâce !
 On voudroit l'embrasser toujours,
 Et sans cesse suivre ses traces ;
 Dès qu'on la voit, on veut l'aimer,
 On veut penser comme elle pense :
 Oui, pour plaire, instruire, charmer,
 Le ciel lui donna la ■■■■■.

Ah ! si pour louer son esprit
 Ma voix eût ■■■ plus sonore,
 Déjà combien j'en aurois dit !
 Et combien j'en dirois encore !
 Vanter son talent, ses écrits,
 N'est pas un droit que je m'arroge :
 Mais tous ceux qui lisent Gréville
 Mieux que moi feroient son éloge.

Pour la scène bien des auteurs
 Ont ■■■ punir dans ses ouvrages,

Et ■■■ ses emprunteurs
 ■■■ public ■■■ ■■■ suffrages.
 Plusieurs ■■■ souviennent tout bas,
 Plusieurs ■■■ perdent ■■■ mémoire ;
 Quelques-uns ■■■ ■■■ pas ;
 Mais quelques-autres ■■■ font gloire.

The following ■■■ ■■■ other couplets written
 by M. Radet :

Ce jour où tout doit s'empressez
 A ■■■ rendre un sincère hommage,
 De Villemonble, sans balancer,
 Nous entreprenons le voyage ;
 A vous fêter, en arrivant,
 Chacun de nous gaiment s'apprête ;
 ■■■ voilà qu'en vous retrouvant,
 De chacun de nous c'est la fête.

■■■ ■■■ ont laissé pour toujours
 Une aimable réminiscence,
 ■■■ instans si doux et ■■■ courts
 Qu'embellissoit votre présence.
 ■■■ y songeant ■■■ plaisir,
 ■■■ ■■■ sent, ■■■ ■■■ apprécie ;
 ■■■ ! qui pourroit ■■■ ■■■ chérir
Les souvenirs ■■■ Félicie !

Nous y trouvons un esprit fin,
 Un style que chacun admire,
 Un tact heureux, un goût divin
 Qui ■■■ enchante et nous attire.

De vous voir a-t-on le bonheur,
 Vous captives tous les suffrages ;
 On sent qu'il faut aimer l'auteur
 Autant qu'on aime ses ouvrages.

Avant ce roman si touchant,
 Dont Phénoë a tout pour plaire,
 On disoit d'elle en la citant :
 La tendre et froide La Vallière.
 Vous la peignez, un feu subit
 Dans son âme naît et s'allume :
 Elle s'arme de votre esprit,
 Et s'embellit sous votre plume.

La Vallière fut pour Louis
 Une amante triste et plaintive ;
 Mais, sous le pinceau de Genlis,
 Elle séduit, charme et captive.
 Ah ! si des couleurs du portrait
 On sût vu briller le modèle,
 Fixé par ce puissant attrait,
 Louis seroit resté fidèle.

Nous avons tous que vos écrits
 Trop souvent excitent l'envie :
 Mais des bons cœurs, des bons esprits
 Genlis sera toujours chérie :
 Ses livres, comme ses discours,
 Tout en elle plaît, intéresse :
 Ne pouvant l'entendre toujours,
 On voudroit la lire sans cesse.

M. Radet brought on the Vaudeville stage a great quantity of my novels ; he wrote in company with Messrs. Desfontaines and Barré. I asked the emperor for a pension of four thousand francs for M. Radet ; when the emperor granted it, he was told, that M. Radet wrote along with two other men of letters ; upon this the emperor said, "*Very well---that will make twelve thousand francs.*" Two years afterwards, I solicited for my brother the place of librarian at the Arsenal, vacant by the death of M. Saugrin ; this place immediately next to that of director, and worth three thousand francs. The emperor instantly gave my brother a pension of three thousand francs, without any obligation to do duty, and gave the place of librarian to M. de Trensail.

I passed each summer in the country ; I went several times to dine at Villemonble, where M. Radet had a pretty house, where there was always to be found excellent company, selected from the most amiable and clever persons of his acquaintance. I spent at this place, with great pleasure, Madame Kenens, Messieurs Barré, Desfontaines, and Moreau, &c. The Duke had a particular gracefulness in his talent, which is never insipid, because he joins to it a gayety, which agreeably contrasts with a serious and somewhat

lancholy physiognomy; ■ partook ■ this period ■ (at the Vaudeville) of Messieurs Radet, Barré, and Desfontaines. He ■ charming verses, which ■ sung very agreeably.

While I ■ ■ the subject of ■ of letters, I beg to be allowed to boast of a prediction, which I made ■ that time in the *Mercure*, and which has since been amply verified. A very young literary man, (M. Charles Nodier,) ■ just then published ■ romance, called *The Proscrits*. I reviewed it in the *Mercury*, and terminated the article by saying, that there were in the work several pages which ■ more honour to the writer, than certain books which ■ enjoy ■ reputation; and I added, that with study, M. Nodier would certainly reach ■ very high rank in literature. In fact, there ■ in this first attempt, every thing which could give promise of future excellence—there ■ soul, a talent for observation and description, there ■ imagination—in short, ■ that composes genius. I ■ far from thinking, that with so mild ■ physiognomy, and ■ air so timid, he would have had the courage, ■ few years afterwards, ■ attack the formidable power of Napoleon, and ■ brave ■ the rigours of ■ long captivity.

My works, which procured ■ real friends ■

foreign lands, ■■■■ in France, whom I ■■■■ cherish till death—Mesdames ■■■■ Choiseul, (then ■■■■ Beaufreumont,) de Lascours, and de Brady. I had ■■■■ Choiseul in her infancy, ■■■■ Belle-Chasse, ■■■■ acquaintance ■■■■ renewed, and ripened into the tenderest friendship. Madame de Lascours expressed ■■■■ wish to ■■■■ me immediately ■■■■ my arrival. ■■■■ very young, charming in all respects, and already ■■■■ nounced, by the maturity of her judgment and talents, the admirable sentiments and conduct which she has always displayed. Madame de Brady, who ■■■■ also very young, and of radiant beauty, wrote ■■■■ anonymous letters during ■■■■ whole year, giving ■■■■ ■■■■ pretended ■■■■ and address, to which I ■■■■ to send my ■■■■. Her letters announced so much talent, that they interested me strongly. I entreated her in my replies ■■■■ cultivate her talents, which have now become so superior, and ■■■■ which virtue the most pure and irreproachable has given additional power. Another person also who ■■■■ extremely interesting, wrote ■■■■ ■■■■ during eighteen months, charming anonymous letters, under the ■■■■ of *Jeanneton*; this was the Duchess of Chevreuse, (formerly Narbonne,) daughter-in-law of the Duchess of Luynes, who amused ■■■■ making ■■■■ little novel

■■ of our connexion. ■■ conversation was ■■ ■■ of ■ wall, and ■ our first interview, ■■ came ■ the Arsenal disguised ■ ■ gardener's daughter; she filled my ■■ with flowers. I pretended ■ take her for a peasant, which delighted her. ■■ fancied herself completely disguised, because she had ■ peasant's petticoat, and ■■ *j'allions* and *je venions*. Her small white hands, the elegance of her air, ■■ sweetness of her voice and of her accent, formed ■ pleasant contrast with the rusticity of her dress and language; she seemed to me like ■ pretty actress destined to play princesses, and playing by chance, and consequently without illusion, the part of ■ village girl. When afterwards she ■■ exiled, I ■■ ceased to solicit the emperor in her favour, but always in vain: there ■■ somewhat of little-■■ in such ■■■■ borne by a sovereign towards ■ young person so interesting in ■■ respects, and whose only crime ■■ ■ have shown courageously a just indignation relative ■ the ■■■■ of Spain.

Young Anatole Montesquion also wished to be ■■ acquainted with ■■■■ object which he could readily have accomplished, seeing there were bonds of relationship between ■■ family ■■ that of M. de Genlis, but he was scarcely seventeen, and ■■ preferred forming our acquaint-

ance in a romantic manner ; so he went to Maradan, begging him to send him to me as a printer's boy, who was bringing me proofs. Maradan refused this ; upon which he had recourse to Madame de Lasours, who simply invited me to meet him. I found in him so much talent and grace, and sentiments so noble, that I became truly attached to him. Our friendship has withstood the shock of two or three revolutions, and consequently is so solid as it is tender. At the period of his marriage with his cousin, whom he had loved from infancy, he begged me to paint an arabesque in his album ; the arabesque represented his name, and that of the charming young person whom he was about to marry. I painted in the arabesque two lighted torches, and their flames united, and below the emblem I wrote the following :

Non, cette flamme vive et pure
 N'est point la fugitive ardeur
 De cet amour léger, enfant de l'imposture,
 Qui promet en vain le bonheur !
 J'ai voulu peindre ici l'amour sans inconstance,
 Sans traits piquans, sans ailes, sans bandeau,
 Né dans le sein de l'aimable innocence,
 Tendre et touchant, dès le berceau.
 [REDACTED] cette peinture si belle,

■ digne d'un ■ peincem,
 ■ sans doute être immortelle !
 Que j'aime ■ ■ tracer ■ ■ doux souvenir :
 ■ qui peut toujours contempler ■ modèle,
 ■ plus heureux qui peut l'offrir !

I have written other ■ for him ; and on his side he ■ written many for ■ I encouraged with great pleasure the rising ■ for literature and the arts, which he has since ■ successfully cultivated. He felt ■ great deal of friendship for Casimir, who returned his advances with his usual frankness, and who presented him, ■ the pledge of a real attachment, with two of my original manuscripts, which had been printed, but which were written entirely in my hand. According to my habit, I had ■ copies of them only to the printer. Casimir put a high value upon these originals, and begged me ■ give him them, which I did. Afterwards he gave to my grandson, Anatole de Lawoestine, ■ of these manuscripts ; these gifts ■ ■ him real sacrifices.

There happened to ■ ■ this time an adventure which touched ■ deeply : ■ young girl of eighteen, daughter of ■ ex-captain of horse, wrote me letters ■ truly impassioned, and so frank, that I replied to them regularly ; and the ■ exactly, ■ ■ told me she ■ dying of ■ consumption, which,

according to the physicians, prove mortal. This correspondence lasted six months, at the end of which time she told me, that in order to die before she died, she had seized the opportunity afforded her by one of her sisters, who was at Beauvais, and was coming by a post-chaise to Paris. In fact, she arrived one day at noon, at the Arsenal. Though she was in reality dying, her face was one of the most charming I have ever seen. She threw herself into my arms, weeping, and only spoke two or three words to me. She passed the whole day with me, and the only nourishment she took was a plain bouillon. She remained altogether silent, her eyes fixed on me, holding my hand, which she pressed and kissed from time to time, and occasionally bursting into quiet tears. Her sister sent for her at eight in the evening; she then knelt down before me and asked my blessing. I took her in my arms, where I thought she would have expired. At length, bathed in tears, she quitted me, and left me in a state of the most disagreeable description. She returned to Beauvais, and died the morning after her arrival. Her father, on receiving to me the melancholy tidings; he had directed him on her death to offer me her last adieu, and to tell me that she had given her youngest sister, whom she regarded as the most

precious ■■■ possessions—a ■■■ of my hair given her by myself. I cannot express the ■■■ of my regret : ■■■ soul could not be a common one which ■■■ cherish ■■ impassioned ■■■ ■■ pure a love.

I experienced a vexation of another kind : I ■■■ ■■ length absolutely compelled ■■ separate from Helmina. This young person joined to the most amiable and the mildest disposition, and to a great deal of wit and talent such absurd notions, ■■■ such extravagant conduct, that no nature however indulgent, could support it. A few months after, Madame Récamier took her into her house, and the ■■■ reasons forced her to ■■ similar rupture. Stéphanie Alyon, my god-daughter, who had been ■■■ years with me, remained ; Casimir, though still ■■ child, gave her ■■ pretty taste for the harp : I taught her orthography, English, and the elements of history : ■■■ readily replied ■■ my attentions. ■■■ has since translated from the English in an agreeable ■■■ a volume, forming part of ■■ work called *The Little Naturalist*. ■■■ remained with me up ■■ the time of her marriage, when ■■■ espoused ■■ military man called M. Savary : she ■■■ ■■ virtuous and amiable wife.

A short time after my quarrel with Helmina, ■■ received some letters ■■■ ■■ lady ■■ ■■ country, which represented her to ■■ in ■■ ■■■ deplorable

situation. Her letters were clever and well written, and interested me strongly, for such letters have a particular influence on my feelings. I became passionately attached to this unfortunate person, who was fifty leagues off; I paid her expenses, and invited her to come and live with me. I expected her with incredible impatience: I knew she was fifty, but in my letters I had requested she be informed of particulars relative to her person, she had furnished me with a description of her face, in which she represented herself as noble, handsome, and interesting. I figured her the heroine of some old romance, who had preserved all that could recall to the mind touching recollections. At length she came, and I beheld a tall, starched, pale, and affected old woman, who could never have been handsome; and who treated me with a sentimental scene, the most comical and ridiculous that can be imagined. She disappointed my expectation as slenderly, as at first I imagined she could not be the writer of the letters which so much charmed me; but I very soon discovered in spite of her disagreeable appearance her pretensions in all respects, and her taste, that she was really clever; that she could spell well, that she had even studied grammar. I then read her letters which I had carefully preserved, and

my prejudices in favour of the writer, and my imagination excessively embellished them; nevertheless, they displayed talent, but by me equal to my first opinion of them. Madame * * * * * became daily more insupportable to me, from her pedantry, her affectation, her awkwardness, and the inconceivable absurdity of her coquetry. One day, she came into my room, looked in a glass at the chimney, and with an air of satisfaction—*Well, I have still a skin!** She meant to say that she had still a fine skin, which was at all the case, for she had a dead white complexion, quite covered with freckles. “Oh, Madam,” said I, “there is something astonishing in that; for though Time renders us ugly, he does not flay us.” Madame * * * * * whom nothing could disconcert, smiled at my simplicity, and entered into a long dissertation to prove, that *I have a skin, I have colour; she has a skin, she has colour*, are expressions quite in the nature of things. This amiable companion remained with me more than a year; at the end of which time my passion for M. Alyon, the ugliest man I knew, and who was fifty—her passion, I say, she shared, she parted with such fury,

* In the original, *J'ai encore de la peau*.

that I **was** **glad** to testify my surprise **in** it, and **to** watch the motions of these two young lovers, who between them, made up **more** than **a** century. Nothing, however, **could** restrain them : **On** **Alyon**, **one** fine morning, carried off his conquest, by which means, to my great joy, I got rid of her.

My literary labours **did** not prevent **me** from giving **my** attention to the education of Casimir ; he had **a** petulance, a natural temerity of courage which gave **me** great uneasiness, and which those who did not like him construed into **a** love of mischief, **a** imputation **on** **me** calumnious, for he has always displayed the **most** generous feelings, and the tenderest heart : to be sure, he has frequently walked **on** the roof of the Arsenal, and what was still **more** alarming, **on** the stones outside the building : and after taking two lessons in swimming, **he** crossed the river by himself. At sixteen, in order **to** learn the art of riding, he made an excursion of thirty leagues going and **on** much returning, at a gallop. **These** things were sufficiently alarming, but in his **eyes** they were **only** **his** qualities **which** attaching **to** **an** excellent heart, **an** admirable **man** for the arts, infinite wit, a great deal **of** piety, and the noblest sentiments : no one always gave alms with

more pleasure ; and it ~~was~~ chanced ~~more~~ than once, when I have given him money for charitable purposes, that he ~~has~~ given away part of his ~~own~~ clothes. The ~~sum~~ ~~was~~ all considerable which he had in ~~his~~ own power ~~was~~ five hundred francs, (he ~~was~~ fourteen years of age,) and he employed the whole in making me presents, without keeping a farthing of it to himself. He gained a considerable sum by his first concert in Paris ; but he reserved a share of the profits for his own ~~use~~. He bought with the proceeds six arm chairs, a sofa, and new curtains for a drawing room, and made a most virtuous use of the remainder. The unexampled success of this concert induced M. Picard * to request ~~that~~ he would perform at the Salle Louvois eight days afterwards. To this Casimir consented, but he would only play gratuitously : M. Picard had not only ~~the~~ boxes, &c. quite full, but ~~also~~ the lobbies ; ~~and~~ Casimir's ~~performance~~ ~~was~~ brilliant on this ~~occasion~~ as on ~~his~~ former. At this time M. Pieyre ~~praised~~ four ~~times~~ Casimir's talents, which might really ~~be~~ ~~considered~~ impromptu, for he wrote them with a pencil while ~~at~~ ~~the~~ theatre. ~~The~~ following

* Author of the comedies played at the Odéon with so much applause.—(*Note by the Author.*)

is the charming quatrain which ■■■■■ ■■■■■ ■■■■■

“ Au jeune Orphée, à son luth enchanteur
 Quand le public rend un si juste hommage,
 Vous ressemblez au Créateur
 Qui s’applaudit de son ouvrage.

These concerts of Casimir’s ■■■■■ completely into shade the talents of all the other harp players : I have ■■■■■ his talents equalled, and they can ■■■■■ be surpassed. ■■■■■ has completed the ■■■■■ of harp playing, and perfected harmonic sounds ; and he even discovered another kind of sounds, which till then were unknown : besides the harmonic sound, he drew two others from the same cord, which formed a perfect unison : besides, the method he acquired from me of placing the hands, and forming gamuts, is quite different from that of other performers on the harp, who have a mode ■■■■■ different and defective, that it is impossible to attain perfection by means of it. Casimir, besides many inventions which it would take ■■■■■ much space ■■■■■ detail here, has proved that you may play with both little fingers ; (I only used that of ■■■■■ right hand ;) he has made the harp strings ■■■■■ thicker, and ■■■■■ times more tight, which quadruples the intensity of the sound : he invented the plan of sitting ■■■■■ a ■■■■■ much ■■■■■ elevated than

usual, which ■■ ■■ gives an easier air, more facility ■■ playing, and prevents the shape from being injured. Never having played in public in France, since his performance ■■ the age of ■■■■ teen, in ■■■■ two concerts his method of course could not be generally promulgated. The professors of the harp in general, not being ■■■■ ■■ play in his style, perpetuated their own bad plan: however, two pupils ■■ whom Casimir gave lessons through friendship, (and of whom the one is not a musical person,*) concur in proving how much ■■■■ is preferable. Alfred is ■■ proof of the ■■■■ thing in Belgium, and he is but eighteen;† he will hereafter complete the proof. Indeed, my engraved method, which ■■■■ so much ■■■■ and sale, has of itself made pupils, (without teachers,) preferable ■■ all those made by professors of the instrument.

One day when I ■■■■ walking ■■ foot in the ■■■■ with Stephanie Alyon, and Casimir, (then fourteen) I stopped for ■■ ■■■■ ■■ a ■■■■ shop on the ground near the kennel: suddenly I ■■■■ myself seized from behind and carried off; it ■■■■ Casimir, who bore me with ■■ strength extraordinary ■■ ■■ age, into ■■■■ court-yard of ■■ house

■ Mademoiselle de Marcieu.

† Written in 1820.

of which the gate was open ; he saved my life, for I should have been crushed to death by a horse which had run away, whose footsteps, with my accustomed absence of mind I heard. Stephanie off, but Casimir thought of nothing but me ; his courage and his excellent heart have failed me. another thing which deserves recital. As he was returning to the Arsenal nine in the evening, the wheel of a cart loaded with stones broke ; the who with the cart must have been crushed to pieces had not Casimir rushed towards him, supported the cart with one of his hands and his knee, and with the other withdrawn the who had fallen his knees, and who in attempting to support the cart with his shoulder, had broken the shoulder bone. Casimir, seeing that he was dangerously hurt, took him in his arms, and asked him where he lived : the man, who was a mason, replied, That he dwelt in the second court of the Arsenal ; it in the summer, and still day-light ; all this passed before our door and in front of the library : the porter and his family, as well as several passengers, ran to the spot, and wished to help in carrying the wounded man. Casimir would not suffer this, but carried him in his arms, followed by the crowd, up to the

floor where he lived ; when there, for a surgeon, caused the mason to be bled, made his shoulder to be in his presence, holding him in his arms all the time of the operation, while he asked me to ask for a *tilleul* and *fleur d'orange* for the sick man, who certainly tasted these things then for the first time in his life. Casimir remained till midnight, paid the surgeon, and went daily for the first eight days to visit and attend his patient. Three weeks afterward, when we were at our parish church of St. Paul, at high mass, we saw three men with bouquets, representing the corporation of masons, rendering the holy bread : at the end of the ceremony all the spectators saw them with surprise approach Casimir, and present him with a superb cake adorned with ribbons ; it was a homage offered here by the corporation of masons, in consideration of his having saved the life of their comrade. We carried off to the Arsenal in triumph the fine cake, and no present gave Casimir more pleasure.

We read aloud history and theatrical pieces every evening, and I often relate on this head an anecdote of Casimir, which in every respect deserves to be quoted. One evening, I was reading the story of Cæmus, a philosopher, who

when condemned to death, played a game very quietly with his friend before his execution, and won the game; this fact has been cited by all historians without exception, as a proof of great strength of mind; the same remark was made in the book where the anecdote was recounted: when I came to that part of it, Casimir interrupted me and said, "There is nothing surprising in that; the friend against whom the philosopher was playing must have been a monster, if he could preserve sufficient coolness to play tolerably." I venture to say that this reflection is admirable, and the person who made it for the first time was not quite sixteen. I shall here quote an observation of another boy, (Alfred Le Maire,) whom I had adopted and educated at the same period, and of whom I shall have to speak in a more advanced part of these memoirs. The remark which I allude to is the following: charming, as it adds a moral lesson, most touching and natural, to one of the most beautiful of La Fontaine's fables, of which the only defect was its want of interest. It is the fable of the *Wolf and the Lamb*; when I read this fable to children, I always suppress the two miserable verses at the beginning:—

La raison la plus forte est toujours la meilleure;

Il faut nous montrer tout à l'heure.

When with this suppression, I read the [redacted] for the [redacted] time [redacted] Alfred, (then eight years old,) [redacted] deeply touched with [redacted] fate of the lamb, [redacted] said, "See what a sad thing it is to be separated from one's mother!" . . . Certainly if [redacted] same idea [redacted] suggested itself [redacted] La Fontaine, he would have expressed it, and his fable would have been perfect.

It [redacted] also during the same time that I published *La Tendresse Maternelle*, [redacted] *L'Education* [redacted] sive. I made a hazardous attempt in this work, and according to the acknowledgment of every one, succeeded in it. This undertaking was, to write a novel history of a female confined in a dungeon; and it was unanimously allowed that the history of Diana is infinitely more interesting than that of the Duchess of C—, which had acquired a much success in *Adèle et Théodore*. There is in this work a perfectly novel idea [redacted] education; namely, that of attaching a religious memorial [redacted] moral lessons to all the [redacted] sations which, in the end, might become [redacted] dangerous. By reflecting hereon, people will [redacted] day adopt this idea, which will be, for [redacted] particularly, of [redacted] greatest utility.

It was in following this idea, that I made long after, (in the year 1824,) for my great-grand-

daughter Pulchérie de Celle, my *Cantique des Fleurs*, with the sole intention of making it preservative against all the insipid, corruptive compliments, which are young females in offering them lilies, ultimately render this piece of poetry more instructive, I conceived the idea of writing a botanical course, presenting such flowers only remarkable for their properties different phenomena. In fact, I endeavoured to exhibit in every couplet of this *Cantique*, striking moral, and to show at the time in each thought sublime and benign providence.

I wrote shortly after the *Siege of Rochelle*, which, of all my novels, is the which had, and which still has, the greatest yet I have written any work which has been much abused by all the journalists, and particularly by M. de Feletz, who says, in his extract, that the innocent Clara is accused of execrable crime, and looked as a monster by her lover himself, for no other than that had been found fainting upon the table which they had placed the body of the infant; whilst in the I have accumulated a multitude of questionable appearances of positive facts, which leave possibility of doubt that she had

committed the crime ; this, indeed, a point which all reading public universally agreed. M. de Feletz me, because I repelled the praises he given in *Journal des Debats*, in a relation of my journey Ferney visit M. Voltaire, which is found in the volume of the *Souvenirs*. made in eulogiums, a critical comparison between my book and an account of the journey by Madame Suard, and I relished those praises which were bestowed on me at the expense of another. I was not acquainted with Madame Suard ; her husband had always been my enemy ; but I replied M. de Feletz in a paper, in a very dry towards him, and complimentary towards Madame Suard, who by way of acknowledgment, wrote a year after, *Madame de Maintenon, drawn by herself*, an ill-written work, in which she has made of all my researches and several of my reflections, without mentioning her obligations. At length, I produced my *Belisarius*, which had against it, I had expected, the philosophical coterie. M. de Villetelle, in the *Journal de Paris*, made the strangest critique on it, and which, contrary to his own intention, was discovered to be a grand eulogium ; he said, that the

ment of this work so dramatic, at the same time so religious, would have been extremely beautiful, had Belisarius been a christian, but that, being the case, it is purely extravagant; thus M. Villetard believed that Belisarius is a pagan. I had the moderation to abstain from making any kind of retort. This man married a young female, who accepted him only for the sake of his literary talents; and I was told, if I persisted in publicly arresting this error, I should have to despair; and I therefore sacrificed the *amour propre* of the author to good-nature. As to the rest, those literary men who spoke fairly, agreed in saying that Belisarius is one of my best works. Several men of letters have borrowed largely from it.

The *Belisarius* of Marmontel is certainly the most mediocre of all his performances. The best political arguments of his hero are to be found better expressed in *Telemachus*, and the dramatic part of this work is also out of character and keeping, as well as insipid and stupid. M. Marmontel announced at first that he intended to show a great hero struggling with adversities, and after a very few pages, you perceive that he has no longer any adversities to struggle with. Belisarius, by being made too mild, becomes stupid; —

I have remarked, that kind of poem is but a feeble imitation of *Telemachus*, and is destitute of any portion of imagination. Belisarius is *Mentor*; Justinian, *Idomeneus*; Tiberius, *Telemachus*; Eudoxa, *Antiope*. In the poem of Fénelon it is quite natural that Mentor should instruct Idomeneus, who was about to found a town; but it is absurd, when Belisarius, an old soldier, becomes suddenly a pedagogue, and speaks only of politics to an old king, with whom he lived thirty years in great intimacy, and to whom he has already said all these things; besides, it is quite incredible, that in those conversations, so long and so numerous, Belisarius should not have recollected the sound of Justinian's voice. In fact, the manner of Belisarius is that of a shop-keeper in the Rue Saint Denis; he continually styles Justinian *neighbour*. The author, in attempting to give him an air of familiarity and good-nature, has rendered him paltry and ignoble. The character of Gelimer is destitute of all warmth of colouring, and all the others drawn in the book, the style of which purity, distinctness, and elevation; the following are some of the phrases—"The soul which is a slave to cupidity, constantly bids the highest bidder." "What resolution outweighs the desire for pleasure, the

attractions of enjoyment, ■■■ desire of possessing the equivalent of ■■■ good?"—"The private individual annihilates himself ■■■ give up ■■■ entire soul ■■■ prince."—"The monarch gets tired of the luxuries of his table, as ■■■ ■■■ the man ■■■ satisfied."—"Let habit inspire ■■■ ■■■ with ■■■ feeling of the necessity of self-esteem;* let him ■■■ himself to cast his thoughts beyond the present, in order to collect the suffrages of the future." ■■■ Luxury is in a state, like low persons who have made great alliances; you pay respect ■■■ them from regard to their connexions, but you end by shutting them up.†"

The following stuff is quite unintelligible :—

"His w■■■■ render an opulent ■■■ ■■■ miser,‡ and his avarice is a mixture of all the passions, which is sati■■■■ with gold; but if the most ardent of these passions, pride, ambition, ■■■ even love, (for it follows glory,) ■■■ no longer connected with objects of luxury, see how much it loses its attraction, and avarice its strength!—The truth which

■ ■■■ of *habit*, a Christian would say *religion*, and an ancient philosopher would at least have said *virtue*.

† It is impossible to conceive how ■■■ man of talent could have written such things.

‡ He ought ■■■ ■■■ said *fancies*, for opulence ■■■ in ■■■ possession of more than is sufficient for our wants.—(Notes by ■■■ Author.)

a prince ought to seek in an acquaintance with the things which interest humanity; to a sovereign truth is what is just and useful;* in society it is the circle of wants, the chain of duties, the mutual exchange of assistance, and the most equitable division of public happiness among those who produce it."

These things are complete enigmas; and it is easy to see from these samples, in what school our modern dogmatic authors have been formed, who are so obscure and so *tranchant*. This work owed its success to its being on the plan of the conspiracy of the encyclopedists against religion and monarchy; accordingly, it was puffed and praised as a *chef-d'œuvre* by all the philosophers, who discovered the greatest enthusiasm for the irreligious chapter in the work; M. Voltaire wrote to Marmontel, that without this chapter, the work would be in the dirt. This was a very modest appreciation of his own writings, and showing great contempt for those of the philosophers; but M. de Marmontel believed in the sincerity of the eulogy; the philosophers laughed at it among themselves, and said nothing. It is in this book that, speaking of kings, the author says—"It is

* To a sovereign as to others, truth is true.—(Note by the Author.)

■ misfortune ■ there ■ be men who ■ impose upon society the whole burden of their existence."

If society refused ■ bear the *burden of the existence of any man*, there would be neither judges, ■ soldiers, ■ chiefs, and consequently there could ■ ■ society.

"A sovereign ought to say, 'I engage ■ live only for my people.'"

What! is he not to be allowed also to live a little for his own family?

"Authority is founded on the will and the strength of a people. 'I have nothing of my own,' said Antoninus; 'My palace is not my own,' said Marcus Aurelius; and their imitators think ■ they did."

No, certainly; for these emperors and others named their successors or colleagues, and people do not dispose in this way of a thing which does not belong ■ them; it is absurd and ridiculous ■ quote ■ a positive fact a single obliging phrase, or a simple ■ of speaking. Certainly when Marcus Aurelius said that his palace was not his, ■ would have thought it very strange if the people had come ■ demand the vacant apartments. The public had the privilege of walking in the magnificent gardens of ■ emperors, and this is

■ privilege which is accorded by ■ ■ European sovereigns ■ their subjects and to foreigners; I do ■ know whether the pagan emperors gave ■ in their palaces to Virgil and Horace, but ■ know there have been many artists and literary men lodged at the Louvre. But all these phrases of Marmontel's were applauded ■ luminous, and new, and striking truths; yet he only repeated the declamations of the protestant Jurieu, ■ triumphantly refuted by Bossuet. Belisarius says—

“In the ■ of ■ sovereign, the wants of ■ isolated ■ may be reduced to little;* he may enjoy at ■ easy rate ■ the true happiness of life;† the circle of its pleasures ■ drawn round him, and beyond all is vanity, fantasy, and illusion.‡ If he is seized with the rage of property, he will become avaricious of *what he will call his property*; he will fancy he enriches himself at the expense of his people, and that he gains all he ravishes from them.”

It follows from this, that all persons (and particularly kings) become robbers and oppressors ■ soon ■ they possess ■ property. ■ these errors

* Why should he have fewer wants than other men?

† ■ ■ = ourselves—no better.

‡ The Author ought to have told us what circle ■ prescribed ■ monarch.

had been proscribed by the French clergy in 1682, they renewed before *Belisarius* in the *Emilius* of Rousseau, and condemned on the 9th of June, 1762, tending to give a more and odious character to the sovereign authority, and to destroy the principles of obedience due to it by weakening the love and respect of the people for their king. The *Encyclopedie* has consecrated these in its articles *Government* and *Authority*: all these things ingeniously connected together. A is a sort of poem; in both the rules are nearly the same; one of the most prominent is, to allow the personages to act out of character, and to keep in respects to the times, manners, and places chosen: nothing of this kind is done in the *Belisarius* of M. Marmontel; his *Belisarius* talks always like a Parisian shopkeeper an Encyclopedist, repeats all that Voltaire has said in his poem of *La Loi Naturelle*, and that Rousseau has written in his various works government, finances, nobility, the court, and virtue; it is particularly ludicrous to represent *Belisarius* an *esprit fort*, seeing that this great was extremely pious, and that, to show his respect for religion after the conquest of Africa, he caused be borne among the other trophies, the books of evangelists, adorned with gold and diamonds.

I hope ■■ be pardoned ■■ this digression, since the subject ■■ ■■ belongs to morals and literature.

I wrote also about this time *Alphonso*, ■■ *The Natural Son*, ■■ work, in which I think I have developed ■■ that ■■ reasonably and morally be ■■ ■■ the subject of bastards; the situations in this novel ■■ to me to be quite original, and I think I have described very accurately the manners of country towns and of the colonies.

As I have already stated, M. de Cabre, who ■■ always deeply interested for me, had introduced me to the Marechal Bernadotte and his sister the Princess Joseph, two persons for whom I shall always entertain the tenderest attachment. The Princess Joseph was afterwards Queen of Naples; she had conceived a high opinion of me, and M. de Cabre, without my knowledge, easily persuaded her ■■ appoint ■■ governess ■■ her children—a thing which was proposed ■■ me, accompanied with the ■■ brilliant and advantageous conditions. I have always had ■■ natural aversion to whatever appeared a breach of propriety, and I ■■ that ■■ person who ■■ educated three princes and a princess of the house of Bourbon, ought not to become the instructress of the imperial family of Bonaparte; besides, I ■■

receiving a pension from the emperor, who was my benefactor—the first only one I have found among sovereigns. I knew that he did like persons of talent to quit France, I felt I ought to take a step without consulting him. I replied to the Queen of Naples, (after expressing my gratitude for the honour done me,) that it was not sufficient for her that the emperor should refuse his consent, as it was possible she might grant it merely of complaisance to the queen; that it was necessary he should tell her that such a nomination was agreeable to him, and that I should write to him on the subject, which I did. The emperor gave me no commands on the subject—consequently I did not go to Naples. This is exactly the way in which the thing happened:

I ought to add, the *Queen of Naples of her own accord*, and certainly without my having any idea of the kind, insisted on granting me a pension of three thousand francs; she was a queen and acknowledged as such by all Europe, so that I ought to have accepted this; but being unwilling that a pension should be given me gratuitously, I undertook a work specially for her; this was a written history of literature, which formed a manuscript work for her and her children; I gave it up without keeping any copy of it; I gave

her besides ■■■ originals of ■■■ my Mythological Arabesques, which I ■■■ painted with the ■■■ care, and had splendidly bound. I forgot to speak of that work in another place; I regard it, however, ■■■ of the most useful books of education.

I believe ■■■ this time I published my *Maison Rustique*, ■■■ of the ■■■ useful books I have composed for young people, and which ■■■ me ■■■ whole year's fatiguing research. It ■■■ also, at this period that my aunt, Madame de Montesson, fell into ■■■ which ■■■ no hopes of her life. From the time of my return to France she had never rendered ■■■ the slightest service—but I neither asked nor expected anything at her hands. She caressed me greatly; I went to ■■■ her about once ■■■ fortnight, and we were ■■■ very good terms together. As ■■■ ■■■ I heard that her life ■■■ in danger, I went constantly to her house ■■■ attend ■■■ her, and ■■■ keep her company, from eleven in the morning till nine at night, when I returned ■■■ Arsenal. As she ■■■ to hear ■■■ read aloud, I read ■■■ her sometimes four ■■■ five hours ■■■ day; she ■■■ but little, and preserved her ■■■ the last moment. I ■■■ not leave her ■■■ her death-bed; I sent ■■■ a priest to read to her the prayers of the dying; she had asked ■■■ received all ■■■ sacraments; I prayed for her ■■■ the

curtains, in under tone, without letting her see me, during the whole of her last agony. When she was dead I caused two wax candles to be lighted by her bed, I a priest in her room say the prayers for the dead, and returned to the Arsenal. Until Madame de Montesson's will seen, my brother and I were sole heirs: my brother Bourdeaux, therefore I the only person qualified give orders in her house until seals removed; but with my usual thoughtlessness, as her eyes closed, I left the house, and did not return: I learned few days after my aunt's death, that by her will, (which never shown me,) she constituted M. de Valence her universal legatee, and that she left to me twenty thousand francs, of which M. de Valence should only be held to the interest, amounting to thousand francs year. Lastly, she added to this strange clause, that I should be debarred of my right to plead against him in court of law, if the should not be paid regularly; she left the legacy to my brother and on the conditions. As my brother's pecuniary circum-
 not comfortable at that time, I him up my interest in will and him to enjoy during eight years. Madame de Mon-
 my grandson and her great grand-

nephew, Amable de Lawoestine, the ■ of four thousand francs once paid—just such ■ legacy ■ might have left to her footman; she ■ gave him ■ farthing during her life-time. Certainly his military conduct, his brilliant ■ in society, his amiable disposition, his goodness of heart, and his lofty sentiments, might have gained the affections of his grand-aunt, who ought ■ have been proud of such ■ nephew. Her will contained ■ legacy to any of her friends. She made no provision for Madame Robadet, her companion, who had sacrificed to her the whole of her youth, and her charming accomplishments—and who had passed many years with her, during which she paid her the tenderest attention.

I ■ extremely well pleased with my residence ■ the Arsenal, where I enjoyed the society of Casimir and an amiable child, called Alfred Lemaire, (whom I have already mentioned,) an orphan without any friends, whom Casimir, touched with his situation, had requested ■ to adopt; Casimir ■ then nineteen, and the child ■ not quite five; he discovered the best of dispositions, much cleverness, and great aptitude to learn many things; he ■ ■ disappoint my hopes; I shall speak of him afterwards in detail.

Casimir made a journey to England, where he was in every way with the most brilliant talents. He was seventeen, and at that age, the greatest distaste to the profession of music, he did not wish to reside there in that quality; but his admirable talents, his personal amiability, his excellent conduct, caused him to be courted by the princes and princesses, and all the most distinguished society in England. He received no money from any one, but various persons made him magnificent presents; he kept but a small part of these, which he presented to me on my return. He then purchased articles for furnishing a lodging, of which he gave me several which he thought I wanted. He bought a cabriolet and horse; the rest of the money he devoted to family purposes; he disbursed no other part of it in superfluities for himself. On his return to France, he found Pamela living in the same hotel at Dover; Casimir came with Prince Esterhazy, who was bringing him to France in a packet of his own. On the evening of his arrival at Dover, Pamela begged Casimir to call on her; he went and found her in tears; she informed him that she was pursued by creditors who would arrest her, and force her to go to London, where she was sure to find others, and be thrown into the greatest

difficulties; that she would be freed from fears and from her present difficulties he would pay for her that moment fifty louis in money, and procure her means of passing furtively in the night on board of Prince Esterhazy's vessel. Casimir paid the fifty louis to her creditors; obtained with difficulty the permission she desired, and conveyed her, himself, at midnight on board of the packet boat, where he hid her at the bottom of the hold, she dreaded mortally the arrival of new creditors.

Casimir at full speed from Calais to Paris to inform of the arrival of Pamela, to whom I had written, conjuring her not to come to Paris, but to return instead to Hamburg with Mr. Pitcairn, her husband, representing to her that she had a daughter with him, whom she owed all her attentions. In spite of my exhortations, she came; considerations of interest, which seemed her plausible, had decided her to take this step. Casimir begged as a favour to receive her at the Arsenal, and to give her his lodging, saying that he was very willing to sleep in a camp-bed. I offered her all this—that is to say, to lodge herself, her daughter, the interesting young Pamela, daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and a companion, to provide her nourishment. I

only made ■■■ thing the condition of these arrangements, which ■■■ that she should only receive persons of my acquaintance. She refused all my offers ; upon which I made every ■■■ ■■ induce her to hire a small lodging ■■■ ■■ in the place Royale, representing to her that these lodgings ■■■ pretty and very cheap ; that she might walk on foot ■■ my house every day to dinner, and in this way her expenses would be very inconsiderable ; but this offer she also refused.

M. Ameilhon, by ■■■ intrigues, aided by my natural indolence in all ■■■ ■■ affecting my personal interests, succeeded in inducing the minister to write ■■ ■■ that my apartments ■■■ necessary ■■ the library and proposing to me in exchange the lodging over-head, which was much less handsome, but consisted of ■■■ rooms, and to which belonged a little garden ; the minister added that I was ■■ liberty to remain my present apartments, but that my *love of literature* would doubtless ■■■ me to accept ■■■ proposal. I did accept it merely ■■ avoid all discussion, and ■■ have the ■■■ garden. It was arranged that I should ■■■ when I chose ; ■■ time ■■■ prescribed.

■ de Laborie, whom I had long known, ■■ requested ■■ private interview with me ; he came ■■■ ■■■ ■■ that ■■ was charged by ■■ ■■■

and [redacted] other literary men, who [redacted] undertaken [redacted] dictionary entitled *Biographie Universelle*, [redacted] propose to me on any conditions [redacted] might choose, [redacted] write in that dictionary, and [redacted] furnish [redacted] [redacted] celebrated [redacted] I replied that I should agree [redacted] this, provided [redacted] dictionary [redacted] not written in [redacted] irreligious spirit; he replied [redacted] the very name of M. Michaud ought [redacted] make [redacted] easy [redacted] that head. That writer has always respected religion. I said also, that I should not engage in the work without having a list of my coadjutors in it; for that I should not like to place my name by the side of [redacted] other which I might despise; I added that my contempt for men of letters extended only [redacted] those who wished [redacted] destroy religion, consequently to annihilate morality; that I did not regard those as impious men who through levity had suffered a few phrases [redacted] fall from their pen, which might be erroneously interpreted; but that [redacted] should [redacted] consent to have for my colleagues [redacted] openly declaring themselves the disciples of Voltaire and Diderot; and that, in fact, I would willingly write in [redacted] [redacted] work with my personal enemies, provided they [redacted] written nothing against religion. M. de Laborie [redacted] me the list, in which [redacted] the names of Messieurs [redacted] and Anger, both of

whom ■■■ my enemies, and passed for *philosophers*. The former had written in ■■ irreligious spirit, cautiously ; he ■■■ old, his works were forgotten, he ■■■ ■■ longer any interest in flattering ■■ powerful party ; I believed he had become wiser, and I ■■■ nothing wrong in having him for a colleague, any ■■■■ than M. Auger, who ■■■ only written ■■■ newspaper articles, in which there ■■■ nothing positively reprehensible. I extended the ■■■■ tolerance to several other persons who ■■■ in the list, but it ■■■ impossible for ■■■ do ■■ to M. Ginguené, who in ■■■ wretched works, had openly discovered the utmost fury against religion ; he ■■■ besides given ■■ public ■■■ of Italian literature, which discovered ■■ sort of talent, and scandalized every body by its irreligious spirit.

■■■ ■■■ has been printed ; ■■ the author had neither information nor industry, he procured the assistance in his miserable work of some young men, whom he paid at ■■ low price for furnishing ready made extracts. ■■■ collected all these materials, arranging them at random, in chronological order, and frequently without inquiring whether ■■■ facts agreed among themselves. I ■■■ quote but one example of ■■■ absurd

negligence, which will suffice to give an idea of the book and its author. In speaking of the famous Pico di Mirandola, M. Ginguené says, that this precocious person, feeling his end approaching, sent for Lorenzo de Medici; that the prince came to visit him, found him dying, took him in his arms and received his last sigh. Twenty years afterwards, M. Ginguené says that Lorenzo de Medici left his death-bed for Pico di Mirandola, and died in his arms. Certainly here is a miracle as astonishing as those of religion which M. Ginguené denies. This inconceivable blunder has been pointed out in the *Journal of the Arts*, to which I have added a note along with the book; the thing is so curious that almost every body took the pains to verify it.

By discovering the same principles, M. Ginguené, M. Salgues, and several others, thought themselves the heirs of the wit of Voltaire. Being quite decided in my refusal to write in the same work with M. de Ginguené, I wrote M. de Laborie in order to tell him so; he told him I was not desirous of the exclusion of any author and that I begged him simply to reply to those who had commissioned him to speak for me, that my occupations would not allow me to undertake the work.

Instead of this mild and prudent reply, M. de Laborie related the fact, and showed me on the subject a note, which I possess, and which shall be printed at the end of this work as a justificatory document. This note informed me that the Biographical Dictionary would gain every thing by the decision which had been made, which was to procure the highest talent, and to exclude from the work all unworthy writers.

It may be remarked that I had no personal feelings towards M. Ginguené; he had never written a word against me. I have never hated my enemies, but I have always sovereignly despised those of religion. Agreeably to the note of M. de Laborie, I undertook the engagement which had been proposed. My conditions were gladly accepted; I received in advance I believe, a thousand and twelve hundred francs, and I began to write the articles indicated, promising to furnish some within two months. In six weeks M. de Laborie wrote me that they had not been able to get rid of M. Ginguené, and that they hoped I would take the necessary steps on the matter. I did not take any; I replied, that a bargain is void when you fail in the principal condition on which it is founded; I declared that I would not write in the *Universal Biography*, a work altogether

new;* I returned the money, for which I got ■ receipt in form, and by ■ whole adventure I gained about thirty new enemies, who have ■ tinued ■ ever since.

Not wishing to lose the articles I had written, ■ those I had prepared, I made up of them a volume on women, which I entitled *The Influence of Women upon French Literature*, ■ work which ■ wanting, and which, I think, I have written with the utmost impartiality. The collaborators in the *Biography*, already furious at my secession, became quite mad when this work appeared; for they knew in their hearts that the articles on women in their work were not equal to mine; they ventured to say, even in print, that the articles of my work belonged ■ them, and that I had injured the dictionary by withdrawing from my engagements. It is very easy ■ despise false accusations which relate ■ a point of literature; but it is impossible not to reply ■ those which attack your honour and probity. ■ might have justified myself ■ only by publishing ■ letter of M. de Laborie, of which I have already spoken, but also two others which ■ wrote ■ after the bargain ■ broken off, in

* Such was the singular title given to it by the writers.—
(Note ■ ■ Author.)

which formally declares that I am quite right throughout the affair, and that all my proceedings are unimpeachable.

I had preserved these letters. Nevertheless, through a feeling of honour and delicacy, I found myself greatly embarrassed; besides my repugnance to compromise M. de Laborie, who raised up irreconcilable enemies against him, I could not have chosen a worse time to publish any thing of his; for he was then in disgrace with the head of the government, and even banished from Paris. I took the resolution of printing in a pamphlet, a formal denial of the calumnious imputation, adding that if another word was said in answer to my denial, in spite of all my repugnance arising from good feeling and delicacy, as every thing should yield to honour, I should publish *three letters with their signatures*, which would prove beyond doubt the honesty and uprightness of my proceedings, and the unworthy nature of the calumny of which I was the object; that I would recommend complete silence on the subject, which I should be obliged to accept as a retraction: I obeyed; not a single line was made of in reply, and the matter dropped. I reviewed in three pamphlets which I successively published, and which met with great success, the three first volumes of the *Biography*;

they ■■■ in fact, very open ■■ criticism, as ■■ garded four ■■ five authors, (M. Guinguené ■■ their head, and the worst of them all,) both in ■■ religious and literary point of view: I pointed out among other things such ■■■■ by M. Guinguené, that he did not attempt even to justify it; but his hatred ■■ ■■ became implacable, and exhaled itself in the shape of ■■ quantity of libels, ■■ ■■ absurd the ■■ than the other: he made enemies ■■ ■■ of all the *small pamphleteers*, and *discoarsers about literature*, who are more redoubtable from their clamours and intrigues than genuine literary men, whose enmities are *en grand*, who have not time to deal them out in retail, and who, with their talents and information, are capable of acknowledging and repairing their errors. I enjoyed however, in the ■■■■ of this dispute a triumph which touched me deeply: the article Biron, (Duke of Lauzun,) was most unjust and injurious to the memory of that unfortunate person, and contained ■■■■ real calumnies about the last Duke of Orleans. I do not believe that the writer, who ■■ an ■■ tunable man, wrote this article with any malignant views; but he ■■■■ been ill-informed, and his article ■■ ■■ of falsehoods. I wrote a pamphlet ■■ re- ■■ it; and ■■ produced such an effect that a cancel ■■ inserted in the volume. Another author wrote

article again exactly as I suggested, a proof was sent to me. This success of a criticism, by truth, the remembrance of ancient friendship, appeared to me equally honourable and satisfactory. I am incapable of animosity, that having no wish to perpetuate the collection of these quarrels, I wish these pamphlets be reprinted in the collected edition of my works.

This moderation the meritorious in me, as these pamphlets had procured not only universal approbation, but the private and special suffrage of a literary man distinguished for his taste, information and talents, and who the time one of my dearest friends. The following is the letter which M. Pievre wrote on the subject :

" On coming home last night, Madam, I received your pamphlet: the bad weather prevents me from personally assuring you of the great pleasure it afforded me: I could not have been before reading it; it is written with animation in- There is in it sound logic, allied to great strength of proofs, and strong evidence of the of your detractors. Yes, upon reflec-

tion, they must feel, that it would have been better for them to have assumed another tone. How noble and how worthy of you is that of your pamphlet! how firm and clear ■■■ the two ■■■ ■■■ biography! and what delicacy of conduct, when you ■■■ provoked to tell all! But how much honour your silence throws on yourself, ■■■ what shame upon them!—they will ■■■ be silent, their fear will oblige them to be ■■■ What a noble motive! you crush them, and your charges contain matter which should make them blush ■■■ again to raise their eyes: but the initial letter protects them. They have sought the combat—their malevolence has blinded them ■■■ as to give you many advantages!—your constant moderation emboldened them, and they fancied they could abuse you with impunity. They will ■■■ that every thing has ■■■ end; and that you ■■■ make use of your arms when you choose, if you ■■■ forced ■■■ it: you thereby render a service ■■■ all honest ■■■ The shaft of ridicule in your hands ■■■ misses its aim: the laughs ■■■ ■■■ on your side! These Diomedes ■■■ ■■■ in the situation of Ajax, slaying the sheep; they ■■■ really have been as ■■■ as he. Every thing is complete in your ■■■: ■■■ reasoning and ■■■ tural gaiety of ■■■ There is something in it

for **my** tastes—and you will accordingly find that **my** success will **be** great.* The **most** indifferent cannot choose but be **in** the defence of **a** good **a** cause—that of a person **so** unjustly **so** violently provoked **as** you have been : judge then of the interest **to** by one who is tenderly devoted **to** you. I **am** anxious to enjoy the general effect ; I cannot discover a line which should enfeeble it ; and your just indignation has **not** where induced you **to** overstep proper bounds. This is the way in which **a** person of talent writes who has **a** strong **conviction**. An evil conscience betrays itself. You announced **a** pamphlet as in the press, **and** the two volumes **which** have appeared ; and **a** continuation as the others appear. This will delight every body, and alarm those who have been the first **to** draw the sword : their own companions will blame them for **an** aggression which has led you to put **on** your **armour**. Your articles will sow division in their camp : there are too many different banners

* **In** spite of **the** **fact** which was so **obvious** **to** **me** **and** **my** **friend** **de** **la** **Harpe**, (who was severely handled in those pamphlets,) to say **that** **my** **only** **talent** **was** **that** **of** **criticism**, I was so moderate as **to** **print** **only** **two** **pamphlets** **in** **the** **series** **of** **my** **works**. In the last of these I threatened my detractors with the publication of letters which would prove the truth of what I said, if they were not silent : they **were** **not** and the dispute **was** **ended**.—(Note by **the** **Author**.)

of their marching long together; and your trumpet will rally round you bravest of them. I am, you, Madam, soon as the weather will allow; at the same time, receive the expressions of my tender, respectful, and unalterable friendship.

"Yours, &c.

"P. L'ÉVÊQUE."

I shall insert this article by the narrative of a little literary adventure, of a very singular kind: there had been placed at the head of the censure books as minister, a furious philosopher, M. de Pome-reuil: he was a warm protector of the *Biographie*, and being extremely indignant at my critiques, he struck out twenty-one pages of my pamphlet: there was nothing personal that could lead to such a suppression, and the whole referred to literature, this appeared very singular. I demanded an explanation, and was informed that the suppression had been made by the immediate orders of the minister: upon this, I wrote to request an audience, which was granted me, and I called on him. The subject was an article on D'Assoucy,* a wretched writer, of an

* D'Assoucy, (says an author,) chose a very pitiful of all kinds of writing, without having the talents of Scarron to excuse

unnatural crime, and who, being almost convicted of the crime, very nearly subjected to, great difficulty in escaping from, the penalty of law, which then condemned criminals of that description to be burnt alive. The author of the article in the *Biography*, in order to inform the reader what D'Assoucy's suspected crime, states, that he was accused of something which *ladies* in *abomination*: and in my pamphlet, I said, that without either endeavouring to explain to guess what the crime was, I imagined that since the law punished it by burning, only *ladies* but *gentlemen*, likely hold it in *abomination*: this was suppressed.

M. de Pomereuil received with a chilling coldness, which almost went the length of unpoliteness. I asked him the reason of the suppres-

It. His life, like his prose and verse, was a mixture of misery, burlesque, stupidity. All the places he visited, (and they were many,) were marked by new misfortune to him. At he was nearly thrown into the sea as a sorcerer. was very hardly used at Montpellier: at Rome, was thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition; and on his return to France, was first imprisoned in the Bastille, and afterwards in the prison of the Châtelet, where he remained six months. This man, whose life was so strange, and had been so often in danger, lived to the age of 85, and died in 1679. His poetry has been published in 3 volumes 12mo.—(Note by the Editor.)

sion of my twenty-one pages; to which he replied rudely, in a word of passion—" *What devil, Madam, are you not yet tired thirty-five years scolding of the philosophers?*"—"No, sir," I replied, with a smile of disdain, "the kind of indignation which you so frankly display, will not lead me to change my opinion: but, on the subject of my visit—why did you give orders for the suppression of the pages which I have had the honour to read to you; and particularly those relating to D'Assouty?" At this pressing question, M. de Pomereul scratched his ear, and said, "What a strange thing is the intolerance of the saints! they wish to burn a man because he did not happen to like women! his aversion for them is a piece of bad taste—that was all."

This discourse in the mouth of a minister, addressed to a person with whom he was so acquainted, astonished me that I remained as if stupefied; he thought, apparently, that he had driven me to an extremity by the force of his arguments, for he took an air of satisfaction so comical, that it would have made me laugh if I could have overcome my indignation. He then stated, that in spite of my *sainthood*, I did not wish any body to be burned; that I declared, I did not pretend to guess what

was ■ crime in question ; that I had only said, if ■ punished it by fire, it ■ likely to be the object of every one's horror. " Punished with fire ! punished with fire !" cried ■ Pomereuil, " ■ are *Gothic barbarisms*, ■ happily out of fashion." " ■ more, Sir, allow me ■ say, that I am only speaking of the law ; I have ■ thing to do with the matter ; I repeat, that I wish to know nothing about the crime."—" Know nothing ! you know very well what it is, and I repeat ■ you, Madam, that *this crime* is only, ■ I have just said, ■ matter of bad taste, which surely does not deserve burning." " May I hope, Sir, for the restoration of my twenty-one pages ?" " We shall see, Madam ; I will think of it." At these words I rose : he wished to ■ out some excuses about the *useless trouble* I had taken in calling on him : I replied, that our conversation had been so curious, ■ I did ■ regret the time it had ■ me ; I turned ■ back to go away, and heard the sound of ■ footsteps accompany ■ a short way to ■ to the door ; I pretended not ■ perceive this, but opened the door, and walked out. I do not think ever minister displayed in a private ■ any person more impertinence, folly, and want of principle. This union ■ only to be ■ in a ■ philosopher, full of enthusiasm

MEMOIRS OF

sect. I greatly raised me new enemies; M. de Pome-reuil had many partisans. I have been told that a of talent, and an honest man; is certainly not calculated a high station.

For or five years, I had been in the habit of seeing society than I wished, yielding with too much complaisance to the wishes of others in particular. Among foreigners, was whom I became particularly attached; was a Pole, called the Count de Kosakoski; notwithstanding his travels, his absence, and many revolutions, our friendship has always been equally lively and tender. M. de Kosakoski is distinguished for the elevation of his sentiments, the purity of his principles, and the originality of mind. He did for my sake a thing which puerile, but which I valued extremely. He asked me for little samples of things I worked, and I gave them to him. had arranged in a large box, which was made on purpose for them as large as a desk, and this carried about with him in journeys. Being in service, he went to Russia. There he lost all his baggage; but had taken so much care of box containing my handy work, that it the only thing he succeeded in preserv-

ing. One regrets the time friendship, however frivolously is employed, is appreciated. The behaviour of the Emperor of Russia towards him since is magnanimous, I help here citing some instances of it. M. de Kosakoski possessed large estates in Poland, and persuaded that Napoleon would its dignity to his native country, he attached himself in that idea. "After Paris taken, he followed him remained with him all the time he passed Fontainebleau, and quitted him till the he entered his carriage his departure for the island of Elba; M. de Kosakoski this returned Paris, where he informed, that all his goods confiscated; he then determined in person, and solicit the restoration of them from the Emperor of Russia; he presented at that monarch's audience, who when his announced, asked him if was that he had followed Napoleon Fontainebleau:—"Yes, Sire," replied M. de Kosakoski, "up to the time of his departure I with him; if he had asked me to accompany him, I should have hesitated." The emperor applauded this answer, asked de Kosakoski what he desired of him? "Sire," replied

Kosakowski, "I demand the restitution of my property in Poland." "It shall be restored to you," replied the emperor; who immediately gave orders on the subject, and all the property was recovered.

Another foreigner, a charming lady, who was of all goodness, the Duchess of Courland; she was charming in face, disposition, and manners; I shall relate a curious anecdote of her. The empress had an enormous quantity of Bonaparte's letters, written in his hand, and addressed to Josephine, (then his wife,) during his campaigns in Italy, and his residence at Turin; Josephine apparently attaching no value to them, allowed the box containing them to lie about, and had never left it open. A faithless servant stole them, unknown to her, and offered them, I do not know how, to Madame de Courland. She gave me all these letters to copy. I read them with avidity, and found them totally different from what I had imagined.*

The following is a charming expression which I found in some of the letters: Bonaparte was blaming Josephine for her weakness and frivolity

* The editor of these memoirs possesses a copy of these curious letters, and proposes speedily to publish them.—(Note by the Editor.)

of her character, ■■■ he adds—" *Nature has given you a soul of lace, ■ me ■ of steel.*" The common phrase is *a soul of cotton*. There ■■■ ■■■ thing of gallantry and good ■■■ ■■ substituting ■■ that ■■■ expression the word *lace*, which ■ all ■■■ presents ■ delicate and pleasing image. In another letter, ■■ displays much jealousy with respect to Josephine's visitors, and especially on *the quantity of young dandies** whom she received daily; and he orders her rigorously to dismiss them all. It is plain from the succeeding letters that Josephine obeyed, but that she thenceforth complained of her health ■■■ of her nerves; Bonaparte then imagined that *ennui* ■■■ the cause of the derangement of her health—accordingly he writes ■ her, that he would rather suffer from jealousy, than know her to be ill, and that he allows her ■ *recall the dandies*.

These letters ■■■ in ■ hand very ■■■ to read, but nevertheless I succeeded in making them all out; they were truly clever ■■■ touching. ■■■ ■■■ no appearance of ambition in them; they expressed ■■■ sensibility, and proved ■■■ Bonaparte ■■ for his wife the ■■■ lively and tender affection, while Josephine was incapable of replying to ■■■ exalted sentiments.

* In orig. ■■■■











































In the mean time, M. Ameilhon urged me to quit my apartments, for I was to have in exchange; but finding I put off doing so, he bethought himself in order to quicken my motions, of an expedient once simple and extraordinary. I had an antichamber, common also to the library, of which he was director; the large doors of my apartments opened into the antichamber, which I was obliged to pass in entering or leaving my rooms. One day, after paying my morning visits, I returned to my lodgings about two o'clock, and found the passage into my rooms particularly easy, as M. Ameilhon had removed the two folding doors. After having a positive explanation of this proceeding, and seeing that the library was still open, I entered: I found several young men there, writing or reading for their instruction, and M. Ameilhon gravely seated before a large table, on which lay a large quarto, which he was perusing: I am the person in the world the least fond of scenes, but this strange adventure completely forced me of my natural character; I went up to M. Ameilhon, and said: "Monsieur, I have just been informed, indeed I perceive that you have carried away the door of my apartments; I suppose it is right belonging to the director of the Arsenal library,

and in that case I shall trouble you ■■■ me the authority by which you ■■ thus, ■■■ I shall immediately submit; if not, have the goodness instantly ■■ replace the doors, otherwise, I ■■■ without delay ■■ complain ■■ the minister, ■■■ in passing, ■■ ■■ judge." At these words, without waiting for ■■ reply, I went ■■ of ■■ room, ■■■ ■■■ my own apartments, placing ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ in ■■ anteroom, in order ■■ ascertain what ■■■ passing there, and desiring them to acquaint ■■ with whatever should take place. On leaving the library, I had cast a glance upon the spectators, and read in every face surprise and approbation.

An ■■ of such folly and violence is hardly to be conceived; the whole of the Arsenal witnessed it. I explain it by the idea that M. Ameilhon had of ■■ good-nature and my invincible aversion ■■ all ■■■ ■■ discussion; I ■■■ yielded in ■■ many things, ■■ his fancies and his despotism, that he ■■■ doubted this act of vigour ■■ ■■ part would force me to depart that very day, and move ■■■ my ■■■ lodging, of which I had furnished ■■■ ■■■ My discourse, however, produced ■■ effect; ■■ feared another revolt, ■■■ the doors ■■■ replaced without delay. ■■ wrote me ■■ the ■■■ foolish ■■■ the world, ■■ ■■■

himself, giving ■■ ■■ ■■ ■■ that I could not even remember them. I remained a fortnight longer in these apartments, ■■ ■■ last quitted them to the great satisfaction of M. Ameilhon. ■■ ■■ agreed that I ■■ carry into my ■■ lodging three handsome glasses from the ■■ one, yet I could never obtain them ■■ ■■ Ameilhon; but what ■■ ■■ of all, I ■■ got ■■ ■■ garden, which was the object of all my wishes; I used entreaties and threats, but all ■■ of no avail. I ■■ have been obliged to write to the minister in order to back my claim; but I dreaded ■ series of little persecutions like those I had already experienced, and I renounced the project.

I forgot ■■ notice a fête which ■■ given me in my old ■■ and which ■■ ■■ charming ■■ I ought from gratitude ■■ mention it. A lady whom I ■■ ■■ seen, ■■ du Brosseron, who was acquainted with my brother, begged me to allow her to pass the evening of the *Mardi gras* along with some persons in disguise; I consented: the fête was to take place in four or five days. On the day of the *Mardi gras* they begged me not ■■ ■■ my drawing-room till ■■ evening—at half past eight I was told I might enter; I saw no other change ■■ first than a curtain hung over the

folding  of the entrance; shortly after I 
 fine symphony—it  music of  Con-
servatoire; the curtain  then drawn, and Ma-
dame du Brosseron entered, disguised  
chantress, holding  wand  her hand;  
up  me, and requested permission to show 
some of the greatest prodigies which her art had
 produced. This  compliment  fol-
lowed by  of  song, announcing that I 
about to witness a long series of pictures, as
charming  various.  the enchantress was
singing, the curtain  been again closed; but
she caused it to be once more opened, and I saw
through  transparent   picture, admirable
for its grouping and costume, representing a scene
from *Adèle*  *Théodore*. Both the figures and
attitudes  admirable. While  looked on,
the enchantress explained it by saying  verse;
the curtain then closed, and while   picture
 preparing, the orchestra played  new sym-
phony; afterwards a series of pictures, taken from
all my works was exhibited, of which the com-
position and colouring were quite brilliant and
beautiful. Each picture was explained in a couplet
 by  de Brosseron, and each pause
  by  symphony. The persons of 
scene, changing their costumes according  

subjects, which seemed created expressly for the they represented ; example, Mademoiselle d'Aubanton,* aged fifteen, of beauty, covered with precious stones, and in a robe embroidered with gold, was a perfect picture of beautiful Duchess of Clèves, in *Knights of the Swan*. Olivier Isambard with their and their devices admirably represented by Messieurs d'Offemont and Desangiers. Mesdames du Crest and Georgette a perfect notion of Diana and Alphonsine in the *Cavern* : (in *La Tendresse Maternelle l'Education sensitive*.) Madame d'Aubanton, very handsome, seemed de Maintenon herself. Madame de Sainte Anne, sister of Madame du Brosseron, who had a most agreeable face, was truly touching as Madame de La Vallière in her nun's dress, and in her cell. Delarue, daughter of late Beaumarchais, displayed infinite grace as in the *Japon vert*. short, all pictures really delicious, well couplets written by de La Tremblaye and my brother : they given I still preserve them.

After exhibition, which two hours

* She afterwards married M. Carafa, the musical composer.—
(Note Editor.)

ard a half, M. du Brosseron disappeared, and a few minutes afterwards returned with all the personages of the pictures, who with their splendid costumes M. du Brosseron was attired as Flora, she held in her hand a group of flowers, which she presented to me; the rest of the company formed a group, holding up a beautiful picture splendidly framed and glazed, consisting of a wreath of beautiful artificial flowers, in the centre of which were my initials. I embraced all the ladies in company; I admired their costumes; afterwards we sat down, drank tea, and conversed till two in the morning. I never received nor witnessed a more ingenious fête. A short time previous, Casimir had given me one on my birth-day, the 25th of January; that fête was less brilliant, but more touching to my heart. Casimir astonished me by the diversity and the perfection of his talents; he harp played a new and interesting part; he composed a piece without words, of which his harp only seemed to express the subject, David calming the fury of Saul. Michelot, who had just come out with the Théâtre Français, represented Saul; Casimir, aged seventeen, was David; he was dressed with admirable taste by Talma, who was invited to the fête, and who had the goodness to arrange

a superb dress, and energy and truth of pantomime ravished spectators. The handsome face of Casimir, youth, the expression beauty of his playing, singular beauty of his musical composition, rendered the quite enchanting inimitable; the played a stage erected in the anti-chamber. We played a Vaudeville proverb by M. Radet; Casimir Joly, a delightful actor Vaudeville, played parts in it with the gaiety and grace imaginable. M. Briffaut, author of the tragedy of Ninus, too, performed in another piece, in verse written by him for me, which met with great applause. This piece of verse is so agreeable, that I have preserved it, I have doubt my readers will thank me for inserting it here. The vanity of a writer is gone at my age; the publication of it so late is a proof of this. I merely wish to embellish these memoirs by a charming literary morceau.

LA [REDACTED] ET LA CRITIQUE.

DIALOGUE,

Lu à la fête de Mme. de Genlis.

LA CRITIQUE.

[REDACTED] vas-tu, déesse aux cent voix ?
 Fixe un moment l'essor de tes rapides ailes ;
 Ecoute.

LA [REDACTED]

Je ne puis.

LA CRITIQUE.

Qui te presse ?

LA RÉPONSE.

Tu vois

Ces lauriers, ces palmes nouvelles.

LA CRITIQUE.

[REDACTED] ces lauriers si verts quel front doit être orné ?

LA [REDACTED]

Un front [REDACTED] mille fois nos mains ont couronné.

Je vais chez la muse immortelle
 Qui traça Théodore [REDACTED] qui peignit Adèle.
 Tu ne la connais pas.

LA CRITIQUE.

[REDACTED] que trop.

LA RÉPONSE.

Qui! toi ?

LA CHATRAQUE.

Son nom est un sésu pour moi :
 Je ne peux pas mordre sur elle,
 Moi qui, grâces au ciel, trouve toujours moyen
 De faire au champ des arts une moisson si belle.
 Chez elle, c'est pitié, je ne récolte rien,
 Et pourtant j'y travaille bien.
 Oh ! quelle diablesse cruelle !
 Entre nous, je l'avoue ici de bonne foi,
 Si tout étoit formé sur un pareil modèle,
 Je serais bientôt sans emploi.
 Chaque jour, sous sa plume élégante et fleurie,
 Voit éclore un chef-d'œuvre où l'esprit se marie
 ■ la piquante instruction ;
 Où, sans la comprimer, le goût et la jeunesse
 Régient l'imagination ;
 Où tout plaît, égaye, intéresse,
 Par le secret d'un style harmonieux, coquet,
 De verve, d'heureux mots, de traits étincelans,
 Riche de sentiment et de délicatesse ;
 Modèle universel mieux senti qu'imité ;
 Soit que sur les travers de la société
 Elle attache, en riant, le trait du ridicule ;
 Soit que sur les erreurs d'une sotte crédule
 Elle fasse en secret soupir la beauté
 Qui rougit, rêve, s'intimide ;
 Et l'œil fixé long-temps sur une page humide,
 Mesure, d'un regard encore épouvanté,
 Toute la profondeur de l'abîme perfide,
 Dont, en passant, son flambouet si rapide
 ■■ découvre la vérité ; -
 Soit qu'au milieu des cours inquiétant le vice,
 Sa main jette, en jouant, les cent manques divers

Dont il pare son front pervers ;
 Et, de ses faux attraits déviant l'artifice,
 Oppose à sa difforme et triste nudité
 L'éternelle et chaste beauté
 D'un cœur orné de bienfaisances,
 De candeur et de pureté.
 Et jusqu'en ■■■ place la volupté
 Sur les lèvres ■■■ l'innocence.
 Dans tous ces tableaux enchanteurs,
 Chaque portrait est juste et chaque ton fidèle ;
 ■■■ goût ■■■ le pinceau, l'art choisit ■■■ couleurs,
 Et la nature est le modèle.
 Que faire ? par instinct moi je veux censurer.
 Mais voyez le malheur, je me laisse attirer
 ■■■ un plaisir ■■■ qui, malgré moi, m'enivre :
 Le crayon de mes mains tombe en touchant son livre,
 Et je ne sais plus qu'admirer.
 Je me détourne pour pleurer,
 Ou je perds mon humeur dans un éclat de rire ;
 Le beau profit pour la satire !
 Non, elle est sans défaut pour me désespérer.
 Ce qui m'achève encore, sans cesse elle t'éveille.

LA ■■■■■■■■■■

Avec elle, il est vrai, rarement je sommeille :
 Aussi je me fatigue à porter en tous lieux
 Le bruit toujours croissant de son nom glorieux ;
 ■■■ m'occupe plus que vingt auteurs ensemble,
 Et dans soi seule elle rassemble
 Tous les talents, tous les succès.
 ■■■ qu'on ■■■ ■■■ goût, je ne dois point prétendre
 Qu'on puisse se lasser jamais
 De l'applaudir et de l'entendre,
 Le moyen que je vive en paix !

Du moins si je n'avois qu'à prôner ses ouvrages !
 Mais sur mille autres dont qu'elle mit réunir
 Il me faut, sans relâche, appeler les suffrages

■ l'Europe et de l'avenir.

■ la vois au milieu d'une troupe enfantine :

 Semblable à ce Dieu bienfaisant,

Qui parle par sa bouche et se peint dans son cœur,

Elle accueille en son sein leur faible orphelin,

■ ses bras en tout temps sont ouverts au malheur ;

Prévoyante, du haut de son second génie,

■ épanche sur eux, comme un fleuve opulent,

Les dons de la vertu, les trésors du talent.

Et tous ces arbrisseaux dont la tige fleurit

Sans elle n'eût point vu ses rameaux verdoyans

Balancer dans les airs leur masse enorgueillie,

S'élevant, sous ses yeux, comme autant de présens

 Dont elle dote la patrie.

LA CARRIQUE.

Tu me racontes rien qui n'ait plus de cent fois

 Excité ma bile et ma haine.

J'ai beau vouloir, au fond de mon esprit sournois,

Donner un mauvais tour à tout ce que je vois,

 De son âme sensible, humaine,

Je suis certaine malgré moi :

■ le sais, et voilà ma peine.

LA RENOMMÉE.

L'aimable caractère ! adieu. Je m'aperçois

 Que ■ temps vole à tire d'aile.

■ s'oublie aisément, sitôt qu'on parle d'elle,

 Ou qu'on lit un de ses écrits.

C'est aujourd'hui sa fête, et pour tous ses amis

 Ce jour est un jour d'allégresse ;

Je vais m'associer à leur touchante ivresse.
 Le cercle sera court, mais il sera charmant :
 nos brillans Français c'est imposante,
 Et tout ce que le Nord présente
 De plus aimable et de plus grand ;
 Je serai dans mon élément :
 les arts lui rendront un hommage fidèle.
 De cette cécité solennelle,
 Comme tu peux penser, ton visage est banni ;
 Adieu. plains ton sort ; c'est mon puni
 ne pouvoir approcher d'elle.

Between the acts, Casimir danced *pas seul* in a beautiful manner, and afterwards he performed an instrument but little known, called the *fer harmonique* ; he played upon it in an angelic manner, to the delight of the whole audience, and finished the performance by a short comic scene, which he performed behind the curtain, which let down ; he first played the guitar and afterwards five six different parts, with various imitations, of which the illusion was surprising. After the performance, he presented me with two beautiful pictures by himself, the one representing a landscape, the other flowers in relief, sculptured in with curious perfection. The fête terminated by *ambigu*. There present about forty persons, and all were in a state of enthusiasm. This evening's performances my friends to

for others ; and I gave several which met with the

My acquaintance M. daily
intimate, as he showed the greatest friendship
for Casimir—a sentiment which Casimir partook
with the natural sincerity of his character. I
had also become acquainted with a young
of talents and excellent qualities—the Count
Joseph d'Estourmel, one of the friends belonging
period, whom I have good
preserve. I shall here detail a which
would have formed a very fine incident in of
Radcliffe's romances. One day the princess
de Beaufremont came carry out on a
ing visit to the Duchess of Courland ; found
her in her cabinet with eight ten other persons ;
M. de Talleyrand, the Viscountess Laval, M.
Narbonne, &c. &c. Half an hour passed in
conversation, and as I rose to take leave, I
induced stay, by hearing the persons present
with a mysterious air, " *Save it.*"
I asked for an explanation of this, but none was
given me ; and I imagined, by the number of
select persons assembled, and who did appear
accidentally on a visit, that there was to be
some of which I be a witness.
In a quarter of an hour a footman entered and

said, *All is ready*; we then [redacted] and [redacted] duchess begged [redacted] to pass into [redacted] drawing-room. I [redacted] pected to [redacted] something charming, and I was greatly surprised at the [redacted] which struck my eyes on my entrance. In the middle of the room stood a table, before which sat [redacted] tall man dressed in black, of a [redacted] aspect, and whose face [redacted] unknown [redacted] me. I [redacted] told to advance: I approached, [redacted] my eyes [redacted] the table, and saw that it [redacted] entirely covered with human skulls. The person [redacted] M. Gall: he was demonstrating his system [redacted] the per-[redacted] present from these heads. He [redacted] not told who I was, and he began to lecture. It appeared to me very curious and satisfactory, consequently, I do not think that his system leads to materialism. M. Gall only wishes to prove by facts that [redacted] are born with divers dispositions and inclinations: but he always adds, that morality and religion may modify, correct, or perfect them. There is nothing new in the system, or that [redacted] be disputed, except the experiments and the signs, which indicate these different dispositions and inclinations. In showing [redacted] the different protuberances upon the heads, he told us that all which [redacted] [redacted] be found [redacted] the lower part of the head [redacted] animal, and denoted [redacted] and low inclinations; and that those which [redacted] on the top of the [redacted] or

forehead, ■■■■ indications of talent or elevation of character; he ■■■■ by showing ■ the finest ■■■■ of all the protuberances, because it marks, according to him, three virtues—religion, elevation of mind, and perseverance; it ■■■■ the top and middle of the head.

This demonstration ■■■■ in ■■■■ particularly agreeable to me, because ■ have the bump in question to a degree of size which is quite extraordinary. I did not boast of having that glorious protuberance, but I determined to exhibit it in proper time and place to M. Gall, and very ■■■■ I had ■ opportunity of doing so. It was agreed, that all the party present should ■■■■ morning to my apartments to see the library of the Arsenal. They ■■■■ agreed on, and M. Gall ■■■■ of the party. When the company met in my drawing-room, I took him apart; ■ had no bonnet on, and I made him touch my head: he immediately cried ■■■■ with enthusiasm—"Ah! how fine that is!" He then explained ■■■■ subject of ■■■■ admiration; and M. de Talleyrand, in speaking of me, said, "You ■■■■ ladies, ■■■■ she is not ■ hypocrite." I ■■■■ sorry that Casimir's absence prevented his ■■■■ from being examined, but I have ■■■■ it since, ■■■■ he has also in a remarkable manner that ■■■■ protuberance. I begged M. Gall ■■■■ examine the ■■■■

of Alfred : he [redacted] it [redacted] one, [redacted] immediately said that he had the protuberances of geometry and mechanics : in fact, [redacted] has a genius for mechanics of a high kind. Alfred [redacted] then nine [redacted] years old.

M. Marigné, [redacted] whom I [redacted] presented a little basket made by myself of melon seeds, wrote immediately the following impromptu :

Joli panier, [redacted] plein de grâce,
Souvenir [redacted] précieux,
N'abandonne plus cette place :
[redacted] toujours devant mes yeux.
Joli panier,

Joli panier, de [redacted] présence
J'éprouverai plus d'un effet ;
Déjà je [redacted]
De l'effet [redacted] qui t'a fait,
Joli panier.

Joli panier, [redacted] temps qui [redacted]
Tu m'apprends comme on [redacted] jouir.
[redacted] l'esprit qui se déballe
[redacted] par ci par là dans son loisir,
[redacted] panier.

[redacted] panier, quand je contemple
[redacted] qu'a tirés Gœthe,
[redacted] goût j'y vois un exemple,
[redacted] emblème de ses écrits,
[redacted] panier.

MEMOIRS ■■

■■ panier, ■■ transparence
 ■■ ■■ style peint la clarté :
 ■■ ■■■■■ ont l'élégance,
 ■■ liens ■■ solidité,
 ■■■ panier.

■■■ panier, ■■■ ■■ ■■■■
 Je ■■ ■■■■ aussi retracté,
 Car ■■■■ toi, ■■ ma nature,
 Hélas ! je suis panier percé,
 Joli panier.

Joli panier, garde ces lignes
 Qu'à toi seul je veux confier,
 ■■ puissent ■■ vers être dignes
 D'être ■■ tous ■■ le panier,
 Joli panier.

Joli panier, pensant à celle,
 Pensant jusqu'à l'instant dernier,
 A celle que ce don rappelle,
 Je disai, lors, adieu panier,
 Joli panier.

■. Fiévée, whose conversation, when you ■■ well acquainted with him, is ■■ animated, interesting, and clever, often spoke to ■■ of articles which he addressed ■■ the emperor, and which were always full of good ■■■ if the correspondence ■■ printed, it would do him infinite honour. Napoleon gave him the situation of auditor, which entitled him to be a member of the council. ■ gave him ■■ head ■■■ important advice, for which

he often thanked me since. I advised him when he had any thing important to propose in council, to reserve it always for his correspondence, unless the business was pressing, not to allow of delay for a day, or even for a few hours. M. Fiévéé followed my advice, and gained thereby two things: first, that the emperor felt gratified; second, that appropriating the idea to himself, he naturally became interested in it, and supported it more strongly. M. Fiévéé told me that he was quite astonished at the talent, the acuteness, and the goodnature which the emperor discovered in council: he allowed himself to be contradicted, and even interrupted while speaking, without appearing to be at all offended: this is a fact which renders those who speak about him the more criminal if they did not boldly tell him the truth.

M. Alibert, a physician, and a man of letters and science, was also from time to time at the Arsenal: I loved exceedingly his animated, instructive, and frank conversation: he joins to his talent many excellent qualities, among others that of being unalterable towards his friends.

The Countess of Choiseul, a lady of whom I was weary of speaking, was as charming as it is regular, and unites to the best principles

the most attaching qualities. She was born a poetess, and of a very elevated kind: she composed sixteen, which would do honour to a poet of forty. She constantly cultivated this talent; her modesty has led her to retain her productions hitherto in her portfolio. She afterwards married the Count de Choiseul Gouffier, a celebrated and so worthy of being so, through his love for the arts, his talents, his travels, and the splendid works he has published. He might in point of age have been the father of Madame de Choiseul: she had for him an attachment founded on esteem and admiration: she married him in order to take care of his old age, a duty which she fulfilled in an exemplary manner; she honoured his memory not only by erecting a tomb to it, but by the touching regrets.

Madame de Fontanes was three or four times seen at the Arsenal. Never did a man of so much talent show so little in his conversation. He was accused of the *galimatias* of the new schools; but he has something in his manner of pretension which is light and lively, and of other times, which seemed to be wanting in grace. As a poet he is below his reputation, for he composed any great poetical work; as an orator in the Senate, he may be justly praised for having

the good taste to reject all false brilliancy neologisms, for having written speeches with purity, and talent, and elegance. has always displayed sentiments of religion, and this is a species of courage which in days can only belong to a correct thinker, and a person of an elevated mind.*

At an early period of my return to France, de Cabre introduced me to Madame Cabarus, formerly Madame Tallien, and since, Madame Caraman. I found her to be what she is—handsome, obliging, and amiable. Madame de Valence had written to me in Germany, that she had saved her life during the reign of terror, I looked upon her deliverer with tender emotion: in the person I saw the woman who really freed France from the cruelties of Robespierre. I heard M. de Valence employ a very pretty phrase in speaking of Madame Tallien while both were at Hamburg; saying she ought to give Madame Bonaparte the title of *Notre Dame des Victoires*, which M. de Valence said, that in that Tallien merited the surname of *Notre Dame Bon Secours*.†

* He is dead since this was written.—(Note by the Author.)

† There existed at before the Revolution a large abbey in this my mother was educated.—(Note by the Author.)

Prince Jerome, afterwards King of Westphalia, several times to see me at the Arsenal; I found him possessed of the most amiable manners, and great politeness, besides the talent of conversing agreeably.

I had just finished a work which I had long been commenced, to which I had devoted all the pains which I was likely to enhance my talents in this way. This was a set of all the mythological flowers, painted of their natural size; two or three lines, written beneath each plant, explained the metamorphosis or the consecration. I had written no particular text; frequently several plants were drawn upon the same piece of paper, encircled with a frame which was called a *passe-partout*. The whole formed seventy-two pictures. I showed them to several artists, who were charmed with them—among others Alphonso Giroux. Some time after being in want of money, I was desirous of selling them. I was sure that by proposing them to the King of Westphalia, I should obtain a liberal purchaser; but being unwilling to abuse either his natural generosity or his kindness for me, I found myself of getting the collection mentioned to him as being executed by an unknown artist. He expressed a wish to see it; the idea of the execution pleased him; he offered six

thousand francs for it, I accepted. When Giroux was informed of this, he was extremely grieved that I had given him preference. The King of Westphalia, learning that the drawings were mine, addressed very obliging reproaches to me on the subject. I replied in such a way as to convince him that the feelings of delicacy which had led me to conceal my name, would never allow me to change any arrangements I had made in the matter.

Several years afterwards the Queen of Westphalia, who resided at Mendon, invited me to go thither; I have visited her there several times, and I congratulate myself on having become acquainted with a princess, charming in all respects, and whose conduct as a wife has been since exemplary and so admirable.

I ought not to forget in this memoir a person then so agreeable for her face, the charm of her air, her manners and her talents—Madame Delarue, daughter of M. Beaumarchais. Madame Roger had a handsome country-house near Paris, where I went to pass a week with Madame Kevens; I was touched with the union which seemed to reign between Madame Roger and her husband, who was as handsome as she was pretty, and very agreeable in company. I met M. Carion

Nisas, brother-in-law of [redacted] Roger, a [redacted] of talent, who [redacted] since written some tragedies, of which [redacted] [redacted] been several times performed [redacted] the Theatre Français, and the other [redacted] composed [redacted] [redacted] plot of my invention, of which I gave the plan in my *Imaginary Journal*. This piece is [redacted] in his portfolio; M. Picyre, who has heard it read, has told [redacted] that it [redacted] extremely fine. There happened to [redacted] at this country house, [redacted] adventure in which Madame Roger [redacted] involved, which occasioned [redacted] the most painful embarrassment I have ever experienced in my life. I [redacted] [redacted] evening in the drawing-room, *entre chien et loup*, alone with her and Madame Kevens; [redacted] [redacted] talking of a [redacted] whom she praised highly; I began by blaming her for having separated from her husband, and ended by declaiming against divorces: in the midst of this appropriate discourse, [redacted] [redacted] entered; we rose, and Madame [redacted] Kevens dragged me with her into the garden; [redacted] [redacted] arrival there, after having well scolded [redacted] she threw [redacted] into the deepest surprise by informing [redacted] [redacted] Madame Roger [redacted] a divorcée, and that her [redacted] husband was called [redacted] Bignon. I could [redacted] [redacted] from my surprise [redacted] [redacted] that so young a woman, [redacted] [redacted] ingenious a physiognomy, and who [redacted] so [redacted] [redacted] virtue [redacted] reli-

gion, should have husbands alive! I could conceive, I repeat, so young a person have been separated from her husband; but it is to be remembered that but fifteen the time of her separation. I did to venture again into the drawing-room—I rather wished immediately Paris; but Madame Kevens prevented me from doing this, by representing to me that nothing be marked towards Madame Roger; that I must appear again; that I should find no feeling of resentment, but only a embarrassment in Madame Roger, for that of she would only ascribe what had passed to my ignorance. I remained, and Madame Roger obliging to as usual. She never discovered any ill-feeling towards me on account of my blunder. This incident occurred shortly after I went first to Arsenal, when I totally unacquainted with the intrigues of existing society.

I became also acquainted with a who was celebrated, and deserved be so, de Vannoz, as estimable in point of virtue as of talent; she wrote an Elegy on the *Tombs of Saint Dennis*, which has been thought fine by the best judges, even those who most admired that

of M. de Trenouil the same subject; her lot to struggle successfully against the greatest poets, for afterwards composed *Epistle* *Conversation*, which appeared the same time with of M. Delille, which has been generally preferred to the work of a person of such talents. The Abbé Delille's poem on *Conversation*, like his other works, is deficient in imagination, in plan and in purity of style, possesses none of the beauties which in his other productions serve to his defects. This poet, whose works are full of false brilliancy, thoughts, and strange expressions, had animation and brilliancy of colouring; he fine versifier, and no author knew better than the mechanism of alexandrines. He has thrown away all these advantages by composing his poem on *Conversation* in verses of ten syllables; not accustomed of measure, which is the failure, at least as a poet; in this work, in which has caricatured characters of La Bruyere in deavouring to imitate them. The best of M. his earliest, translation of the *Georgics of Virgil*. His poem *Les Jardins* has a radical defect, arising from his ignorance

of ■■■ subject; he had ■■■ been in England, nor seen ■■■ finest gardens laid ■■■ in the style which he ■■■ described; but the description of the farm ■■■ sufficient, and deserved to ensure its ■■■. ■■■ *Homme des Champs* is full ■■■ charming passages, but it is ■■■ failure ■■■ whole ■■■ poem ■■■ the Imagination is destitute of fancy, which in such ■■■ subject is certainly ■■■ capital defect. His translation of the *Eneid* ■■■ tains ■■■ fine pieces, but it is somewhat cold and dull ■■■ the whole; ■■■ poem of the *Trois Règles*, is ■■■ dry and tiresome work, because the sciences ■■■ not fit subjects for poetry;* nevertheless, this poem contains several fine passages; among others, the lines on ■■■ *Tempest in the Desert*, the ■■■ on *Coffee*, and ■■■ large number of happy thoughts and lines; there ■■■ three very remarkable ■■■ in the Episode of ■■■ Civil Wars of Florence. viz.

- “ Un vain peuple, à la fois et féroce et volage,
- Après, l'avoir formé, détruit son ouvrage,
- Et, toujours entraîné, croyait toujours choisir.”

* With the exception perhaps of Botany; there might be an agreeable poem framed on this subject with the help of ■■■ fancy. This task is yet to be performed; Darwin's *Love of the Plants* is excessively monotonous. (*Note by the Author.*)

The last line is excellent; but the poem is full of bad lines, as for example the following :

" *Dodone inconsulte a perdu ses oracles.*" †

In ■■■ poem the Episode of Musidor is destitute of ideas, of grace, and ■■■ of talent, and throughout the poem is cold. I have forgotten in my enumeration the poem of *Pity*, (a work which might have been ■■■ touching, but in which the author has succeeded only in spinning detached passages of ■■■ poem,) which without any interest, possesses nevertheless some pretty passages. The same criticism will nearly apply to his translation of Milton. M. Delille ■■■ a fine versifier, and a clever and brilliant poet, it is a pity that his taste ■■■ not more severe; he has spoiled that of a great number of young poets, who have copied his defects without possessing ■■■ talents; but it is impossible to leave him without lauding the profound respect which he ■■■ always shown for morals and religion.

My brother, whose wife and daughter ■■■ in

† An equally absurd verse has escaped from the author's pen in l' ■■■

" *Né ■■■ père perna et d'une mère naure.*"

(*Note by the Author.*)

Switzerland, a great falling in health about the time of my establishment in my lodgings; in order to have an opportunity of attending to him, I entreated him to reside with me; Casimir gave him his room, and slept in an antichamber, a folding bed, during the two months which my brother passed with me; I had the happiness of seeing him recover his health, after which he left Paris to rejoin his family. During his residence at the Arsenal, he acquainted me with several projects he had to propose to the government; in all the successive memorials he presented, there were always excellent and clever ideas; even the Institute, in several of its reports on his works, has acknowledged them in terms the most honourable to him; but all he wished to do has always been undone by a magical phrase in order to injure him in the eyes of every government; it has been said, that he was a projector,* as all inventors of every description are not always projectors! My brother is incapable of intrigue; he occupied himself with meditating profoundly, with reflecting, and labouring in silence; but these things will not enable him to succeed. My brother might have been, if he had chosen

* In orig. *Un homme d projets.*

that career, a most distinguished man of letters ;
 ■■ ■■ received from ■■■■ ■■ ■■■■ fortunate
 organization ; great natural ■■■■ ■■ the arts,
 and talents for musical composition ; he has com-
 posed airs for several songs which have been
 greatly liked in company ; one of these airs was
 thought ■■ pretty, that the famous Jarnovitz
 made variations on it for the violin. My brother
 commenced ■■ large work, entitled *Henry IV.* of
 which he ■■■■ ■■ have composed both the words
 and the music ; the poem which he finished ■■■■
 charming ; he composed the music of the two
 ■■■■ acts, which he shewed ■■ Méreau (an ■■■■
 cellent composer) who ■■■■ quite astonished at it,
 and who encouraged him by the highest eulogies
 ■■ persevere. At this moment, however, some
 business occurred, which made my brother aban-
 don his opera ; afterwards he forgot ■■ entirely ;
 and lastly, in ■■■■ of his various changes of
 house, ■■ of country, he lost it. ■■■■ limited his
 poetical talents ■■ the composition of charming
 familiar ■■■■, which he wrote with uncommon
 promptitude ■■■■ facility. I will venture ■■ say,
 that ■■■■ disposition and ■■■■ heart ■■ worthy of
 equal praise with ■■■■ talents ; ■■ ■■ ■■ ■■
 more sincerely obliging, more incapable ■■ ■■■■
 ■■ resentment, ■■ ■■■■ naturally good hearted,

feeling, and generous; no one was ever more trusty or of milder temper in company; XXXX have lived much together, and in the XXXX of our long career, XXXX have never XXXX a quarrel, XXXX any thing in the nature of a dispute; we have been XXXX strictly united by the ties of friendship XXXX of blood.*

M. de Treneuil XXXX now attached XXXX the library of XXXX Arsenal; I found in him the XXXX obliging of neighbours, and the XXXX amiable of friends; his place XXXX immediately next to that of M. Ameilhon; if he had at that time held the latter, I XXXX should have quitted the Arsenal.

I had fixed for myself at the Arsenal, occupations which I had marked out and adhered to. The certainty of having all the books I XXXX XXXX led XXXX XXXX occupy much time in reading, though I had no longer the ardour and the passionate relish XXXX study which I formerly possessed. From the time that Mr. Stone XXXX stolen my extracts, which I XXXX XXXX my daughter in XXXX XXXX I XXXX XXXX that powerful attraction which XXXX XXXX one XXXX augment a large collection which XXXX been formed with much labour and pains; besides, I had read again and again all our good writers,

* I had the misfortune to lose my brother in 1824. (Note by the Author.)

and all our best works. I now turned my attention to our curious books, but I no longer the pleasure I once had in endeavouring to make entertaining extracts; I felt my courage fail on reflecting that I lost in quantity more than sixty printed volumes, all written by my own hand. I confined myself to making some notes, which have since produced a great many manuscripts. However, a very interesting new book I read, the work of M. de Bonald, entitled *La Législation primitive*, a work of talent, excellent principles, and genius, written in a style at once brilliant, piquant, and natural. It made the deeper impression upon me, as I knew, like every other person, that the author who in that work displays so much feeling of religion, had at times professed the opposite principles, and his noble and virtuous conduct had always been in harmony with his belief. His eulogy is of a suspicious kind. I have never had any connection, direct or indirect, with M. de Bonald; I have been even informed, that he had conceived some prejudices against me. My natural indolence, when any sedentary work is in question, has always prevented me from endeavouring to justify myself to him. I have no need of his friendship to order to admire

him ; I even regard it as a satisfaction to render him a piece of justice, which is altogether disinterested.

When M. de Bonald's book appeared, Napoleon had been years on the throne, and he had the glory of re-establishing religion and of putting down false philosophy. The disciples of Voltaire and others durst not avow their principles. Voltaire, and all the writers of his party, had lost a great share of their reputation ; their works were sold at low prices, and the number of speculations which have been reprinted them ; in short, modern philosophy was universally decried and despised. What proves this fully is the following paragraph, extracted from the *Législation Primitive*, which I here literally copy :

“ There are many persons who pretend to who refuse either to be convinced of certain truths or to be brought into certain ways, and who take the unreasonable resolution of denying what they venture to investigate. These persons may have given themselves the name of *esprits forts*, at a time when those who wished to free themselves from a rule troublesome to their self-love and inconvenient to their passions, contented themselves which looked on reasoning ; but when these persons are more brought into

rendered palpable by [redacted] experiments, the [redacted] of philosopher [redacted] [redacted] more highly valued ; it [redacted] not [redacted] obtained by repeating the sophisms of J. J. Rousseau, the follies of Helvetius, the *logograghs* of the Baron d'Holbach, [redacted] the [redacted] of Voltaire."

Such, in fact, [redacted] the [redacted] of things when M. de [redacted] thus expressed himself ; it [redacted] [redacted] have been supposed that the restoration would have annihilated [redacted] philosophy, and the contrary is the [redacted]. This [redacted] [redacted] fact which gives rise to many afflicting reflections.

The *Génie du Christianisme*, of M. de Châteaubriand, appeared two or three months before the *Legislation Primitive*. The former work made [redacted] great sensation, and deserved to do so ; there are many admirable fragments to be found in it, among others, the first cultivation of the lands, and the [redacted] episode of *Atala* ; this work has been of great service [redacted] religion, and consequently [redacted] the [redacted] narchy ; for legitimate government, like morality, has no [redacted] [redacted] but religion. The enemies of M. [redacted] Châteaubriand [redacted] [redacted] to reproach him with the affectation [redacted] obscurity of [redacted] style ; [redacted] they [redacted] they do him ample justice by acknowledging that [redacted] are [redacted] *fine pages in* [redacted] works ; [redacted] be just, they ought [redacted] [redacted] quite the

contrary; the general structure of his works is always worthy of praise and admiration, the severest criticism would be unable to discover more than a dozen of hazardous phrases. We might find more in the sublime writings of Bossuet—in the *chefs d'œuvre* of Racine (that is to say in all the pieces of that great poet which he performed) we may find out fifteen or sixteen bad lines; and many may be discovered in the *Jerusalem Delivered*, the most interesting of all epic poems. M. de Châteaubriand is not susceptible of attack even on this head in his poem of *The Martyrs*, in which he seems to have taken Homer for his model. That work certainly contains great beauty, but it appears to me, that by contrasting Christianity and Mythology, that is to say fable and truth, the author might have presented a picture of the admirable *simplicity* of the primitive Christians, of their union, their charity, their disinterestedness, their adoptions, their religious solemnities, which would have formed a striking opposition to the bloody fêtes of Bellona, the infamous Bacchanalian entertainments, the feasts of Flora, and the pagans, to whom the author does not allude. The work of M. de Châteaubriand, which I admire the most is the *Itinéraire de Jérusalem*; that work contains some delicious descriptions

and beginning to end, it is pervaded by a religious feeling, always and touching; the effect produced upon the traveller by the sight of the islands of Greece, by sight of Jerusalem, are described with perfect truth and in an admirable style. That work would of itself its illustrious author the brilliant and solid renown.

The following the relations I had with M. de Châteaubriand. I was not at first acquainted with him when he sent me on its appearance the *Génie du Christianisme*, with a very polite note. The *Génie du Christianisme*, when published, was the subject of the best founded praise and the bitterest censure. You might, it is true, cite from the work a few adventurous phrases. I defended M. de Châteaubriand in company, with all the vivacity which marks my character; he had against him all the enemies of religion, and all envious men of letters, who formed a host; and I may say truly, that I acquired many foes personally by defending him. I was, nevertheless, quite aware, and certain, through M. Cabre, that M. de Châteaubriand was quite of a different feeling towards me; but this never prevented me from conducting myself in the same way with regard to him, from writing

the emperor, at a time when he was much against him. I showed this letter to M. de Cabre, who thought it of interest. M. de Châteaubriand, that he begged me to allow him to show it to Madame de Laborde; I did him, begging him to say to her the same time, that I had charged him (which was true) to seal the letter as soon as she had read it, and then to send it to M. de Lavalette, who managed my correspondence with the emperor; so that my conduct in the business is sufficiently clear. M. de Châteaubriand was not allowed to remain ignorant of the matter, and he thought himself obliged to call and thank me. He remained with me on this occasion a considerable time; we were tête-à-tête, and I received him very politely. I could, without any kind of explanation, speak on literary subjects; he expressed himself with remarkable simplicity and modesty; he appeared to me extremely amiable, and he has in reality more talent and wit than is necessary in order to be so.* I have since written eulogies of him,

When I wrote this, such were our respective relations; Viscount de Châteaubriand has since shown me the same kindness, and I shall always preserve a sincere attachment for a man who unites religious feelings to such high talents.—(Note by the Author.)

without adding to them a single word of criticism, in any of my works, and I have always used a language corresponding with such conduct. I have never been able to endure to hear any accusation of hypocrisy made against M. de Châteaubriand; first, because no one has a right to say that an author does not think as he writes; and next because one must have a feeling of what is true, if he is not persuaded that M. de Châteaubriand has written in a spirit of good faith, the finest parts of his works upon religion and the whole of his *Itinerary*. The writer of *Atala*—the person who, when at sea, and addressing himself to God, said “*Jamais je ne fus plus troublé de ta grandeur*” he who has so admirably described the impression which he felt at the sight of Jerusalem—can he be a hypocrite. I am not to be understood to speak of the episode of *René*; this is a brief romance, of which the conception is quite simple and immoral; a young person perfectly pure and pious, could never have experienced a passion so monstrous.

Since I am mentioning literature in the present work, I ought to consecrate an article in it to Madame de Staël. I have criticized her in my works, but because in hers she has openly attacked both morals and religion. It has been

for this, I should have only censured in general the incorrectness and obscurity of her style, but I should have cited any part of the absurd phrases which are plentifully scattered through her writings. I have never written these criticisms without observing all the rules of politeness, and without speaking with esteem of her person and her character. Madame de Staël had the misfortune to admire whatever turgid, antithetical, and nonsensical. The bloated style of M. Thomas to her, from her earliest youth, the perfection of eloquence. She joined this misfortune, that of having always neglected the writers of the brilliant of Louis XIV.; she had little solid information, and had made a serious study of the French language, of which she did not know the commonest rules, as may be seen in her first works, and in many parts of her later. Thus, she wrote—*qu'il est doux d'aimer de l'être**—and she frequently puts masculine in the feminine gender; for instance, I pointed out in one of my printed critiques upon her, that she ought to have *charmant épisode*, not *charmante épisode*. The work which stamped the reputation of Madame

* *Eloge de J. J. Rousseau.*

A book that entitled *Des l'Influence des Passions sur les Nations et des Individus*. The object is to prove the utility of the passions: the doctrine of the Encyclopedists, who constantly about Madame de Staël both in her infancy and youth. Her memory be charged these pernicious principles, which she imbibed from her cradle. Madame Necker, her mother, a philosopher without knowing it: M. Necker an antiphilosopher, from the uprightness of his character, but a philosopher, through the falseness of his judgment; he combatted sincerely the impiety of his sect, but adopted many which might be a basis to irreligion: for it is to be remarked, that the plots of the modern philosophers are well laid, that they have deceived the understandings of a great number whose hearts they could not corrupt. It is in that work of Madame de Staël, which I have just cited, that she pronounces the highest eulogy on suicide, styling this crime in words of length, a *sublime act*. She exclaims, "How foolish it is that wicked men are incapable of performing so sublime a deed!" I replied at the time, that I thought it strange she should have forgotten the wicked men.

dishonoured names in history have been suicides—*Judas, Sardanapalus, Messalina, Nero*. For sake of morality, religion, and literature, have turned into ridicule many sentiments and phrases in the works of Staël, especially in my novel, entitled *La Femme Philosophe*: and afterwards in the *Influence of women upon French literature*. These critiques (though accompanied by much praise,) have rendered her my enemy.* However, in respects, she has profited by them; she has publicly acknowledged since the restoration, that she repented of, and disavowed all she had written upon suicide; so I hope, that in a second edition, published twenty-three years after the first, of the *Influence of the Passions*, and which has appeared since the death of Madame de Staël, her panegyric on suicide has been withdrawn. I have also been of some Madame de Staël in point of style. It is certain, that since the publication of the *Femme Philosophe*, there has been much less affectation

* With an excellent house, and much and celebrity, is easy to obtain many partisans. For my part, I have always been exceedingly offended when any one depreciated the talents of de Staël, in order to flatter me, and I can sincerely say, that I have never allowed it. I confess, my pride had as much to do with this as my generosity.—(Note by the Author.)

in [] mode of writing. Nevertheless, in her work [] Germany, there are several phrases, [] paragraphs which are incomprehensible in the ideas, the surprising assemblage of words which ought never to come together, [] the sense, which the author herself could [] possibly have comprehended; for example, the following passage:—

“In order to conceive the true grandeur of Lyric poetry, we must wander in a reverie into the regions of ether, and forgetting the sounds of the earth, listen to the harmonies of heaven, and consider the universe as the symbol of the [] tions of the soul. . . . The poet feels his heart beat for a celestial happiness, which traverses like lightning the glooms of fate.” (Volume iii.)

The first of Madame de Staël's novels, *Delphine*, met with [] success, and indeed [] quite unworthy of it. That of *Corinne*, like all the other writings of Madame de Staël, [] not successful in point of sale: for it is remarkable, that in spite of all the [] of her friends, [] [] could procure the sale of [] edition of any of her works in a few days. Her second novel, *Corinne*, with [] [] of style, which the author has always retained, passes for her best work; but [] wants invention, probability, [] interest. The heroine,

who loves ■ passionately, is neither attached to her country ■ her family; she braves all received ■ and all notions of propriety; she gives herself up to ■ furious passion, and I must confess I regard it ■ inexcusable, to create heroines in order to describe them ■ extravagant, and then ■ propose them ■ ■ ■ models worthy of ■ entire admiration. In this work, Corinne is represented ■ us ■ prostrating herself ■ the shore before her lover, and rising with a scratched forehead. It has been discovered, that she imitated in this novel ■ scene in one of my romances, where my heroine is made ■ wander in despair through the fields and woods, and return home pale, trembling, frozen, and overwhelmed with misery. It ■ ■ ■ undesignedly that I placed this ■ in winter. If, in such a situation, my heroine had wandered about the country in summer, under ■ burning sun, she must have returned perspiring and flushed, and could have offered no idea ■ the mind but that of a Bacchante. Madame ■ Staël, in changing the scene, has also changed the season; the adventure takes place at Naples, during ■ fervours of ■ thirsty summer. In this work ■ ■ ■ be found, besides ■ continual ■ of taste, the ■ singular ideas: thus ■ ■ ■ Corinne, who

from time to time experiences religious feelings, to pray in the chapel of the Virgin, and confide in her the object of her flame, "because, (says she,) [she speaks of the Holy Virgin!] must be a natural compassion to the afflictions of the heart." Yet her work presents many passages worthy of praise; her improvisations of Corinna, however, required a style, which is never discoverable in them; they want both eloquence and ideas.

Towards the close of her life, Madame de Staël had a splendid house at Paris, and a large fortune; she had aided in the restoration, which fairly ensured her the respects and attentions of the royalists; and she affected the most liberal principles, and received the chiefs of that party at stated hours. Thus, at the end of her career, she had partisans and praisers among all parties; she speaks well of them all in her posthumous work which has been praised by the liberals with the most inconceivable exaggeration. For example, they laud excessively the phrase in which Henry IV styled the French of all kings; a phrase which is borrowed from the portrait of this monarch drawn by me in my *History of Henry the Great*. I venture to say, that my phrase, which

expressed the idea, and of which no journalist had ever spoken, was better turned than that of Madame de Staël.

Literary works reach posterity with honours but when they possess acknowledged incontestable beauty of style. Seneca, in spite of his superior talents, which were eminently brilliant, the elevated sentiments, has never been a classic author.

Madame de Staël will always rank among celebrated women, but her productions will rank among classical works, though there is often a superior mind to be discovered in them. I have always regretted that a woman such as her's was not better cultivated and better directed, and that she did not derive her notions in literature from a better school; the enthusiasm, *perole*, of the first years of her youth, has excited a melancholy influence on her literary existence. I often saw Madame de Staël before her mother's death; she then discovered great cleverness but at the same time an uneasy vivacity.

Necker often brought her daughter to the Chateau while the Belle-Chasse; there was always something exaggerated in her demonstrations of feeling, but never any thing like falsehood. She was sincere in her errors in her emphasis,

nothing ■■■ be ■ better excuse for her ■■■ system and her bad taste, ■■■ in her conversation and in her writings. ■■■ has often made me experience ■ sentiment of which she ■■■ suspected me: often when I thought of her, I have regretted sincerely that she had ■■■ been my daughter or my pupil; I should then have given her good literary principles, just ideas, and unaffected manners; with such ■ education, joined to her own talents, and her generous mind, she would have been ■ accomplished person, and the first female author of ■■ days.

The journals were not as ■■■■ ■ the time that I inhabited the Arsenal as they ■■■ are, when the spirit of party and of politics sometimes render their judgments ■ literary works so unjust. I ■■■ in the habit of reading the *Journal de Paris*, and ■■■ *Journal de l'Empire*. Geoffroy* ■■■ alive; he had talents, but he has been far too highly praised as a critic. Incapable of judging of works of sentiment, he spoke of them ■■■

* T ■■■■ critic. ■■ notices are ■■■ unjust ■■ ill-natured, ■■ almost always clever and piquant. ■■ ■■■ the greater part of his critiques ■ ■■■ *Journal des Debats*; but he degraded ■■■ by making a ■■■ of ■■ praises, ■■■ showered all kinds of abuse upon those who refused to purchase his laudation.—(Note by ■■ Editor.)

neously, sometimes absurdly. He said any thing against me; he had spoken of my works but favourably; therefore my opinion of him is quite impartial. He has written many excellent articles in his journal, but he has also written many which are exceedingly bad; his excessive partiality perpetually perverted his judgment. His style was in general piquant; there was pleasantry in his manner, but there was no variety. He has joined serious solid arguments with his wit, nor lauded with good taste; he wanted tact, and was always in extremes. He has often spoken grossly of Madame de Staël, and unjustly of Voltaire's tragedies; he said of the emperor, that *it would be atheism to deny his great qualities*; no one ever carried flattery further than he did, or was less sparing of the bitterest and most abusive criticism.

I have in my life meditated much on what I read. I did at this time; I read all the authors, not only of the age of Louis XIV., but that which preceded it; I particularly endeavoured, in studying the progress of the French language, to ascertain what the motives that had led to the rejection of the old words, and old modes of speech, and the introduction of new of expression, the which

■ language was composed, which ■ so rich in
chefs-d'œuvre. I had ■ till ■ ■ studied
 any thing relating to ■ subject, but the ex-
 ■ propriety of words, and harmony of ■
 language; Racine in verse, and ■ and
 ■ in prose, have in this respect been my
 principal masters; but the new study I had under-
 taken, possessed to ■ a particular charm; it ■
 necessary to penetrate into and divine the meanings
 of the greatest writers we have had; ■ exercise
 pleased my imagination, flattered my self-love,
 and piqued my curiosity. ■ seemed a fine thing
 to be initiated into such secrets; and from all I
 have been able to discover on the subject, I ■
 led ■ think there is always something moral, deli-
 cate, ■ ingenious in the changes ■ retentions
 which have been made; for instance, I have ■
 deavoured ■ ■ out why, when ■ banish from
 poetical language words and expressions which are
 only used in familiar speech, and which are in ■
 way disagreeable in themselves, ■ have neverthe-
 ■ retained several ignoble words, which present
 the ■ disgusting images, such ■ *boue*, *fange*,
fumier; ■ I have discovered that the language
 of ■ elevated mind ■ heart required the ■
 tion of ■ words, in ■ to be able, by odious
 comparisons, ■ depreciate ■ better what is vile,

and discover for all kinds of mean vices, the degree of contempt. If I to detail all my remarks on this subject, I have to write a volume; I content myself with saying, that this study has proved to me that the fixation of a language is the fruit and the work of the most ingenious, sound, and deep reflections, the purest.

Eight months before I the Arsenal, Casimir went to Vienna, where he with the utmost of all kinds: he there frequently the Prince de Ligne, to whom I given him a letter, and who in writing to me, and speaking of him said, he thought him an accomplished young Casimir not having yet been confirmed, received that at Vienna; and, agreeably to the custom of that country, he had a godfather: this was the Prince de Ligne. Another custom of the country authorises a godfather to give his godson one of the family names; accordingly, the Prince de Ligne gave Casimir his, which is de Ligne but De Morald, which Casimir thenceforth the right to bear on occasions. He was confirmed with great by the Archbishop of Vienna. Casimir performed at Vienna a very handsome action: Larcher,

an interesting person, full of talent, who played the violin with surprising skill for a woman and an amateur, lost all once a considerable fortune, without any fault of her own. She was advised to go to Vienna, in order to show her talents to account; but, she knew nobody there. She made no money, and was sunk in the most distressing embarrassments: in this extremity she was rescued by Casimir, who immediately proposed to her a concert for her own benefit, promising to perform in it, and permitting her to engage him. This announcement had the desired effect; the theatre was filled, and Madame Larcher delivered from her distressing situation.

I could quote many traits of this description in Casimir, but I shall content myself with one. He had the good fortune to procure, through one of his female friends, an excellent place with an illustrious Polish lady, for Madame Robadet, of whom I have already spoken. He attached so much value to this favour, that he thought himself bound to acknowledge the kindness of his friend, by giving her daughter gratuitously eighteen months lessons on the harp.

During Casimir's absence, I met with a very clever and estimable person, called Madame Rous-

sel,* whom I specially employed in the education of Alfred, with whose behaviour I had every thing he pleased, an account of his mildness, docility, and goodness of heart. He began to play very prettily on the harp : his address and dexterity in every respect truly extraordinary. Casimir had given him an enormous quantity of play-things ; when they were broken, he mended them again, and made others as well as the best workmen could have done : he has since cultivated that talent, which has become incomparable, as well as his talent for mechanics. From the age of fourteen or fifteen, it was he who mended, (and admirably,) all my most complicated locks, and who regulated all my clocks, with the mechanism of which he was so well acquainted, that he succeeded in making one with his own hands, without taking a single lesson from any watchmaker. He afterwards made without any advice an instruction a repeating watch, and a handsome clock for my grandson, of which he gilt and bronzed, himself, all the ornaments.

During my residence at the Arsenal, I passed three months in the country with Casimir

* She has since separated from me for her own advantage, as I procured her an excellent place in Italy, where she has been through the revolutions of that country.—(Note by the Author.)

Alfred; ■■ with ■■■ de Brady, ■■ ■■
 château of Rebrechien, near Orleans: the other
 with ■■■ du Brosseron, ■■ Sorel; and the
 third at Sillery. I could not again view the ■■■
 where I ■■ passed the happiest years of my early
 youth, without profound emotion. I found the
 ■■■ deplorably changed: the superb woods of
 ■■■ ■■ been cut down, ■■ ■■ the fir-trees
 in the court. A wing of the château, which ■■
 tained the handsome gallery and the chapel, ■■
 been thrown down; the delicious isles and the
 charming fabrics, which ■■ been reared ■■ their
 surface, by the polite attention of M. de Genlis,
 ■■ destroyed, and now presented only ■■ view of
 melancholy marshes: the ■■ of the château ■■
 deprived of its furniture. The handsome floors ■■
 the ground story, which had been new laid with pre-
 cious woods by the Marechale D'Etrée, had been
 ■■ up by revolutionary fury, because ■■ them
 were represented coats of arms, and the truncheon
 of a French marshal. I ■■ nothing ■■ give me
 pleasure, but ■■ ■■ in which Henry IV. ■■
 slept three nights: ■■ the ancient furniture ■■
 ■■ standing; ■■ crimson damask which covered
 them ■■ so old and decayed as not ■■ have tempt-
 ed the cupidity of the revolutionists. I experienced
 no other feelings than ■■■ of melancholy, while

■ ■ ■ residence, formerly so handsome and so brilliant—which a celebrated Englishman, (Mr. Young,) in his journey through France ■ ■ ■ the revolution, characterises by saying, ■ ■ ■ he had ■ ■ ■ nothing in France ■ ■ ■ Sillery. I caused ■ ■ ■ be performed in the parish church, a funeral ■ ■ ■ vice for my husband, ■ ■ ■ magnificently ■ ■ ■ such a thing can be done in a village. All the curates of the environs ■ ■ ■ present, and in order ■ ■ ■ have them ■ ■ ■ together, it ■ ■ ■ necessary ■ ■ ■ have ■ ■ ■ service celebrated ■ ■ ■ a working day. It ■ ■ ■ announced from the pulpit, and not a single peasant ■ ■ ■ absent. Even old ■ ■ ■ infirm ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ to the ceremony; and sick persons left their beds for the first time, in order to render that homage of their gratitude ■ ■ ■ the memory of their beneficent lord, whom they formerly loved so well! The church ■ ■ ■ full, that part of ■ ■ ■ peasants could ■ ■ ■ get in, but remained under the porch, and con- about ■ ■ ■ church. All the peasants without ■ ■ ■ ception subscribed something for the poor, and consented besides to lose the value of half a day's work: what academical discourse ■ ■ ■ equivalent ■ ■ ■ a eulogy like this!

■ ■ ■ the mean time at the Arsenal, the water having ■ ■ ■ through ■ ■ ■ old walls, there hap- pened several accidents, which might have proved

fatal : in the first place, infiltration caused an excessive humidity in my bed-room : next, several parts of the wall decayed ; among others, a window frame, which fell on Madame Roussel, and nearly killed her : however, by a miracle of good fortune, she was not wounded ; and it is equally surprising, that during the last six months I lived in these rooms, I never had the rheumatism. At length I requested that the necessary repairs should be made ; but M. Ameilhon, with his accustomed good-nature, persuaded the ministers that the expense would amount to more than fifteen thousand francs : the whole might have been accomplished for one hundred louis. I was informed that the library did not possess the necessary funds ; it became necessary for me to resolve on quitting the Arsenal. As the government had undertaken to lodge me during the remainder of my life, and as it was then disposing of a lodging which might have suited me, I thought I was entitled to demand an equivalent in money ; with my usual moderation, I only asked for eight thousand francs, though I knew I could not be so cheaply lodged for less than ten or twelve thousand francs. I immediately received the eight thousand francs, and as my lodging daily became more threatening and perilous, I quitted it with possession.

sible haste. The sensations I experienced ■■ quitting ■■ Arsenal, easily accounted to me for ■■ feelings which bind us ■■ our country. The Arsenal in which I ■■ lived for nine years, in spite of all the vexations I had undergone in it, had ■■ become ■■ sort of country. All feeling hearts ■■ attach themselves more or less to the place which they have long inhabited ; habit in certain things, is only insipid to persons of bad hearts and light heads, who always fancy they must find ■■ advantages in change. I quitted the Arsenal with ■■ feeling of pain, of which the bitterness ■■ augmented by my separation from Madame Roussel, who ■■ this time ■■ going to Italy. Alfred, who ■■ sincerely attached to her, burst into ■■ when he took his farewell of her. I ■■ obliged to take, for want of a better, a very inconvenient lodging in the ■■ part of the town, Rue des Lions : it ■■ sufficiently large and ■■ the first floor ; but Gothic, absurdly arranged, and extremely unhealthy on account of its dampness.

However, I passed here some very agreeable evenings, thanks to Messieurs d'Estournel, Briffaut, and de Treneuil, who came ■■ me every Saturday evening. ■■ of them read ■■ little unpublished fragment, which ■■ always in ■■ I read ■■ them in return ■■ pieces in

prose. These readings were terminated by a very interesting conversation, which was kept up frequently till midnight. This lasted all the winter.

I was living in the Rue des Lions, when M. Ameilhon got a terrible fall on the great staircase of the Arsenal. In spite of the advice of his attentive and virtuous wife, he always continued on walking alone; he was very old. Assistance was immediately procured, and he was conveyed to his bed in a dying state, and his friends despaired of him. I sent every day to inquire how he was; he was informed of this, and appeared touched by it. One day he sent word by my servant, that he remembered with uneasiness some little quarrels at the Arsenal, and begged my pardon for his share in them; this proof of repentance affected me much; he died a few days after. He was an odd and morose person, but he had a great deal of information, and some excellent qualities.

I wrote a work on poisonous plants, for the use of young persons; it is impossible to put into their hands those commonly sold, because they are filled with details on the most infamous diseases. In mine, I suppressed these details, and tried to supply their place by something of an agreeable or moral kind; in short, I neglected no pains or research which could tend to give interest

to [] work, [] render [] [] mothers [] families, or their daughters.

I [] this work [] M. Barrois, without making any engagement with [] in writing. I have received [] acknowledgment, but the work has [] appeared; I do not know for what purpose M. Barrois retains it. I have several letters of [] in my possession, which prove that several years have elapsed since it [] [] have been published. As I have [] on many accounts [] esteem M. Barrois, I am unwilling to do any thing that might be disagreeable [] him; I have taken no steps in the affair; but I regret, the suppression of that work, which M. Correa, [] very celebrated Portuguese botanist, pronounced to be exceedingly useful [] young people, in every point of view. M. Correa had [] the goodness [] make two [] three additions [] the work, of exotic plants unknown to me. I have [] copy of the work, but only [] fragments of it. The manuscript given [] M. Barrois, [] in the hand writing of a young Corsican of my acquaintance, nephew of the Count [] Brady, who copied the fragments I have preserved. The [] was written under my dictation.

On my arrival [] Paris, I experienced [] [] which surprised me extremely, from a book-

seller introduced me by my friend, Pleyre, on the subject of a new edition of the *Rival Mothers*, with the addition of a new volume; the edition sold in the course of eight days. I had made any written agreement, and the bookseller flatly refused to pay me; I thought of forcing him by law to keep his engagement. I never experienced any thing like this in my transactions with Maradan; I always found him very upright and exact; he sure, he made many advantageous bargains with me, but this without my consent, and because I esteemed him. In the Rue des Lions, I wrote my *Notes on La Bruyère*: the first edition, of which I did not read the proofs, was full of errors; the miserable edition of Lacoste had been left, which inserted below the text, while mine placed at the end of the volume, and all the piquant titles of the chapters suppressed. These absurdities hurt the sale of the edition, which did not go off so well as my other works had done. However, it was generally agreed that my remarks were just, and might prove useful to the young. In the Rue des Lions, I also wrote the plan of my little poem, called *The Youth of Moses, or the Shepherds of Madian*. M. Alibert who entreated me to touch this subject;

I published the poem ■■■ months afterwards ; Cardinal Maury, who ■■■ ■ judge of style, ■■■ enchanted with the piece ; he said it ■■■ the best written of ■■■ my works—an opinion in which ■■ concur.

M. Horace Vernet ■■■ the goodness ■■ design an engraving for the second edition, representing one of the most interesting ■■■ in the poem. You discover ■■ his talent in that charming print, and I found in it a proof of his friendship which touched ■■ deeply. My attachment to him and his amiable wife has never varied.

I ■■■ not publish this work with Maradan, because, in order to oblige Madame de Bon, I had agreed with ■■ bookseller with whom she ■■■ in treaty for the translation of an English novel. I gave him *Moses* almost for nothing, on condition that he would purchase Madame de Bon's translation ■■ the price she demanded for it.

I had been about a year in the Rue des Lions, when Casimir returned from Vienna. It ■■■ at ■■■ time that I sold the absolute property of all my works, a property of which I ■■■ clearly ■■ right to dispose, without feeling any scruple, ■■■ ing I had abandoned without ■■■ ■ my family, from the time of quitting France, my dowry, and all other rights, without demanding a farthing.

A few months after Casimir's return to Vienna, we found ourselves in very handsome apartments in Rue Helvetius, called before the revolution Rue Sainte Anne. I felt the satisfaction, the very day after the restoration, of having the name of the philosopher effaced, and that of the saint replaced. My friend, M. de Charbonnières, also the friend of the Prefect of Paris : my first feeling, on the king's return, was to express M. de Charbonnières my desire of banishing Helvetius from our street : M. de Charbonnières easily obtained that favour of the prefect, and I soon had the pleasure of seeing scratched out the name of the author of a work, pernicious and detestable in all respects. I went into the street with purpose to witness the agreeable spectacle, and since that moment I have constantly cast my eyes on the corner of the street, to read the sweet and sacred name which I had caused to be traced there, without feeling the most pleasing emotions.

I have published my *Historical and Literary Botany*, a work containing the researches of thirty years ; but as I had only spoken generally on the plants mentioned in the Bible, and those which bear the names of existing persons, I have made my private amusement, a manuscript work on these plants under the title of *Eight Herbs* :

in consequence, I had a quarto book bound in morocco, in which I painted four Herbals, forming the first volume of the eight, which I intended to compose. These four are—*Sacred Herbal, The Herbal of Gratitude and Friendship, The Heraldic Herbal*, comprising all the French coats of arms in which there are vegetables, together with those antique devices of which plants form the subject; lastly *The Golden Herbal*, in which I have placed the fruits of gold mentioned in history. In ancient times it was a custom,—a kind of magnificence very common among sovereigns and other high personages, to have in their palaces a gallery an artificial garden filled with golden plants, which they sent to each other in presents. A thousand dissertations have been written to discover the allegorical sense of the fable of the Hesperides and the golden apples: some have pretended they were merely oranges, others sheep, the golden apples expressing their value in gold. I think I have proved in a brief dissertation, which was long ago printed, that the golden apples of the Hesperides were in fact nothing but apples of gold. I have painted in my *Golden Herbal* with gold my representations of the plants made of this metal, of which I found the details in history; the number

siderable. In ■■■ book I have written under each plant the explanatory text, and embellished the whole ■■■ vignettes. I have painted all the plants with ■ careful accuracy, which has been ■■■ by all the artists who have ■■■ them; there ■■■ also in the work some unpublished ■■■ of mine. This large book, magnificently bound, is certainly one of the most curious and most precious manuscripts existing. As I could not work at this undertaking daily, I took several years to finish it; I completed it on ■ very remarkable day—that on which the allies entered Paris, when every ■■■ ■■■ in the most terrible alarm.* I am now engaged on ■ second volume,† which will finish the work; I shall give an account of it hereafter. Besides the work of which I have just spoken, I have amused myself with composing and painting ■■■ hundred and sixty devices taken from the vegetable kingdom.‡ I venture ■ say that these devices ■■■ perfectly accurate; there are ■■ situations or sentiments which they do not express, and the subjects represented deserve to be engraved in ■ volume. Lastly, since the re-

■ ■■■ ■■■ belongs ■ the king, and is in his private library.

† ■■■ volume ■ commenced ■■■ ■■■ title of a supplement or continuation, but I have not yet been able to finish it.

■ A work which ■ ■■■ in England.—(*Notes ■■■ Author.*)

storation, I have written for the pretty pack of cards invented by M. Athalin, about five hundred lines: I wrote them with my own hand on the backs of the cards: I have never in my own opinion written more flowing and agreeable poetry: I gave this pack of cards to Casimir. It was in my apartments in the Rue Sainte Anne that the marriage of Casimir was solemnized; he married the daughter of M. Carret, *Maître des Comtes*. Casimir loved Mademoiselle Carret, and she deserved all his affection, by her talents, her virtues, and her noble and beautiful air and face.

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END OF VOL. V.

MEMOIRS
COUNTESS DE GENLIS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF
THE HISTORY OF THE
EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

VOL. VI.

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MEMOIRS

MADAME DE GENLIS.

IN the winter of 1812 I saw a great deal of company; I had one day in the week which I received my friends, and my drawing-room was constantly filled from between five and six in the evening till one in the morning. Besides this, I had private parties, in which I had music, and performed proverbs; with all this I had very little time for myself, yet I found leisure to write the novel of *Mademoiselle de Lafayette*. There was a great difficulty in this subject, that of rendering the hero, Louis XIII., interesting, and likewise preserving the truth of history, which should always be preserved in drawing historical characters. I believe I conquered this difficulty, by supposing that Mademoiselle de Lafayette flattered herself with being able to render justice by her in-

fluence such as he ought to have been ■ reign in
 ■ heart ■ here. At ■ rate, there ■ very
 unjust prejudices prevailing relative ■ Louis
 XIII.; that prince ■ pious, and ■ that ■
 count has been greatly depreciated by ■ philo-
 sophical party, who have taken good ■ ■ to
 render justice ■ this great age, which ■ perhaps
 the period of ■ history in which civilization has
 in ■ respects been carried to its highest degree of
 perfection; all our great charitable establishments
 ■ founded at this epoch: the French language
 produced its first masterpieces, and the first repre-
 sentation of *the Cid* was seen at the ■ period,
 while the glory of our arms ■ very brilliant,
 chiefly by the exploits of Louis XIII., ■ monarch
 whose skill in ■ and whose courage equalled
 his piety. In this work I think I have also drawn
 with great truth and discrimination ■ portrait
 of Cardinal Richelieu. This novel had ■ prodigi-
 ous success; the sale of the first edition proved
 that years had not diminished my reputation.
 The work had been scarcely announced two days,
 when it ■ published ■ eight o'clock in the
 morning, and by ten in the evening not a single
 copy remained; I ■ even get my own
 copies, as they had been ■ along with the ■
 of the impression.

During this winter I often saw ~~the~~ Chastenai, one of the ~~ladies~~ of my youth, a lady charming by her graceful manners, sweetness of disposition, and pleasing turn of mind. Before this time I had often seen ~~the~~ the arsenal ~~daughter~~, Victorine de Chastenai, whom I had known from my infancy, and who is distinguished by her literary talents and purity of her conduct. These ladies, whom I truly loved, and whom I always feel a lively interest, have completely forgotten ~~me~~ since the second restoration. At ~~that~~ period M. Pieyre brought to my house an individual in all respects interesting, but who was particularly ~~so~~ for many reasons; this ~~was~~ the Count Amedée de Rochefort,* a relation of M. de Genlis, whom I

* ~~My~~ father, ~~the~~ Count ~~de~~ Rochefort, a ~~long~~ time before I entered ~~the~~ ~~the~~ Royal, married a charming lady, ~~the~~ de Provenchère, who was not more than ~~thirty~~ or ~~thirty~~ years of age, and of uncommon beauty; her decease had just ~~taken~~ place at the time of my return to France. ~~The~~ Count de Rochefort was still alive, ~~and~~ several times to see me. I always received him with the emotion we experience ~~in~~ seeing once more those with whom we have passed ~~the~~ happiest years of our life. We ~~were~~ weary ~~in~~ talking ~~of~~ Billery, of ~~the~~ fêtes, our conversations, of the amusing anecdotes related by Madame de Puisieux, by the old Countess d'Egmont, the Princess ~~de~~ Ligu*. ~~the~~ ~~the~~ Richelieu, d'Estrees, ~~the~~ Byron, ~~the~~

since my early youth, when I got him appointed, (while I was in the Chasse,) captain in my regiment of the Duke of Chartres ; that period he had become as distinguished by my excellent conduct as by the profound knowledge I had acquired. He spent the whole of my reign of terror in France, in my old country-house, which he never once left during the whole time, and there he was absolutely forgotten, notwithstanding his noble birth ; he was not exposed to persecution of any kind, and the time that elapsed was not lost by him, for he secluded himself along with a learned ecclesiastic. Young Rochefort was very clever, had received an excellent education, knew Latin well, but was quite ignorant of Greek ; he entreated his companion in solitude and misfortune to teach him that lan-

Malineour. I have already quoted a charming saying of Madame de Puisieux, who had been married at twelve years of age, and was only thirteen at the coronation of Louis XV., who from that time was so much struck with her resplendent beauty, that he never saw her at court for a long time afterwards, always claiming : " Ah ! Madame de Puisieux, how pretty you looked at my coronation ! . . . " At last Madame de Puisieux got tired with this constant repetition of the same thing, and one day without reflection : " And you, Sire, you were beautiful, — as beautiful as *hope*," she hoped she had realized.—
(Note by the Author.)

gruage, and his ardent application soon produced his rapid and surprising improvement. Having fortunately brought books with him, he became perfectly conversant with English and Italian, and in his profound retreat acquired more knowledge in the space of eighteen months than is commonly acquired by five or six years' study. Thus, when the revolution ruined his fortune, he enriched himself in another way, and acquired those gifts which are beyond the power of fortune—an example of wisdom and courage worthy of notice in a young man not then seventeen years of age. His father, the Count de Rochefort, had been my friend; I had often seen him at Sillery in my youth; he is the only man without exception (so far as I know) who corresponded regularly with Voltaire without becoming impious; he entertained religious sentiments that nothing has changed, and for this a firm mind is requisite: his excellent principles he transmitted to his son, who has always gloried in following them. Finally, the Count de Rochefort, the father, is the man who was in love with the nun (before she took the vows) whose story I have described in *Adele and Theodore*.

At Casimir's marriage, Messieurs de Cabre and de Rochefort acted as witnesses. At this

period, M. de Charbonnières often of poetry to me, amongst the small poem, entitled *A Treatise on the Sublime*. Although Longinus in ancient times treated the sublime, the subject was not a happy one, for rules could be given concerning sublimity. Yet there is fine in the work of M. de Charbonnières, very interesting episodes: the portrait of Pascal is exceedingly beautiful by its precision and discrimination of character: it is as follows:—

“ Du sein de l'Éternel il sort, il prend sa course,
L'univers et remonte à sa source.”

The shortness of that great man's life, and the versatility of his talents, cannot be beautifully expressed. M. de Charbonnières wrote his poem, which I agreed to do, but told him at the same time that the would indicate a great intimacy between us, make my enemies become his, particularly he displayed in this work religious sentiments, which he really felt, but which highly displeasing certain literary characters that period. This he ought to have been prepared for; however he obtained more indulgent criticism since praised Voltaire to though even

He **did not** abandon his principles; (for of that he was incapable;) but there was great want **of** firmness in saying so much in praise of a writer, whose principles and the greater part of whose works **he** detested in his own heart. M. de Charbonnières had a **very** and pleasing person, **who** still in the flower of his age, and was most agreeable company. **His** Abbé Delille **was** a natural son of his father's brother, **so** that he was consequently his nephew; **from** him he derived his **talent** for poetry, and the talent of reciting **it** with singular perfection. M. de Charbonnières was also very obliging **and** endowed with excellent qualities, and notwithstanding **some** petty quarrels that his morbid sensibility was wont to produce in his intercourse with **his** acquaintances, his friendship could be safely relied on: his soul was noble and generous, and this is the source of true friendship.*

" ■■■ individual, so interesting by his virtuous ■■■ talents, ■■■ suddenly a few years afterwards: he was in the flower of his age, but the morbid state of his complexion, which ■■■ ■■■ ■■■ florid than ever, gave great alarm to his friends; I several times advised him to get bled with leeches, but he would never consent. After dressing himself one morning, he ordered his servant to go to ■■■ kitchen to bring him his chocolate, and when the servant came back a few minutes afterwards, he found his unfortunate ■■■ ■■■ lying ■■■ on the floor. Every means were adopted to

Whilst I resided in the Rue Sainte Anne, I had the high satisfaction of seeing my cousin, Vice-Admiral Sercey, of my family in Paris. Never was my public or private conduct of any individual more pure and perfect than his. He was in the navy from infancy, in that relation, M. de Chézac, who was a commodore, received him as a midshipman at twelve years of age; by his merit, services, and gallant actions he was rapidly promoted from rank to rank without the aid of patronage; he had been sent on every long voyage, and at the age of thirty-two, when he was made a captain, he had been sixteen years at sea. During the whole of this time, he lived on his pay, and never asked for money from his family, not even for his patrimony; he did not alienate the property of his family with his brothers, who were then alive, and he was four and thirty; he incurred a single debt, and became vice-admiral solely through the reputation he had acquired for his valour and his skill as a commander. As he was hostile to every despot and a true and ardent royalist, he was persecuted in the time of the republic and thrown into prison. His wife, who was a native of St. Domingo, restore him to life, but all was of no avail.—(*Note by the Author.*)

along with him in Paris during the revolution, and through her courage and perseverance that she was so fortunate to be extricated from prison and preserved from death. At this time, M. de Sercey was at sea with a very inferior force, but gained a complete and memorable victory over the English; this engagement, in which he displayed equal talent and bravery, was only successful during the course of the war, but it succeeded in rendering the French navy illustrious in the navy. At the death of his wife, being disgusted with what was going on in his native country, he went to the Isle of France, where he made a fortunate marriage. The convention sent commissaries to revolutionize the colony, when M. de Sercey conceived the bold idea of saving it by carrying off the commissaries and sending them home, and this daring measure prevented torrents of bloodshed. The colony was in a state of rebellion by the convention; but M. de Sercey during four or five years contributed to sustain the administration by his prudent counsels and by the use of his fortune, the income of which he generously gave up to supply the most pressing demands. Only a part of his advances was paid to him afterwards, but he regretted his loss, and he had been amply rewarded

by the glory of having been the preserver of this colony. faithful to principles, he would not serve under Napoleon, in resignation; the emperor kept it six months to give him time to change mind, but he remained inflexible. At the restoration, he was in sentiments of love of the royal family the recompense of his virtues of his conduct. By his first marriage, he has a son named Eole, who is in the navy; this young man has proved by his courage and activity that he will worthily sustain the honour of his father's name. M. de Sercey has been fortunate in his wives and children; his first was an angel, and his second equally distinguished by her virtues; by the latter he has two charming daughters, and a son whose early youth possesses every quality that a father can desire. Since my childhood I have always tenderly loved M. de Sercey, (who is five years younger than myself,) and I have all my life considered him as a brother.

In the course of this winter, I also saw M. Sabran much frequently, and the more he is known, the more does one become attached to him; it is impossible to find a combination of more amiable and solid qualities than he does; he has an original way of thinking which produces

in conversation happy of wit, which absence of gives piquancy and surprize. His mildness in company has nothing dull or insipid in it, and only seems to increase the pleasure of the ingenious sayings he is in the habit of making. One day I was telling him that he was the only really absent man I knew, he answered me, "*How do you know?*" This obliging remark reminds me by the precision of the witty saying of the Marechal de Luxemburgh, who being told that the prince of Orange called him the humpback, replied: "Humpback! how does he know it." M. de Sabran has been constantly faithful to the royal family and the ties of friendship, and he has many true friends attached to him; but notwithstanding his honourable name, the services of his ancestors, his irreproachable conduct, talents, and personal merit universally acknowledged, notwithstanding the persecutions he was exposed to for his opinions during Napoleon's reign, nothing whatever has been done for him since the restoration.

Time as it passes along produces few real pleasures but many grievous losses! Since the year I have just mentioned, I have witnessed the death of four persons younger than myself whom I shall

always regret : ■■■■ de Brosseron, M. ■■■■ Treneuil, M. de Charbonnières, ■■■■ M. de Choiseul. The latter had given the royal family constant proofs ■■■■ noble, devoted, ■■■■ disinterested attachment. Every ■■■■ knows the great ■■■■ of M. de Choiseul as a writer and ■■■■ man of science, his taste for the arts, and his personal skill as an artist. No ■■■■ could be more pleasing ■■■■ society; he was the model of the ancient French graces, ■■■■ was of the politeness and *bon ton* of the ancient court; he had travelled much, and all the interesting things he ■■■■ seen acquired still more interest in his descriptions by ■■■■ manner of relating them; lastly, ■■■■ the first great lord of his time who proved that an individual may show great talent as a diplomatist, and brilliantly distinguish himself in the career of science and the arts; he was also the first who wrote a *picturesque* journey. Many bad imitations of ■■■■ work have appeared, but ■■■■ writer ■■■■ surpassed him.

Meanwhile ■■■■ approaching ■■■■ period that was ■■■■ bring about a mighty revolution. Napoleon himself prepared it by his mad expedition to Russia. Before ■■■■ ■■■■ subject, however, I wish to ■■■■ my sketch of the social habits of the time, but only comparatively with those of ■■■■ *ancien regime*. I ■■■■ notice one

of those things that interest me deeply, public and private education. Both, for the fifty years, have been subjected to numberless systems of a contrary nature. Young men were first of all educated à la Jean-Jacques—no masters, no lessons—the pupils were from infancy to the guide of nature, and as nature teach grammar, much less Latin, young men soon seen in society of astonishing ignorance. People then rushed into the other extreme; children overloaded with knowledge and study—they be made prodigies of, particularly in scientific knowledge. Geometry, natural philosophy, and chemistry came into fashion. The study of history and morals much neglected, but the of Charles, Mitouard, and Sigaud-de-Lafond assiduously attended: people learned to ride in the English manner, called themselves partisans of Gluck and Piccini, talked of experiments with fixed air, &c.—and this was called a good education. At the revolution, people rushed into politics, and all the young men became From 1791 till 1796, education of every kind was suspended, children enjoyed repose, and were allowed to grow up without being troubled with study. At it is remembered that a great number of young men

have time to reading writing. ~~Professors~~ were appointed who had but one object in view, of rendering their disciples eloquent as the orators of our modern tribunes. The pupils were taught to write essays without number, and the ridiculous always prize. When these dashing young men the schools, they betook themselves to literature, carried into it all neologism, wordy phraseology philosophism that procured them so much in their college classes. Paris abounded with political pamphlets, philosophical novels, pathetic dramas, and melodramas, in which an adulterous wife or ~~mother~~ *ried mother* invariably the heroine.

How much have we the present day to those who are thirty or forty years of age without a particle of common sense! How greatly ought to admire men of that age who possess good principles and sound ideas! . . .

Yet useful reform was effected in public education. The professors changed, the head of national instruction was placed a director, who by his talents and principles was worthy of raising it to distinction; but ~~the~~ *scription* forward to destroy pleasing hopes. The sword of ~~the~~ asunder the

of morals and study that had been happily united; youth had no longer the choice of a profession; their parents were no longer consulted; predilections for study no longer a subject of joy in their families; a mother groaned in seeing her son rising to manhood. . . . The finest developement of the talents of a beloved child could bring nothing but a father, who would sadly say of himself: I will not be able to cultivate his talents he evinces! War established a hateful equality of talent and knowledge among young men, it stifled genius for the arts and sciences, it rendered it altogether abortive. . . . A despotic code was forming at the time, and paternal authority was forgotten amongst its enactments.

Of late years it has been asserted both in conversation and in books, that it is ridiculous to attempt to unite amusement with the instruction of children, and that the plan is altogether worthless. Yet is it certain that instruction should be tiresome to be useful, that fatigue and ennui are the sole bases of knowledge? Our antagonists reply: *That nothing is known well but what is learned with difficulty.* In this case, scholars without memory or intelligence would become the only informed literary characters; for those who

possess a strong memory, vigorous fancy, lively learn without trouble beautiful pieces of poetry, and also retain without difficulty the remarkable of and orators, as well as the important historical . Those who have educated children know on the contrary they only retain what they have acquired by close application, that is to say, what they have acquired with pleasure. You may force a child to keep himself quiet in his chair, or to keep his eyes fixed on a book, but attention cannot be commanded; it is produced by curiosity, and by inclination. It is assuredly a bad system not to confine children to fixed rules, and to make their instruction consist only in what they learned under amusing or frivolous forms; yet it is a good plan to remove every useless thorn from the path of study, every difficulty that is not absolutely requisite. Lastly, the art of instructing them even in their very games, and of rendering instruction instructive, is so evidently advantageous, that I cannot conceive how it can be neglected, much less ridiculed.

It is said that the method of study in use sixty years ago was infinitely better, because it avowedly what it ought to be, is, very

difficult, and that, consequently, there were ■ *abridgments* in those days, no amusing works on grave ■ abstruse subjects. They forget that ■ made *abridgments*; that Fenelon ■ dialogues, and ■ fine political poem ■ his pupil; that Madame de Maintenon wrote charming ■ versations for Saint-Cyr; that she employed the Abbé Ragois, ■ make *abridgments* of history and geography for the Duc du Maine; that Fontenelle wrote pretty dialogues ■ astronomy, that were full of gallantry; that the Abbé Terrasson put all his learned researches concerning the Egyptians into ■ interesting romance; that Pluche endeavoured to give a very amusing form to the study of natural history, in his *Spectacle de ■ Nature*; that Lamothe made excellent historical *abridgments* in verse, for the use of schools; that the best teachers of that age, perhaps of any age, that the Jesuits made it their particular business ■ render study agreeable; that they ■ tragedies, comedies, and moral ballets for their pupils.

The education of young ladies has also undergone ■ infinite number of changes. For ■ long period, nothing was thought of but teaching ■ dancing, music, and painting, without paying ■ attention to ■ cultivation of ■ minds.

After spending twelve years in teaching [redacted] [redacted] elegantly, to dance gracefully, to sing and [redacted] play on [redacted] instruments in [redacted] [redacted] ing [redacted], they [redacted] married from motives of ambition, [redacted] suitableness of rank [redacted] fortune, [redacted] they were then pushed forward into the world, with this grave advice: Go, be modest [redacted] unaffected; let your inclinations be always [redacted] [redacted] moderate; never fascinate any one—it [redacted] be a crime; [redacted] above [redacted] things, be always [redacted] to the praise you may receive for your personal beauty and accomplishments. One may easily conceive the effect of such a fine advice [redacted] a young lady of sixteen, who, during the intervals of her occupations, has never been able to think of any thing but the happiness and the *glory* of obtaining distinguished [redacted] at a ball [redacted] [redacted] cert. From this system of education, people rushed into the opposite extreme. During a [redacted] considerable time, they wanted [redacted] make their young ladies only *good housewives*; [redacted] if ignorance [redacted] rudeness [redacted] the best guarantees of good [redacted] duct, and [redacted] if it [redacted] impossible [redacted] conduct a house well with a cultivated mind. [redacted] [redacted] that [redacted] should neither read, write, nor culti-

Yet would it not be a loss, if Madame de Grol

and Le Brun, or Le Brun painted; if Montgoux had never played on the piano, if some other written? In education above all things, an exclusive system be adopted; we ought to second the dispositions given by nature, and not pretend to force them. gives much to those only who are born rich; at a certain extent, it defects; it guides, developes, and brings to perfection, but has never created any thing. The skilful gardener can do no more than double the flowers of a beautiful plant, (no other is worth the trouble of careful cultivation,) but it is not in his power to produce a single blade of grass, for must supply seed. If your pupil has neither memory, intelligence, nor application, you will make him a learned man; if he is endowed with a certain mental constitution, be assured that he will become an able artist or a distinguished writer. the ambition of the teacher for his pupil either great, or wrong directed, his education, however carefully conducted, has failed; a pupil invariably disgusted with studies, when more is required from him than he can furnish.

When the attempts I have just mentioned

been made in France, the of boarding schools the mania of teaching the sciences, very cooks to make daughters learned in grammar. At last, after many errors, the only for thirty-five years, that of novelty will, perhaps, into right path; it is to be wished may remain in it, for education will always exercise powerful influence public morals, and consequently, over public happiness,* since it contributes to prevent selfishness, which is its most fatal enemy.

In the of Louis XIV., and in which preceded it, a mother did not require adoration from her daughter, little attentions of passionate affection; she was not jealous of her at-

* In ancient times, when it was asked by what signs a stranger on his arrival in a could perceive was neglected, Plato replied: "If there be great need of judges and physicians." It must be allowed, that the public education of women in France, for the last ten years, has been much superior to that of men. The school of Madame Campan was deservedly brated, and several others might be mentioned well worthy of praise; I may notice one amongst the at this moment, the establishment of Madame Boucet, (Rue Boule.) good sense, merit, and accomplishments of this teacher, are well worthy the of enlightened mothers, and approbation every one who has thought education.—(Note by the Author.)

tachment to her husband, mother-in-law, ■ sisters-in-law, as we have since seen, and ■ we see ■ the present day. The purest of all sentiments ■ profaned by being mixed with the impiousness ■ personality of love. A mother could love her daughter with undivided affection, but she never required from her the ■ return of affection, which ■ in fact impossible, since ■ has bestowed this excess of love only where minute cares, benefits, and devotedness, ■ absolutely necessary. If the heart of a mother be not corrupted by excessive vanity, there is ■ in which ■ selfishness exists. Does not ■ mother know that she brings up her daughter for another family, and that she herself will never enjoy either her virtues ■ the disposition she delights in forming, by devoting herself to the education of her child? Every thing is ■ sacrifice in maternal enjoyments, every thing, ■ the happiness that forms the ■ endearing and solemn epoch of ■ mother's life, the marriage of her daughter. She ■ separate from her, ■ at any rate, confide her happiness to the care of another! . . .

In former times, parents did ■ take children of ■ or eight years ■ into company; they very seldom took ■ daughter of fifteen or six- ■ Now, they can no longer separate from

their children, and the more they are, the more do they become their caprices; yet this does not prevent widows and widowers from marrying again, and often sinking part of their fortunes in annuities. Formerly, parents often secluded themselves for four years in an old dilapidated country-house, a hundred leagues from Paris, that they might save wherewithal form a marriage portion for their daughter, or collect a sum sufficient to educate their son. At the present day, a tender mother spends only a few months on her estate, because good dancing, and music-masters cannot be obtained in the country. Formerly, when people built a house, they built it to last two or three hundred years; the house was furnished with tapestry as durable as the building; plantations respected as the inheritance of the children; in fact, they were sacred woods. Now, copses are cut down, and children are left with debts, paper-hangings, and new houses falling in pieces! . . . Formerly, a friend wrote to another; * "I am in want of two thousand crowns; if you have got them, sell, pledge your goods—I have them in twenty-four hours." And the friend

* It was Voltaire's letter.—(Note by the Author.)

thy ■ receiving such a letter, sold and pledged ■ goods, and ■ money next day.

In 1707, Du Guay Trouin, ■ a glorious cruise, ■ a pension that ■ offered him, but ■ and obtained it for Saint-Auban, who commanded under him, and who ■ leg shot ■ in ■ engagement.

■ modes of acting ■ very Gothic.

Agésilas, king of Sparta, said, "I ■ ceive how the king of Persia should be greater than myself, if he is not more virtuous." May we not also doubt the superiority of ■ much boasted *lights*, if our ■ surpassed ■ in disinterestedness, in magnanimity, and in good- ■ ?

In all the important affairs of life, ■ conduct is ■ much regulated by the rules of society, that ■ individual ■ go astray from them, but in the petty ■ of life, his conduct becomes insupportable. Every attention towards others, ■ it but a kind look, is in ■ eyes an attack upon his independence. Be sure ■ to ask any attention from him, or give him any commission ■ perform, for as he forgets nothing that ■ himself, he never recollects what merely concerns other people. You are ■ be pitied ■ you ■ neighbour, unless you go to bed, and get

up ■ the same time as he does. ■ is very imperious with his servants, in obtaining his ■ comforts, but does not trouble himself the least with those of others. ■ servants will waken you every morning with their noisy rioting, ■ he will see nothing amiss, and if he takes a notion of blowing the horn himself ■ daybreak, all your entreaties could not obtain from him ■ quar- ■ of ■ hour's delay. Of all vices, however, selfishness is that which most frequently carries its ■ punishment along with it. As he considers every thing solely in its relation to himself, the ■ ■ ■ ardently desirous that people pay attention ■ him, and nobody thinks of him. Whatever talent he may possess, he cannot enjoy that of others, through his eagerness to display his own, ■ admiration is ■ just in his eyes, but when ■ ■ the object of it. As the attentions of society ■ reciprocal, he never receives any; he is continually offended and irritated by forgetfulness and negligence that is ■ shown but ■ him; always discontented, he becomes a grumbler and a misanthrope with the progress of years, and attains old ■ without the happiness of possessing ■ single real friend.

In ■ ■ years that immediately preceded the revolution, the ■ display of friendship,

and the exaggerations of sentiment in society, were altogether unbounded. This species of affectation has been fully described in *Addle Théodore*, nothing further can be added here, but it may be merely remarked, that if the sentiments expressed were generally unfounded, there existed, in any rate, certain noble and generous modes of acting, with which nothing could dispense. A man would not supplant his friend, or to accept his place, though he had not solicited it, or to avoid visiting a minister in disgrace. There was at that time a tribunal in society, formed by public opinion, and this tribunal condemned to infamy every mean and base action, and pardoned the guilty. In good company, there was no room for such bad ton, nor support the depraved sentiments, as they are made to do in the tales of M. Marmontel;* but towards the end of the eighteenth century,

* The author of the memoirs thinks she has demonstrated, in a tale entitled, *Two Reputations*, the ridiculous absurdity of the portraits of society as found in Marmontel's tales. Her complaint was ever the injustice of the criticism, and she published a new edition of her tales some years afterwards, he expunged this phrase from the preface: *Tales have no merit, if they are not a faithful picture of the manners of society.*—(Note by the Author.)

the affectation of sensibility, which every day seemed to increase, became in _____ respects so excessively ridiculous, that, in spite of the gracefulness and elegance of _____ persons who _____ dered it fashionable, it _____ at _____ fell into discredit; it _____ cleverly and gaily ridiculed, judgment _____ was in harmony with wit, and when this occurs, epigrams and satire become truly formidable, for judgment exercises _____ its weight and authority, when it assists and _____ the spirit of scandal. An *opposition party* was formed in society, and by its gaiety, light manner, and cutting sarcasm, it constantly disconcerted the serious tone of the *sentimentalists*, and broke up their most pathetic dissertations. While some pretended the _____ exaggerated sentiments of every kind, others pretended a carelessness and indifference, that _____ often equally unfounded, and truth _____ no longer _____ be found on one side _____ the other. By constantly ridiculing fictitious virtues, they ended by losing their _____ for those that _____ real, because they _____ longer perceived them, and because the habit of satire and unbelief extends itself to _____ subjects indiscriminately. When people are so unfortunate as to make their vanity consist in affecting to be the dupe of _____ species of affectation, they lose the happy faculty of admiration,

and are then carried easily along from [redacted] to ridicule, [redacted] from habitual scandal to malignant calumny. Hence is [redacted] spirit of observation not altogether without danger in society; it [redacted] sharpens the intellect, but it may spoil the temper, if the heart be not essentially feeling [redacted] kind. The [redacted] astonishing contrasts [redacted] to [redacted] found in society; the [redacted] strange discussions [redacted] on, and the [redacted] singular and opposite topics [redacted] handled in the [redacted] company. Women, whose conduct was, to say the least of it, imprudent, made long harangues upon the affections of the mind, and the duties of life. Slaves to ambition, and the most unbridled dissipation, they boasted with enthusiasm of the charms of retreat [redacted] study, and of the power of friendship; they described love only in the [redacted] romantic colours, and conceived it as a mere Platonic affection. While [redacted] was going on in [redacted] company, in another, [redacted] often in the same room, love and friendship [redacted] mentioned but with irony and ridicule, and they gloried in believing in the existence of [redacted] sentiment but vanity. In fact, self-love was [redacted] real [redacted] of the greater part [redacted] these connexions; it was requisite that they should [redacted] brilliant, [redacted] language of sentimental prudery [redacted] thought [redacted] render concealment and

mystery unnecessary, it was reckoned the *éclat* of the conquests they made, the shame of their

In fact, there in every heart (with very few exceptions) a tumultuous combination of pride, high pretensions, and ardent desires of making a distinguished figure, no how, which, to the confusion of moral ideas, the of principle, gradually burst the bonds of society asunder, and withered the soul, by heating the imagination. Vice not recklessly and shamelessly approached, nor the mask of virtue pulled off; on the contrary, it was always the subject of conversation, and if not described with the charms of truth and sincerity, it at least eulogized in the language of enthusiasm. Yet people not altogether hypocritical in their language; they were more anxious to deceive themselves than to deceive others; they perverted their judgment, by attempting to refine all the affections of the mind, and if design did always accompany unfounded pretensions, want of sense universally prevalent. Amidst this moral and intellectual confusion, and this universal selfishness, love represented as every other sentiment. At last it represented, in conversation, as a passion violent

madness—while, life, its general confined to the formation of intrigues during the latter half of the eighteenth century.

I endeavour to enliven melancholy picture, by noticing the amusements of time. The of the greater part of the century brilliant and dignified. Great magnificence reigned in the establishments of princes, and in those of private individuals of wealth; great fêtes given in them, plays were performed, and most perfect freedom prevailed. At Paris, a great many houses open to company. In private parties, music and proverbs performed, which somewhat witty and ingenious than playing *charades*. All once, the pretensions that made talent, rendered sciences fashionable, and every winter of chemistry, natural philosophy, and natural history, attended; nothing learned, scientific terms remembered; the ladies became slightly pedantic; they became pleasing, and thus prepared themselves for discussion of politics at a future period.

Women might devote themselves to study of the sciences, as as men, were they to renounce a part of the that

occupy nearly the whole of their time. When they are merely desirous of possessing the appearance of knowledge, no one is deceived by their pretensions, while they lose the pleasing characteristics of their sex, for pedantry is peculiarly ridiculous, where claims to knowledge are unfounded.

There is one fashion that has at all times prevailed in France, and which will probably continue to be of date:—that of constantly complaining, and of affecting disgust at dissipation and noisy pleasures. Were we to believe this of the world, we should think that they wished for nothing but retirement, and that a simple, rural, solitary life was the sole object of their desires. Women are particularly distinguished for their eternal complaints, about their philosophical and sentimental views about the happiness of independence and calm tranquillity. To listen to them, you would think they were nothing but unfortunate slaves, forced in all things to act against their own will and inclination. From their conversation, you would suppose that they would be infinitely happier in a cottage, or in the peaceful cell of a hermit. When they go to a theatre, they are disgusted with it; they find the *Théâtre Français* insipid, the Opera tiresome, Brunet contemptible; they will

confess these have brought a smile to their cheeks. With all this, they have boxes continually borrowing those of other people. Are they invited to a dinner? What complaints they make of the necessity of dressing themselves, and the mortal ennui of appearing in company!—Yet they spend three or four hours to their toilet every day, and ruin themselves by purchases of shawls, dresses, and trifles. When they come back from a ball or a party, what melancholy is displayed—what depression of heart—what bitter complaints of the pressure, the crowd—the lights and the heat—what depreciation of the fête, and every thing that took place in it! Yet they had been eager to obtain tickets for this very fête, and would make every effort to obtain them should a similar occur. When they pay visits, what they express for the practice, and the loss of time it occasions!—Yet they go regularly every morning, and till dinner-time. Lastly, when they hold assemblies, and receive a great deal of company, what bitter complaints they make of their fatigues, what pains and head-aches—the inevitable consequences of the cruel obligation of doing honours of their mansions! . . . All discontent displayed in early youth; they have heard all these things

said, and they repeat them, for they part of customary phrases during their education. Every educated young lady them by heart, and adopts the practice, while those of mature age, the present day, carry still greater. When they have daughters sixteen, it is for them, forsooth, that they into company, that they present at every party, that they attend every ball. *It is for young ladies* that they dress pretty nearly in the style; is for them that they make them adopt a mode of life, that renders it impossible for them to acquire real accomplishments, and solid instruction. Twenty-five years ago, young unmarried ladies never appeared in company; during the carnival, they went to children's balls, which commenced six, and ended o'clock. How it that those mothers, who of their homes, do adopt this ancient custom, which is well education, and so salutary for ?

Whence spring spirit of depreciation, and this of misanthropy, prevalent among of ages? They do not render themselves interesting by complaints, imaginary troubles, opposition between language and conduct, so evident to every observer; nothing

is so tiresome as eternal complaints of ennui. Do young women think that this sort of language is any [] for excessive devotedness [] pleasure, [] total idleness? They [] mistaken; they might have [] claim to indulgence, [] novelty or [] the cause; it might be said, that they would get tired of it in [] short time, and would then alter their [] of []. [] what can we expect from [] young lady of eighteen, who [] tired of every thing, misanthropical, disgusted with all the dazzling pleasures of society, and who is seen and met with wherever [] go? All that we [] venture [] say on [] point is, that art is peculiarly worthy of condemnation, when their inclinations might be openly avowed, without danger [] the loss of reputation.

Young ladies in former times, even those who had been introduced into society several years before, went very seldom [] the theatre, because it was then necessary to hire a whole box, as they would [] run the risk of being seated beside a woman of the town. Women, in those days, [] of much [] sedentary habits; in their youth, they never [] out without their *chaperons*, and then it [] chiefly [] perform their domestic duties. When they reached the [] of maturity, if they [] of pleasing [] they collected [] choice

party in their own houses, which [redacted] solely for [redacted] purpose of conversation. They [redacted] [redacted] pany without expense, and were not obliged to promise music and *charades*. At the present day, what [redacted] [redacted] *soirée* [redacted] [redacted] theatrical performance. Every thing [redacted] to be found in it, but [redacted] confidence, gaiety, conversation, [redacted] [redacted] habits.

Young [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] present day, attach in general a great [redacted] [redacted] much importance [redacted] dress [redacted] *fashion*; they [redacted] by far too [redacted] of invitations and the theatre; they [redacted] not sufficiently pleased with their [redacted] homes; and such inclinations do not promise for [redacted] life, either pleasing, sensible women, or excellent mistresses of [redacted] family. Yet no real nor complete praise [redacted] be bestowed upon [redacted] woman, if it [redacted] not asserted, that she preferred her [redacted] home [redacted] [redacted] the pleasures of the world. Hence the ancients thought, that nothing [redacted] wanting to the full praise of a virtuous woman, in the following beautiful epitaph:—

[redacted] vixit,
 Lætam fecit,
 Dumum servavit.*

This ancient epitaph describes the invariable cha-

* = [redacted] chaste, [redacted] industrious, and [redacted] [redacted] home."
 —(Note [redacted] [redacted] Author.)

characteristics of a virtuous woman. Finally, the interests of health and beauty perfectly agree on this point with the interests of morality.

At this period, likewise, prevailed the sentimental mania which I have exposed in one of the pieces of my *Theatre of Education*.^{*} During the imperial rule, this mania rose to a pitch of great extravagance, for ladies openly wore wigs, belts, bracelets, and presents from their lovers of rings and hair in jewels. Our grandfathers and grandmothers were very far from employing this affecting prodigality in the use of hair. Yet we find on this subject, in the *Memoirs of D'Aubigné*, an anecdote that is worthy of notice. In a battle that he fought during the wars of Henry IV., D'Aubigné had a personal combat with a captain of the name of Dubourg. During the heat of the action, D'Aubigné perceived that the arquebuse had set fire to a bracelet formed of his mistress's hair, which he wore on his arm; without thinking of the advantage he gave his adversary, he instantly employed himself in extinguishing the fire, and preserving this precious bracelet, which was dearer to him than liberty or life. Captain Dubourg sympathized with and respected this sentiment, suspended his attack, inclined his point

^{*} *The Dangers of Society.*

■ court and in ■ capital, since ■ ■ ■ dynasty.
 That golden age of civilization ■ the reign of
 Louis XIII.; but it is to be remarked, ■ the
 French nation ■ ■ ■ more religious than ■
 that epoch. How many admirable establishments
 ■ founded ■ that period, the Hotel Dieu, the
 Foundling Hospital, the Sœurs ■ ■ Charité !
 All these establishments were the work of ■
 man, Vincent de Paul, whose ardent charity ex-
 tended even ■ criminals, because they ■
 wretched, and to galley-slaves, whose chaplain he
 wished to become, that he might soften their lot,
 attend to their wants, and accomplish their con-
 version. No single individual has ■ had such
 ■ influence ■ the happiness of ■ many of his
 fellow-creatures ; imagination is lost in wonder,
 when we reflect on the immeasurable benefits he
 produced by his sermons, by his devotedness to
 the ■ of humanity, by his charitable missions,
 by the assistance he procured for those who were
 the victims of war, and by the journeys he made
 among the infidels, for the ■ of Christian
 slaves. But how greatly ■ this hero of Chri-
 tianity aided by the public spirit of his age !
 Who would not admire that public spirit, which
 brought together ■ ■ ■ round ■ ■

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all [redacted] conditions, [redacted] united [redacted] [redacted] single object, that of making every [redacted] to [redacted] [redacted] unfortunate—that public spirit which influenced [redacted] [redacted] of the court, young [redacted] old, [redacted] their diamonds [redacted] plate, [redacted] they might give the [redacted] [redacted] hospitals, and to devote during several years [redacted] days of each week to [redacted] service of the sick. That public spirit which brought forward young girls and [redacted] ecclesiastics to encounter fatigue, danger, and death; the former in dressing the wounds of soldiers in the hospitals of the army, or in tending those attacked by contagious diseases; the latter, animated with the hope of delivering their brethren, in traversing the [redacted] [redacted] visit barbarous nations:—finally, that public spirit which engaged an infinite number of [redacted] of all classes [redacted] give up their whole fortune to pious uses.* What pure morals accompanied such noble actions! What peace, what union, what filial respect prevailed; what decency in the [redacted] of every rank! Such were the fruits of the public spirit of this pro-

* Amongst others, the [redacted] [redacted] Sillery, [redacted] gave up [redacted] thousand livres a [redacted] M. de Rougemont; who [redacted] sixty thousand; [redacted] many others; and, [redacted] recently, [redacted] [redacted] Due de Richelieu.—(*Note by the Author.*)

foundly religious period. What have been, and what fruits of public spirit since it become *philosophical*?

Decency maintained at court till regency of Anne of Austria. Women then posed their bosoms than formerly; but widows preserved all the rigour of ancient costume, and other all the modest habits in the preceding reign. Every lady had either a companion or a who stantly remained by her side. The object of this practice was to secure themselves from scandal by never admitting a whatever his might be, to a private interview. Thus Madame de Maintenon, in her letters to Madame Caylus, who then thirty-six years of age, advising her not to leave off this prudent custom, though she then the mother of a young man who had been introduced into society. It was also an idea springing from decency that established the practice of never going in a carriage without having two at least with them, and in the evening, taking a flambeau. Witnesses and *light* were wanted, and this practice maintained till the revolution.

In the of Louis XIII. and in of Louis XIV., a lady who got her portrait painted,

only the head; the painter drew the breast and shape from models. This refined decency lasted with the death of Louis XIV. At the fall of the throne, every trace of decency was abolished; women dressed like the *Venus de Medicis*, and the men thought them, which was quite of a piece with the rest. If *Gracians* were seldom seen in these transparent dresses, French women were not seen at all—all the graces that had distinguished them hitherto, abandoned them when they abandoned modesty.

In another work I have long ago asserted that objects of mysterious belief are necessary to the common people, and that when they abandon religion, they invariably become superstitious. This is what the philosophers who declaimed so much against superstition had no idea of: it is they who established it and renewed its influence. We may prove by the following extract, the extent to which superstition was carried:—

“A short time after my arrival at Versailles, I had an opportunity of learning with certainty that a witch, worthy of the name of Catharine of Medicis, was manufacturing wax models of jealous lovers who were desirous of causing the death of their rivals by driving knives and poniards into their models. I then received my first information,

gave ■■■ prefect of Versailles notice of the fact, the correctness of which he ascertained, and ■■■ witch ■■■ banished. On my ■■■ ■■■ Paris, I found ■■■ female magician in great reputation ; she ■■■ foretold a high destiny for the reigning empress, who openly protected her. The explanation of dreams ■■■ announced by public criers in the streets ; Paris swarmed with wizards, witches, *tireuses de cartes*, illuminati, prophets, young girls who performed miracles, who with their eyes shut read from the stomach, who told fortunes by the colour of the hair, danced and prophesied in their sleep ; all these things were talked of seriously, and ■■■ men of science protected them ! . . . Would it not be better to believe in the Gospel, and to regulate one's life by this salutary and divine belief ?”

The plan of invading Russia displeased every one, even the soldiers who afterwards displayed such courage in this unfortunate campaign. It ■■■ generally said that Napoleon, being certain of annihilating Russia, ■■■ determined ■■■ marching forward into Asia ■■■ to ■■■ conquest ■■■ China ; and ■■■ proof of this, people talked of the immense order that had been given for spectacles, for the use of ■■■ army, which, ■■■ they said, ■■■ to protect their eyes in marching ■■■

sandy deserts:—a supply of fur clothing would have been much [redacted] during the flight of [redacted] army.

[redacted] be conceived how Napoleon, after reaching such a pitch of power and glory, could have [redacted] such gigantic projects. [redacted] those who [redacted] it least of the [redacted] verses of the [redacted] act of *Berenice*. In fact, the courtiers on leaving these splendid public audiences, could mutually say [redacted] each other:—

Tes yeux ne sont-ils pas tout pleins de sa grandeur ?

Ces aigles, ces faisceaux, ce peuple, cette armée,
Cette foule de rois, ces consuls, ce sénat,

Cette pourpre, cet or, qui rehaussent sa gloire,
Et les lauriers encore, témoins [redacted] sa victoire ;
Tous ces yeux qu'on voyoit venir de toutes parts
Confondre sur lui seul leurs avides regards

[redacted] this display and [redacted] pomp existed [redacted] court of Titus, but there [redacted] elsewhere than [redacted] Napoleon's court that confusion of etiquette which showed every foreigner some of [redacted] of his own country, for the spirit of [redacted] quest had been extended to such a pitch [redacted] royal [redacted] and ceremonies of [redacted] been adopted indiscriminately; and lastly, [redacted]

language and manners of some of the great personages of this court presented the most singular contrast with its dazzling magnificence.

During the three months that preceded the departure of Napoleon and his army, my grandson Anatole de Lawoëstine came often to see me, and spent whole mornings in my house; I was tired of him, while I, for my part, felt inexpressible charms in talking to him, and even in looking at him, for his charming figure combines the features and the look of his mother and grandfather, M. de Genlis, whose fine person he inherits; he derives from them also the graces of his mind and the gaiety of his disposition; I know no nobler or more feeling heart than his; no act or incident of his conduct from infancy has been in contradiction to the openness and sincerity that form his peculiar characteristics. In one of his moments of gaiety, without giving me the slightest hint of it, he took a fancy to bring me on Shrove Tuesday a great number of persons in whom I knew only by name amongst whom the Duchess of Bassano; all this company, with Anatole at their head, burst into my room at eleven o'clock at night; I was undressed, and with my night-cap busy writing; nobody but Anatole, who informed me

there were no robbers in the company, as I had been really surprised when I heard that startling noise they made at their entrance. All the masks were round me to obtain my promise that I should give them a party that day eight days, which they all engaged to come unmasked : I consented, and they went away without taking their masks, so that it was a real fact that I did not learn the morning the names of the parties, the day appointed, with one person additional, the Duke of Bassano. The party was highly pleasing; Casimer was its principal feature by his voice on the harp, and his performance of proverbs; we had music and played proverbs. This little kind of fête was much talked of in the capital, and in fact it was very brilliant.

My correspondence with the emperor still continued, and I employed my influence in obtaining from him favours for a great many individuals, several of whom have since forgotten him. As I never solicited any thing for myself, I felt more confidence in speaking in favour of others, or in proposing what I thought useful and expedient. While at the Arsenal I had been much pleased with my successful interference in one instance : the prefect of Paris (M. Frochot) appointed for every district in the city ladies to inspect the pri-

mary [redacted] and [redacted] establishments for education, [redacted] I [redacted] appointed the inspector of my [redacted] parish in conjunction with Madame Robert, [redacted] two *dames d'inspection* [redacted] chosen [redacted] each *arrondissement*. As the place [redacted] honorary and without salary, I thought it my duty to accept it, though it took up [redacted] great deal of my time; but this [redacted] did not regret, [redacted] [redacted] was usefully employed. I consequently went to visit all the schools, [redacted] discovered [redacted] infinite number of pernicious abuses; I drew up a memorial on the subject, and pointed out the [redacted] of bringing about [redacted] reform; this memorial I sent to the emperor, who [redacted] [redacted] pleased and struck with its contents, that he ordered M. de Lavalette to tell [redacted] that he was extremely well satisfied with it, and that he wished me [redacted] write another memorial much longer and more circumstantial, with [redacted] plan of [redacted] free school for the [redacted] people; M. [redacted] Lavalette added, that the emperor would certainly [redacted] [redacted] the direction of this establishment, and I should have accepted it with pleasure; it [redacted] [redacted] only place that could suit [redacted]. I wrote the memorial I [redacted] commanded [redacted] do, and to make it more valuable, I spent fifteen days from eight o'clock in the morning till two, in revisiting [redacted] [redacted] the schools, large and small, and in examining the

children's attendants, in my own district in every one in Paris; as I no right to questions except my division, I visited them under pretence of having children to place in them. I kept a copy of the materials I sent the emperor, and satisfaction immediately after sending the last one, to imperial decrees in the public papers removing the abuses I had noticed, and ordering for their suppression the very I had advised, particularly concerning the *gardeuses d'enfans*. My success in this attempt emboldened to make another proposal to the emperor, which was also well received: I knew that his passions had made him adopt in his private the principles of the philosophical party, but this did not prevent continually addressing him, in my correspondence, against the principles of modern philosophy.

I have already mentioned that my colleague in the business of inspection Madame Robert, with whom I necessarily made a great many visits: she is a very amiable and interesting lady, and has met with several incidents in her life worthy of notice. She has had several children, alternatively bearing a child deaf and dumb, one perfect in its organs; I was well acquainted with the eldest, Mademoiselle

Robert, who was then fourteen or fifteen years of age. She was uncommonly fair and very beautiful; and this remarkable fairness, and wonderful intelligence, of which advantage was taken to teach her all sorts of accomplishments; she had all the talents that a young lady desires, painted well, and played on the piano; I have seen her take her lesson and go through it tolerably well, in the following manner. Her teacher took a seat behind her, and stretched out his hands as to place his fingers slightly over those of his pupil; he then pointed out the notes by touching the fingers that are to press the instrument. The invention is ingenious, but it does not produce an effect equal to the trouble and study it requires, for what is the measure *without ear*? Mademoiselle Robert was perfectly understood by all of signs, even by those who were ignorant of this mode of communication, which she so well taught by the Abbé de l'Épée and his worthy successor, the Abbé Sicard, from whom Madame Robert had taken a great many lessons for the purpose of conversing with her daughter, and maternal affection soon made her as conversant with the subject as it was possible to become. The look of Mademoiselle Robert was so expressive, and her eyes so piercing, that she

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what said perfectly well without the signs. Madame Robert took her ing a grand ball given by the city of Paris to emperor. Mademoiselle Robert bench apart for the dance, when the emperor struck with her figure, stood sometime beside her, said a great many polite things which she perfectly well understood; she made several modest signs of gratefulness with such a simple and natural expression, that the emperor thought he heard her answer. He went away without suspecting that she dumb.

It the same that Madame Cardon made her clever and feeling reply to Napoleon. Napoleon, in general, was not fond of those who enjoyed a large fortune independent of his donations. had never seen Madame Cardon, had heard of her name; he told that her husband immensely wealthy; when he approached her with a slight shade of ill-humour, and bluntly said to her: "Are you Madame Cardon?" A profound curtesy the reply. The emperor again said: "Are you very wealthy?" "Yes, Sire, I have children." The emperor all the force and charm of the reply, his fea- relaxed, but he soon hastened away.

Towards ■ close of ■ emperor's reign, I proposed to him to print beautiful editions, adorned with fine engravings, of all the pretended philosophical works that enjoy the greatest share of reputation. I advised that ■ certain number of literary characters should be employed ■ expunge from these works every thing they contain against religion and morality, and to add critical ■ the remainder. I proposed ■ aid this undertaking by giving ■ great number of extracts and reflections I had made long before, and which Providence had permitted I should not lose along with the manuscripts I had given in charge to my daughter. The emperor approved so highly of the idea, that he immediately sent for M. Pierre Didot to ask him how much the undertaking would cost, and to engage him to estimate the amount: this ■ a short time before the Russian campaign, which put an end ■ the project. This is what Bonaparte ■ desirous of doing!

I ■ still in the Rue Sainte Anne, when ■ disastrous campaign of Russia began; every ■ blamed that distant war. Sound politicians foresaw its dangerous consequences, and even ■ of the smallest sagacity felt ■ presentiment of its disasters; I ■ amongst the number, ■

ceived with profound emotion ■■■ adieus of my grandson and of M. Kosakoski. Napoleon came back from this ■■■ enterprise humiliated, dejected, and irritated. Since this catastrophe he ■■■ ■■ longer the same; deep depression of heart in ■■■ of such boldness and enterprise naturally produced confusion in his mental faculties; when he ceased ■ rule ■■■ fortune, he became its sport and victim; irritated against Providence, he gave himself up to the guidance of chance; fearful of seeing new misfortunes in wait for him, he disdained foresight of every kind, and no longer able in fancy to govern future events, he would not even attempt to look forward, but sought for consolation only in the dreams of blind fatality. I shall give no account of the political events that took place; I shall merely state that, with respect to my own situation, for more than ■ year I was involved in pecuniary difficulties that embarrassed me for ■ long time afterwards; in the confusion of public business, the pension I held from the ■■■ peror, which I ■■■ ■■■ to lose for ever, ■■■ not paid for six months previous to his downfall; during the whole of this period, I lived ■ ■■ allowance that Casimir received from his father-in-law. The bookselling business ■■■ ■■ stand, nothing ■■■ published but political pamphlets;

I had no longer any [redacted] in this quarter, [redacted] my children [redacted] absent. My situation, however, [redacted] [redacted] painful [redacted] might be imagined; I [redacted] pleased [redacted] being maintained by Casimir, who displayed [redacted] this occasion, all the delicacy of his mind and the sensibility of his heart. During these events his situation [redacted] very peculiar; he [redacted] born in Prussia, and [redacted] from inclination adopted France as his country; he had naturally [redacted] strong predilection for [redacted] military life, and could not fight against the Prussians [redacted] French, in arms against each other; yet, as he [redacted] determined on seeing [redacted] battle, he adopted [redacted] singular resolution; he [redacted] to the battle that terminated the revolution, and which [redacted] fought at the gates of Paris; he went beyond the gates [redacted] the field of battle solely to assist the wounded and to [redacted] them from the [redacted] of action, and in this occupation he spent nine hours. He [redacted] on his return from this dreadful [redacted] that "the force of [redacted] grateful and affecting look cannot be fully conceived unless by those who have [redacted] [redacted] wounded [redacted] and conveyed him from the [redacted] of battle." This is one of those scenes that [redacted] beyond the reach of the imagination; but the [redacted] [redacted] that spring from it are such [redacted] could have arisen in [redacted] but a feeling heart.

The terror that prevailed in Paris unbounded, for every one was afraid of the dreadful of plunder, and it was naturally to be expected for the last eighteen months that such a reign should terminate by a grand catastrophe; but could have foreseen that the bold and brilliant head of the empire should end his political by such inconceivable want of firmness and resolution. When we reflect upon all these events, find in this short period of history the most important lessons that it present us. It the pride and tyranny of the government of England that caused the revolt of its oppressed colonies; yet without the support and assistance of France, the Americans would never have acquired independence; but France in profound peace with England; nevertheless, contrary to the interests of justice and sound policy, it secretly supplied the Americans with money, arms, warlike stores, the clothing of their troops, of their officers; the Americans succeeded; their insured the triumph of all the republican ideas that the philosophers had spread abroad for sixty years before; and Louis XVI. who protected ideas in America, became their melancholy victim in France! After the most violent commotions and unparalleled

crimes, Providence the all the leaders of the parties which produced them; anarchy prevailed, and there neither government, morals, nor religion; a young warrior, already celebrated for dazzling exploits, who had participated in some of these crimes, fixes upon himself the looks and the hopes of all! . . . Bonaparte rallies parties round him, and without shedding a drop of blood, without commotion, mounts upon the throne! . . . What did he then accomplish? He re-established religion and public worship, and was the magnificent protector of arts, literature, and national industry; but all Europe declared war against him; he fought them, because they compelled him to do so, and his at this period altogether miraculous; though victorious, he a pre-meditated conqueror, for he had not formed plans of conquest and dominion; he also displayed lofty sentiments of generosity towards the capital cities that fortune delivered up to his arms. After the battle of Jena, he might have annihilated the Prussian monarchy; he not do so; and this was the greatest and glorious epoch of his life. But after this he carried every thing dangerous and fatal his renown, his victories, his power, and his active enterprising

genius. The murder of **Duc d'Enghien** was **his** first crime of his reign ; a sincere **religious** feeling could alone obtain **his** pardon **from** the Almighty, but nothing could efface it in **the** eyes of men. Instead of repairing or atoning for what **he** had done, he heaped **blame** upon fault. He **was** so ungrateful **as** to wish to degrade the pope **and** **to** persecute him ; yet the holy father had **been** **in** France, and had determined to crown Napoleon **as** emperor solely for the interest of religion : he was certain, as I have already said, that if he did not take this step France would have become Protestant, for Napoleon would have certainly separated from the church. The emperor was recognised by **the** Catholic powers of Europe. The enemies of the papal power always maintain that the popes should never in any manner interfere with political affairs ; they ought, therefore, **to** approve of the pope's conduct in acquiescing in the decision of all **the** sovereigns of Europe ; **and** he recognised Napoleon **as** emperor like them, **and** **nothing** wrong in coming to his coronation.

Napoleon, corrupted by pride, seemed gradually to lose all his political and military skill, with all **his** foresight and precaution ; his attack upon Spain was equally impolitic and unjust, and the

act of treachery by which it commenced, against him the hostile feelings of every one who had a spark of justice in his bosom. At Providence suddenly overthrew that formidable power which had conquered and humbled the dust whatever opposed to its views. But God, willing that this great work should be attributed to himself alone, did not raise up the the overthrow of Bonaparte, any mighty warrior in the flower of his age; it is true, that it was produced by an august and virtuous prince, who joined to his incontestable rights the enlarged and cultivated mind; but he was also an infirm old man, of whom a very small number of faithful Frenchmen preserved any recollection; their enthusiasm founded upon immutable principles, it was suddenly adopted by those superficial spirits whom dangerous illusions had so long plunged into a state of madness and intoxication like that which is produced by the poison of opium, which gives rise to the same sentiment of enthusiasm, furious ardour, courage, blind obedience! When truth burst forth in all its splendour these vain phantoms disappeared: the impulse of every Frenchman raised the cry of *Vive le Roi, vivent les Bourbons*, and the fair surname of *The Desired* was unanimously given to

the sovereign, whom the love of peace and order, morality and religion placed such well founded hopes.

In fact, when we reflect that with the aid of beaten and conquered troops, Louis XVIII. drove from the throne with inconceivable rapidity the first captain the world ever saw, the captain who had made Europe subject to his rule, we can indeed not to see in these events the omnipotent hand of the Almighty!

As I put these recollections together just as they rise in my imagination, I often write these Memoirs without order or plan, but they will not that account be less agreeable to those who love simplicity and truth.

I was present at the entry of Monsieur* into Paris; I went on foot to mingle with the crowds that were waiting on the boulevard to see him pass; he came on horseback, and presented himself in the most graceful manner with a firm carriage, and most pleasing expression of countenance; there was in his whole person something chivalrous and sincere that reminded me of Henry IV., and which gained every heart. His language and conduct were perfectly in harmony

with this first impression gave of character and sentiments.

Madame de Choiseul (by birth, princess of Beaufremont) has written on this part of our modern history, several small pieces of poetry entitled *les Époques*, which are extremely beautiful and affecting: some of them have been published. The following of the lines of poem she wrote on the of Monsieur, Comte d'Artois:—

Un prince, toujours cher, présente d'hord,
 " C'est Français de plus," dit sa bonté touchante;
 Il se montré, accourt, une jore enivrante
 Saisit et se repand son front radieux,
 Tous semblent des amis! geste gracieux
 Des serviteurs zélés vient payer la constance,
 Il sait les decouvrir! noble présence
 On pleure, on rit, on orie, on repete lui:
 " Vive jamais roi qu'on nous rend aujourd'hui!
 " D'un regne long, heureux, il confirme l'annonce;
 " Rassuré, satisfait, on redit sa response:
 " Pour lui nous marcherons, il pensera pour nous."

The author then gives a well merited eulogium of Madame, the Duchess of Angoulême, but a mere extract of this fine would spoil its effect.

At this period, Napoleon lost his parti-

sans; the close of his reign had destroyed ■■■ magical influence of his exploits and of his past greatness; while ■■ soon ■■ the universal terror ■■■ subsided, people enjoyed with delight the tranquillity and pleasing surprize produced by ■■■ moderation and general conduct of ■■■ allies, whose soldiers, thanks ■■ their commanders, conducted themselves in the ■■■ admirable ■■■ in Paris. Since that time, that moderation has been too much forgotten. Royalist ideas sprung up, ■■ if by a miracle, and almost universally prevailed; for myself, who always felt these ideas, ■■ all my works testify, I saw the ■■■ of the august family of the Bourbons with inexpressible joy; it ■■■ impossible for me to behold with indifference the descendants of Louis XI., Louis XIV., and Henry the Great.

I ■■ this time witnessed ■■ inconceivable kind of injustice, which, though it ■■■ not universal, prevailed but too much among those ■■■ who ■■■ friends ■■ the royal family. People seemed hurt that ■■■ Duchess of Angoulême did not display in her countenance the expression ■■ joy and ■■■ of gaiety!—Of gaiety! Can any ■■■ conceive that the most observing, ■■■ feeling, and most delicate people in the world ■■ to ■■■ tain rules of propriety, should not have ■■ how

natural it was for the princess to be painfully
her return in a city which
such melancholy ideas on her mind, and that the
sight of the throne should not interrupt her recollec-
tion of the Temple, or her horror at the prospect
of the *Place la Revolution*.* Nothing can be
a stronger proof than this fact of the incompre-
hensible thoughtlessness of the French character,
which depriving it of reflection on the past,
leaves it to all the impetuosity of its first
movements, and effaces those recollections that might
tend to restrain it. Had the Duchess of Angou-
lême appeared alone for the first time in Paris
(after so many crimes) it was not by fêtes, by
displays of merriment, by cries of joy, that the
august daughter of the unfortunate Louis XVI.
could have been worthily received; affection, then
transformed to melancholy, should have presented to
her eyes nothing but deep-felt sympathy; a whole
people profoundly affected, and silently advancing
to meet her, should have expressed its sentiments
only in appearing before her those of filial piety; the
tears of *Madame* would have flowed, but with all
the softness of gratitude, and the universal
attention would have been at once a homage to virtue,

* Where Louis XVI. was guillotined; now the *Place Louis XV.*

a triumph for monarchy, and [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] for [redacted] past.

When the king arrived, he gave notice that [redacted] would receive all the [redacted] who had been formerly presented [redacted] court: I [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] foot within Napoleon's court, but I thought it my duty [redacted] present myself once at that of our legitimate king; I accordingly went to present him my homage, but [redacted] returned afterwards.

This revolution procured [redacted] the inexpressible happiness of [redacted] more seeing my pupils Made-moiselle and the Duke of Orleans. In our first interviews, they both displayed towards [redacted] [redacted] the affection, all the emotion and delight that I myself experienced. Alas! how deeply I felt at this interview the absence of three deservedly beloved pupils, the Duke of Montpensier, and his brother the Count de Beaujolais, who both died in exile, and my dear and unfortunate nephew, Cæsar Du Crest!

This interview, which [redacted] [redacted] deeply affecting to my feelings, had [redacted] a quarter of an hour, when the Duke of Orleans [redacted] us, saying that [redacted] [redacted] going to bring the Duchess; he came back in a few moments leading her by the hand. [redacted] princess advanced, [redacted] [redacted] the honour [redacted] embrace me, and said that she [redacted] long been

desirous of knowing me, adding, *for there are things I passionately love, your pupils and your works.* It is impossible to express in a more able and graceful manner with a single phrase, the due feelings of a wife and a sister, and at the same time display so much kindness for me.

A few days after the king's arrival, I again began to trace out the plan of the history of Henry IV., and I write assiduously without being withdrawn a single moment from my occupation. In proportion as I composed the work, I sent it to Maradan, who printed it with great care and speed; but it was not completely finished till the very moment of the king's departure for Ghent, though I had time before that event to offer him a copy, which I am sure he received. The greater part of this work I wrote at Ecouen, to which I had retired with Casimir and his wife. I wrote without intermission, and amidst all the political changes of the time, in spite of numberless causes of anxiety and emotion, my health remained unimpaired. At Ecouen I met Madame Campan, who still resided there: she lent me memoirs she had written at court, while first *femme de chambre* to the queen. These memoirs were begun long before the revolution, and terminated with the imprisonment of the royal family; they were written

great simplicity feeling. Campan, in every part of them, displays attachment to the unfortunate queen, and triumphantly the abominable calumnies that spread concerning her. Campan always displayed religious sentiments, and a charity inactive; her memory is in veneration at Ecouen, the poor her name; she always gave away whatever she possessed, and with all her means of accumulation, remained poor—these are facts that put calumny to flight. Casimir likewise rendered himself much beloved at Ecouen by every act of charity he had in his power to perform, and by the kind attentions he paid to the sick poor: he spent three at this country house. Those whom he attended will not forget him; they are of the obscure of all classes, and their blessings make noise in the world, but they are a thousand times valuable than the praises that are bruited forth by the public voice.

The report of Bonaparte's arrival renewed all terrors, and created infinite consternation in Paris, for it was generally expected that there would be fighting, bloodshed, and vengeance for the past; but nothing of the kind took place. On his return Bonaparte displayed intrepidity

obliterated the remembrance of his disasters in Russia; he entered the towns without attendants, and rushed alone into the very midst of the crowds assembled to him—yet his head was proscribed! This bold demeanour, inconceivable success, without army, without soldiers, the want of foresight and precaution on the part of the government, which was unable to prevent his landing at Cannes, every thing in fact, combined to favour his attempt; which was joyfully hailed because he every where proclaimed sentiments breathing peace and generosity. My *History of Henry IV.* was completely ready, but not published, when this event occurred to render its appearance unfortunate. I had not been able to write it during Napoleon's reign, for he would not have allowed it to appear, and the publication about to take place at the time of his return. But as he proclaimed the liberty of the press, I published the bold-ness of the *History of Henry the Great.* I truly assert that I had no intention whatever of making allusions in the work; but there happened to be a great many naturally excited by the history itself, some of them offensive to Napoleon, and particularly in the portrait of Philip II.

I [redacted] advised [redacted] several passages from my work, but I would [redacted] consent, and published [redacted] immediately without altering a word. I [redacted] prepared my mind for [redacted] the horrors of a [redacted] guinary reaction, but every thing remained quiet in Paris; every thing in the peaceful [redacted] triumphant [redacted] that Napoleon had just made, announced magnanimous feelings and heroic actions. At these first moments, it [redacted] [redacted] easy [redacted] refrain from feeling [redacted] share of the universal enthusiasm that burst forth at Paris, particularly after having feared all the disasters that might have ensued after such a sudden and astonishing revolution. There is a sort of magical effect produced by daring and extraordinary enterprises; when they do not wound the feelings of humanity, they irresistibly command the admiration. The victories and conquests of the emperor [redacted] not dazzled my imagination, because they had been obtained only at the price of torrents of blood; but all the circumstances that accompanied [redacted] [redacted] fascinated my mind, and I admired on this occasion both his great character [redacted] his splendid triumph.

I never regarded as a usurper the great warrior, the hero, whom the nation placed on [redacted] throne without commotion, and without violence; the

hero who had extricated us from anarchy, who had re-established religion, who was crowned by the pope, recognised by the Catholic reigns, and even by all the Protestant powers of Europe, with the exception of England, which, after all, only contested his title, and had already recognised him under another name, as chief of the French government, and whose sovereignty was recognised at his downfall, since it thought necessary to make him sign an act of abdication. But while I admired his return, and the sentiments he displayed, I could not but feel that on this occasion he was truly a usurper, since he had abdicated and solemnly renounced all his pretensions to the throne. This idea should have restrained my admiration; it did not do so, it is a fault I willingly admit.

Yet I can truly say that I had the less anxiety respecting the dangers incurred by the king and the princes after they quitted Paris. It solely depended on Bonaparte to have arrested the king; he said that he would do so, while others maintained that he would, the contrary, it was a point of pride to favour his journey. Under the pretext of renewing my correspondence with him, I instantly addressed him on this subject.

moment of arrival, not in a sentimental
 way which would have produced no effect, but
 in a way that might flatter his vanity. I told him
 every one thought he would have magnanimity
 protect the journey of the royal family.
 I comforted myself with the persuasion that
 he alone decided his conduct, but I do
 think that it contributed to confirm the error in
 his mind; in the letter I said, that every
 one expected to see him display all the clemency of
 Henry IV. This is the only letter I ever wrote
 in which I employed flattery, but the motive for
 which it was done is its best excuse. It is certain
 that in three days afterwards all the shops, by
 his orders, displayed busts of himself, and of
 Henry IV. To have contributed in making him
 form such a pretension, at such a period, was cer-
 tainly a good action. My history of Henry IV.
 as I have mentioned, published the evening
 before his entry into Paris. I knew from un-
 doubted authority that his work was excessively
 disagreeable to Bonaparte, and it was quite natural
 that it should have been so; he gave orders to
 the journalists to criticize it severely, or to
 ignore it all. All of them, (with one solitary
 exception,) adopted the latter alternative, which

was certainly the most polite they ■■■ adopt towards me, and ■■■ honourable ■ themselves.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances that attended the publication of my book, the ■■■ cond edition ■■■ out two months afterwards. Bonaparte ■■■ not restore ■■■ my pension; I ceased altogether to write to him; but I was not exposed to any kind of persecution. *The Hundred Days* were, however, not ■■■ disagreeable to me, on account of the total want of money I experienced, the trouble of constantly changing my residence, and the loss of several ■■■ that were due to ■■■ The pension of Casimir still remained my only ■■■ I was dangerously ill for six weeks, but, thanks to the attentions of Casimir and Alfred, and the ■■■ of M. Carret, (who had been chief surgeon of the grand hospital of Lyons, before he became *Maitre des Comptes*,) my life was preserved. I cannot sufficiently congratulate myself on the affectionate and truly filial attentions lavished upon me ■■■ this occasion by Casimir's wife, who ■■■ very ill ■■■ time, being ■■■ the eve of her confinement. My recovery was as rapid as that of a young person could have been, and I have constantly enjoyed ■■■ excellent ■■■ of health ever since, with the ■■■

ception of ■ time ■ passed in the Rue de Vaugirard. What chiefly contributed to produce ■ illness, ■ the anxiety I felt ■ account of the harassing and disagreeable life led by Casimir, ■ the dangers of ■ kinds he ■ this time constantly exposed to in the national guard. Once every five days he spent the night at ■ guard-house, without sleeping ■ moment, because he made ■ the rounds necessary for the public safety, and visited the taverns to put down the quarrels that occurred; and even during the days, when ■ off duty, he could ■ no time for repose, as he ■ to rise the moment he heard ■ drum beat to arms, which took place almost every night. No ■ could fulfil his harassing duties, so long ■ any danger existed, with ■ activity, zeal, and precision. I cannot help ■ ticing a little adventure that he met with ■ time of the king's return, when he happened to be stationed ■ the Barrière St. Denis. No person ■ was allowed to go out of Paris; but a young man, whom Casimir supposed to be a *garde du corps*, ■ up, and desired leave ■ pass ■ Casimir was corporal at ■ time, and ordered the sentinel ■ let him pass. The young man came ■ three different times ■ obtain permission to take with him ■ who ■ leading some horses,

and another with [redacted] whispering to Casimir that the whole was going to the Count d'Artois. Casimir went immediately to the two men, who had kept in [redacted] rear, and conducted them through the gates. The young [redacted] returned [redacted] [redacted] to ask his name, which he refused [redacted] tell, till the young [redacted] pressed him so earnestly that [redacted] became afraid lest their conversation should be remarked, and he told it to him at last.

My illness had cost [redacted] great deal of money, considering [redacted] circumstances and [redacted] [redacted] forced to borrow at exorbitant interest. Casimir had also been obliged to be [redacted] unusual expenses; the necessity of maintaining a great many soldiers for [redacted] length of time, the charitable donations which the public misery rendered indispensable, and, lastly, the high price of provisions, which had become excessive; all these, and many other [redacted] produced very great disorder in our affairs.

Notwithstanding all the troubles [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] this period, I wrote the historical [redacted] of *Jane of France*, wife of Louis XII. It [redacted] the first and only romance, hitherto, in which a heroine [redacted] represented, who is deprived by nature of personal attractions; for it could not be concealed that Jane [redacted] neither beautiful nor handsome, [redacted] [redacted] lame besides. Yet, without departing [redacted] the

truth of history, I have found the [redacted] of throwing [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] her person, by giving her [redacted] fairness of complexion, charming hands, beautiful hair, and pleasing expression of features. The lethargy of Jane in this work, has been universally praised, [redacted] novel and original incident. This [redacted] is, I believe, among the number of those that may be put, with advantage, into the hands of young ladies. I dedicated it [redacted] my daughter.

We [redacted] again obliged to be [redacted] farther expence by changing our residence, for the purpose of taking [redacted] cheaper house; Casimir and his wife went [redacted] live [redacted] Ecouen. As I had long desired to enter into a convent, I went with Alfred to inhabit an exterior apartment of the convent of *Carmelites*, in the Rue de Vaugirard. The king had [redacted] returned: [redacted] continued my incessant labours, [redacted] [redacted] this time published the *Memoirs of Dangeau*. I have already stated, that the emperor would not permit them [redacted] [redacted] printed, but had accepted them for his private library; and when I [redacted] them, I wrote to him that I had kept no copy of any part, which [redacted] the fact. [redacted] have also mentioned, [redacted] I made [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] work, by marking on [redacted] manuscript the [redacted] I wished, [redacted] getting them copied [redacted] I proceeded. With my facility of

composition, it was easy for me to re-write my work, if I obtained possession of the manuscript again; and I justly imagined that it had remained at the palace of the Tuileries. After my second restoration, I requested M. de Talleyrand to obtain the loan of it for me, but he could not obtain it. I mentioned my chagrin on the subject to M. de Treneuil, and four days afterwards, he brought me all the volumes of the work, a proof of friendship I shall never forget. All that I had marked in the manuscript I got copied immediately, but I was obliged to write all the notes anew, as I had not preserved any of those I had made formerly. Whilst I remained in the Rue de Vaugirard, I also published *The Battuecas*, and the tales of *Inés*, *Zuma*, and *Zeneide*, or *Ideal Perfection*; I was likewise engaged in writing a little journal, entitled *Journal of Youth*.

I have omitted to mention two works, which I finished in the Rue St. Anne; the one was entitled, *Le Journal Imaginaire, où la Feuille des gens du Monde*, and the other, the *Dictionnaire des Etiquettes*, a very improper title, for a thousand other subjects were mentioned in it. This work is now out of print, but a new edition is in preparation, which will contain nothing but the laws of etiquette, and the customs of society; and it is for

this reason, that I have inserted some parts of the edition in these memoirs. The *Imaginary Journal* was a very novel sort of review of the general literature of the day; it was supposed to have been published weekly, and all the numbers collected into a volume at the end of the year. Every thing was imaginary in this supposed journal; the criticisms were to works that had no existence, and the praises awarded, and the discussions maintained, had not a solid foundation. The extracts that were given from dramatic pieces, from poems, novels, and history, were altogether fictitious, or merely plans of works, in which young authors might have original ideas. The ludicrous quotations were invented like the rest, and not extracted from any actual work; in fact, every thing in the volume was the offspring of my imagination. I thought that this supposition of a journal already published, presented an interesting and novel form of criticism, and was a very natural opportunity for presenting a great variety of portraits and striking situations. The following is the manner in which I noticed a supposed work.

“*Ursula and Julian*.”—2 vols. 12mo.

“The author of this work is in his

preface, that there are no great incidents in his novel, every thing is simple, and those who wish for action, striking surprises, strong emotions, should refrain from reading it. We confess that taste is very similar, and that a work of imagination, without *imagination*, does not interest us at all. Yet we be pleased with a novel, without striking incidents, provided it be founded on a new, novel, and developed idea. None of these conditions is in the work before us. Under the pretext of presenting with *family portraits*, introduced into a family circle *full of quarrels*, in which nothing but petty conversations, and petty disputes—and these incidents fill up the two volumes. Lastly, Ursula, (who is an angelic woman, married a brutal husband,) conceives a violent passion for Julian, an impetuous young man, full of heroic qualities. For a long time, Ursula thinks she nothing but a tender friendship for Julian, who, on his part, thinks that in adoring Ursula, he is only in love with virtue. This error, and this enthusiasm, lead the lovers such a long way, that Ursula opens her eyes all of a sudden, and becomes mad; and in her madness talks in such ingenious and pathetic to astonish affect—if reader—at least all the per-

of the story, to the brutal husband, who becomes an enthusiastic admirer of her virtue, her love, her remorse. Julian becomes raging mad—and every one thinks him sublime. He wishes to poniard himself, which he is prevented from doing—but he takes poison. In order that she may give him her last farewell, and a sermon, Ursula all at once resumes her reason, after making a most noisy and long-winded discourse upon the reciprocal duties of young men, she dies of grief, pressing to her heart the death-cold hand of the unfortunate Julian, and pronouncing these last words: ‘In making the avowal of my weakness, and the sacrifice of my life, I have given satisfaction to virtue; and now, liberated by death from the bonds of detested existence, I am at last free. We have a right to dispose of ourselves, when on the brink of the grave yawning to receive us; is nought but a cloud ready to vanish into the vast fields of eternity, but a vain shadow that reflected from the depths of the tomb. The devouring flame of the flambeau of love, is purified by mingling with the livid and sombre fire of funeral torches. O, Julian! for a moment awake again; thou yet, in a few minutes, efface all horror of a deplorable existence! Why happy-

fugitive being, still exist for us during
solemn moment? Our hearts beat,
thy death-cold hand presses mine, thy eyes are
fixed mine—an eternal veil, drawn the
universe, separates from it for ever! . . . Oh!
how grand and beautiful is the solitude of the
tomb! . . . I am there with thee! . . . Ah! let our
last sighs mingled together, human power
can prevent them; they are the oath of an
invincible passion, sanctified by death! The
grave has become the sublime altar that is
receive them; the angel of death presides it,
a funeral lamp the sacred flambeau which is to
enlighten our immortal union. Thus the agony that
is the forerunner of death, shall be for but the
last thrilling impulse of love, and our souls united
shall rise together to the bosom of the Divinity!

Notwithstanding the extravagance and bad
of this long rhapsody, we confess that we
have seen in other novels things considerably
ridiculous. Yet we advise the author to give
up this mode of writing, and, above all, the idea
of rendering mad women and demoniacs sublime.
There is, perhaps, some wit in all these fine phrases;
but assuredly, there is neither talent, morality,
sensibility, truth. We have with several
instances of incorrect language in work, upon

which we do not wish to be severe; but there are other faults, such as the total want of sound sense and feeling, the affectation of the style, the false sentiments, and, above all, the depravity of the principles, which are altogether inexcusable in any writer."

Amidst all these studies, I found time to give Alfred some finishing lessons on the harp. As he was quite eighteen years of age, he had for eighteen months before felt a very warlike ardour, and had a great desire to enter the army, a contagious disease, which affected all the young men of the time, and which greatly injured the completion of his education; but with his natural talents and disposition, that loss could be easily recovered. He played extremely well on the harp, and showed a most extraordinary cleverness in every thing he attempted; he had shown a great talent for mechanics, and had acquired great skill in practice; he made a lathe to turn wood for chairs; he constructed a larum clock, and learned to take a harp to pieces, to mend it, and put it together again like a manufacturer of musical instruments. We occasionally read aloud, yet with my care, I could prevail on him to cultivate as much as I wished. He read some works with

pleasure mine, but I was astonished on account he gave of what he had read, the keen and clever way in which he formed his opinion of it. The following incident may give some idea of his intelligence, talents, and disposition. He was in my room one day whilst I was writing, and remained more than three quarters of an hour by the fireside, without doing any thing, a very extraordinary thing with him. I was astonished at his inaction, and asked him what he was thinking about, when he answered me in his usual unaffected way, that he was making some verses on the fireside, and the pleasure of stirring the fire. I began to laugh, for he had never spoken to me of poetry. I desired him to repeat this piece of verse, expecting to find it very ridiculous; he repeated sixteen or eighteen lines, and to my great surprise they were very pretty, and very well expressed; they did not contain a single fault in the measure, and only two or three hiatus. I desired him to write them down, which something prevented him from doing immediately, and they were afterwards forgotten. I was very sorry for it, and likewise for his not having cultivated his talents, a accomplishment for which he had great dispositions. During more than a year he remained in the same state. Vaugirard, I constantly suffered from violent nervous attacks which took away my sleep.

At this period, I went to Maupertuis, to see Anatole de Montesquiou; I remained twelve days, which I passed very agreeably; in this little journey I saw nobody but me but Anatole, Pamela, and Alfred. The amiableness, and of disposition, and pleasing liveliness of Anatole, charmed me during my whole stay. Pamela had before this time retired to the Abbaye-aux-Bois, a proper and suitable step, that I had not only approved of but advised. I lived adjoining her; she often to see me in the Rue de Vaugirard, and as her health was much out of order, I thought that the air of the country might do her good, and took her to the house of M. de Montesquiou, with whom she was not acquainted, but who received her with his usual kindness.

On my return from Maupertuis, I narrowly escaped being killed. The evening that I arrived in the Rue de Vaugirard, my trunk was in my room, as I wanted to unpack it myself before I went to bed. Alfred began to play on the harp, and as I was fond of making him perform in the dark, I did not for a light after night came on. I wished to fetch something at the other end of the room, and in crossing it I fell over the trunk with great violence, and struck my head against the floor, which was covered only with a thin carpet; in my fall I scratched my

right leg from the ankle to the knee, I broke two of my teeth, and cut my face in three places, my forehead, the nose, and the right cheek, while at the same instant I had, for the first time in my life, a violent bleeding from the nose. Alfred rushed in great alarm towards me, placed me in a chair, told me to wait for a moment, and ran out of the room; he instantly came back with a light in one hand, and a glass in the other, into which he squeezed the juice of a lemon, which he made me take. I was inexpressibly affected at seeing his excessive paleness, and the alarm expressed in his features, and his look the more remarkable, from his complexion being naturally very florid. As I drank the lemon juice, he left me to the care of the other persons who were with me, and hurried out to fetch a doctor. In about an hour, he returned with an excellent physician, M. Moreau, who found my pulse in good condition, but was alarmed at the wounds on my face; he prescribed leeches for me. I had no doubt but that I should be totally disfigured; but this was not the case. This accident has altogether changed my look; my nose, which was slightly turned up formerly, and the noses of that kind, had a small hump, and the point had little cavities called *meplats* by painters. At the present day, I may be said to

to say this nose was very delicate, and very pretty; it has been much celebrated in French prose, and I had hitherto preserved it perfect in all its delicacy. Since the accident, it has become neither enlarged, nor in the slightest degree awry, but the little bump has fallen, the two cavities have disappeared. I was so disfigured for a fortnight, that I did not once look at my face in a glass, till I knew how frightful it had become, by observing the looks of the persons who used to see me. After having anointed the wounds with a composition given me by M. Moreau, I put to dressing the wounds, but merely bathed them constantly for eight days with cold water; they healed perfectly well, and left no mark behind.

Casimir was at Ecouen, but as Alfred gave him instant notice of the accident, he hastened to Paris immediately, and I again saw an indescribable man when he entered my room, till my look met his, his melancholy expression which I shall never forget. He remained several days in Paris, feeling assured of my recovery, he promised to join him immediately at Ecouen. During my solitude in the Val-de-Vaugirard, I had the honour of receiving frequent visits from the Duchess of Angoulême. The princess is very amiable and accomplished, and is particularly distinguished by her extraordinary cha-

rity towards the poor. She came and spent whole evenings with me; this was after the second restoration, ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ period (1815) it is well known, ~~the~~ ~~the~~ public misery ~~was~~ deplorable; a frightful scarcity ~~was~~ superadded, and ~~the~~ ~~the~~ dearness of bread was extreme, while this bread was ~~as~~ ~~as~~ tasted as ~~it~~ was unwholesome. The poor wandered in crowds through the streets, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ one could ~~not~~ ~~not~~ ~~not~~ without being surrounded by them—it ~~was~~ a heart-rending sight! I gave all I could spare to the poor of my own parish, but this kind of aid was of little avail: I then formed the idea of taking for their benefit two young ~~persons~~ as pupils, whom I should engage ~~to~~ ~~to~~ teach to write letters correctly and elegantly in four months. For this purpose, I had invented a very ~~new~~ ~~new~~ simple, and easy method, and ~~as~~ ~~as~~ there ~~was~~ ~~was~~ no teachers of the kind worthy of confidence, I was sure of finding more pupils than I wanted, but I required ~~some~~ ~~some~~ one to take upon him to select ~~them~~ ~~them~~ ~~them~~ me. ~~As~~ ~~As~~ I was constantly conversing with ~~the~~ ~~the~~ ~~the~~ of Bourbon concerning the public misery, I communicated my plan ~~to~~ ~~to~~ her, ~~and~~ ~~and~~ she highly approved of, and immediately proposed to me to give the lessons I have mentioned ~~to~~ ~~to~~ ~~to~~ young ~~persons~~ whom ~~she~~ ~~she~~ had known ~~from~~ ~~from~~ infancy, and ~~her~~ ~~her~~ mother, (Madame Gros,)

she had brought up ■■■■■■■■■■ The princess agreed to the conditions I proposed, which were ■■■■■■■■■■ young lady should ■■■■■■■■■■ louis per month for two lessons a week, the first month paid in advance; and it was agreed that the young ladies should themselves take the money to M. Bourgeois, prior of the convent of the Carmelites, who engaged to distribute it ■■■■■■■■■■ the poor. ■■■■■■■■■■ ladies delighted me by the graces ■■■■■■■■■■ person, their accomplishments, and agreeable dispositions; they were as grateful for my lessons as if I had known them for years, and merely taught ■■■■■■■■■■ out of friendship. I became acquainted with ■■■■■■■■■■ Gros, whose merit, ■■■■■■■■■■ amiable disposition excited my sincere ■■■■■■■■■■ and friendship; I never knew a lady whose conversation was ■■■■■■■■■■ agreeable ■■■■■■■■■■ fascinating. Madame Gros ■■■■■■■■■■ given the Duchess of Bourbon the most disinterested and heroic proofs of attachment during her misfortunes. M. and Madame Gros ■■■■■■■■■■ an only son, who is worthy by his virtues of belonging to so interesting a family.

At ■■■■■■■■■■ period I became acquainted with ■■■■■■■■■■ persons ■■■■■■■■■■ whom I ■■■■■■■■■■ strongly attached, Madame la Marechale Moreau, and Madame Recamier. I had long known the most endearing acts of goodness on the part of both; I shall at

present relate the action of Madame Moreau, is worthy of being more generally known. During the time I remained at the arsenal, a lady of the of St. Anlaire, (but who is not of the same family as that with which the Duc inter-married,) wrote me to ask my permission to pay me a visit, and to bring her nieces along with her. Her letter very polite; I answered it accordingly, and this lady with her nieces, whose melancholy story she related me as follows:—

“These young ladies were born at St. Domingo, and at the time of the revolution, when the negroes were perpetrating their massacres, they eleven and twelve years of age, when they taken with their mother to the public square in a cart, and there, as a lesson for their youth, their mother beheaded, and her head into lap of her eldest daughter; they both swooned away! A charitable negress took empress, who not only had nothing with the cruelties that were committed, but who d them sincerely; the property of the children confiscated; they destitute forlorn; empress took interest in situation, caressed them, treated them with extreme kindness, and took

care of them for more than a year; she then learned that they had relations of some rank in Europe, ■■■■ resolved on sending ■■■■ ■■■■ United States of North America, thinking that it would be easy for them to find a passage from that country to France. She ordered a very handsome fit-out to be made for each of them, and gave them some very valuable pearls; the value of the whole might amount to fifteen or eighteen ■■■■ francs; this kind and beneficent sovereign of barbarians put them on board a vessel, under the charge of a negro and negress, who were married, and in whom she reposed implicit confidence; their voyage was fortunate, but when they reached Philadelphia, every thing changed its appearance. Those who had charge of the poor orphans took possession of their ■■■■ and pearls, dressed them in rags, and ■■■■ them to the rank of servants; as they had nobody to assist them, they resigned themselves to their lot. They were exposed to every sort of indignity, to blows, drudgery of all kinds, and the worst of food; they were in this miserable state for more than eighteen months; they went on to market to buy vegetables and fish oppressors. They became acquainted with a grocer, who was affected by their wretched

tion, and promised to [redacted] them the protection of a lady, who was occupied solely in doing good, and in assisting the unfortunate; [redacted] lady was Madame Moreau. In reality, [redacted] Moreau became their liberator; she snatched them from the tyrannical [redacted] who oppressed them; but it was without difficulty; she was exposed to lawsuits and legal persecution, but she was not discouraged; she succeeded in obtaining the liberty of these interesting victims of oppression, took them into her own house, and wrote to France [redacted] Madame de St. Aulaire, their aunt, to learn her intentions respecting them. [redacted] de St. Aulaire, desired them to be sent to her as speedily as possible, [redacted] this done." It was not long after their arrival, when they were brought to see me; [redacted] period they were from fourteen to fifteen years of age. After giving me this authentic statement, with all the particulars, Madame de St. Aulaire told me that she had brought them [redacted] purpose [redacted] ask me, [redacted] great favour, to write a tale on [redacted] subject of their adventures, with the [redacted] [redacted] ces, because [redacted] could [redacted] obtain a advantageous establishment in marriage; and [redacted] show [redacted] St. Aulaire, [redacted] e a way as I could, that young ladies [redacted] an establishment by having their [redacted]

published, how interesting they may be, particularly in the form of a novel. Madame de St. Anlaire pressed me to consent, but I remained firm in my opinion; she left me, and I have never seen her since.*

On her return to France, Madame Moreau received the thanks of Madame de St. Anlaire. It may be well imagined that it was with great pleasure that I yielded to the request of Madame de St. Anlaire to pay me a visit. I know many acts of goodness performed by Madame Recamier, that are less extraordinary, but equally affecting; one forms acquaintance with persons of such a disposition; I conceived a tender attachment for both of these ladies, which has increased more and more by their friendly attentions, and by many important services which they have rendered

* Yet this singular idea was successful: Madame de St. Anlaire did not give up; when I refused, she got another person to compose and publish their adventures, which soon made noise in society, as the book was limited to a very simple narration of facts, but which fell into the hands of a wealthy young man of good family, who after reading it, was desirous of seeing the heroines of the story; he became in love with the elder, and Madame Moreau contributed greatly to this marriage by her care and protection. I know no fact till I met the young lady that was married at Madame Moreau's.—(Note by the Author.)

me. At this period, both of them gave me further proofs of their kindness; I knew a young lady of fifteen, whose father was in the greatest distress; he applied to me to obtain a situation for his daughter, whom he had brought up, and who was really a prodigy for her age; she was perfectly acquainted with Latin and Italian, was frequently, with French grammar; she was pretty well acquainted with history and geography, wrote pretty verses, was acquainted with music, played on the piano, and could draw; her sweetness, modesty, infantine look, pleasing figure, and above all, her innocence and piety, affected me deeply; I made Madame Recamier interested in her favour, and she supplied the pressing necessities of her family; as she did compose well in prose, I gave her lessons three times a-week, during three months, which made her perfect in this department; when she had no longer need of my lessons, she thought only of obtaining a situation for her. Madame Recamier, of all paid her board in a convent; then Madame de M. obtained her a most excellent place in a boarding-school of St. Denis, though she was far from being of the age required to perform her duties; she was not quite sixteen. Madame Morceau gave her a room, and defrayed all the necessary expenses

upon her entry into that respectable

At the convent of Carmelites, in an apartment adjoining mine, there resided a lady very celebrated for her intimate connection with M. Voltaire; she was the Marquise de Villéte, whom M. de Voltaire had established in marriage, and whom he justly called *the beautiful and the good*. To my great surprize, she wrote me the most polite letter imaginable, to request leave to visit me; but, as I thought my conversation would be very embarrassing, I made use of the pretext of my age and state of health to altogether complying with the wish she had pleased to express; she was not discouraged, but wrote me several letters; I gave the answer; finally, she persisted in her attempt, sent me an invitation to dinner, which I declined, and here our correspondence ended. My numerous occupations and the state of my health were, in fact, the cause of my extreme shyness. I knew that Madame de Villéte was an example to the whole neighbourhood by her charitable disposition, that, though a pupil of Voltaire's, she was constant in the performance of her religious duties, and was extremely pious; I also knew that she preserved all the gratitude she owed to the memory

of Voltaire, but ■■■■■ that her display of it did ■■■ please me; her house ■■■ full of busts ■■■ portraits of Voltaire, ■■■ of altars, covered with inscriptions in his praise; hence, I said in sport that ■■■ wished to allure me to her house, solely ■■■■■ purpose of *sacrificing me* on the altar of Voltaire; but in sober truth, I should have made but ■ sorry figure in such apartments ■ these.

I ought, in this place, to speak of Lady Morgan. I am delighted at having become acquainted with ■ person ■ deservedly celebrated. I confess, however, that she fascinated ■■ by ■■■ of warmth of heart and good will, that gave infinite value to her praise.

Lady Morgan is not beautiful, but there is something lively and agreeable in her whole person; she is very clever, and seems ■ have a good heart; it is a pity that, for the sake of popularity, she should have ■■■ the mania of meddling with politics. ■■■ says gracefully, ■■■ her vivacity, and rather springing carriage seemed very strange in Parisian circles, ■ they ■■■■ such a ■■■■■ the manners of French ladies. ■■■ adds that, for her own part, the external calmness of Frenchmen gave her great surprize; she soon learned that good taste of itself commands this

kind of demeanour. ■■ fact, gesticulation, and a noisy manner have never ■■■■■■■■ France. When people ■■ the promenade, it is to take a seat. This fact is noticed in Lady Morgan's writings with great talent and correctness. ■■■■ she ■■■■ day to my house, she ■■■■ me ■■■■ she had ■■ very interesting lady in her carriage, ■■■■ was desirous of seeing me; this was Mrs. Paterson, the first wife of Prince Jerome Bonaparte; Lady Morgan pressed ■■■■ earnestly ■■ receive her, and I consented; I saw ■■ very fine woman, mild, melancholy, and quiet, who was worthy of ■■ better lot.

■■■■ Recamier ■■■■ very ■■■■ in paying me visits at this period; every succeeding day increased my attachment to her; she is charming on a slight occasion, and still ■■■■ charming when intimately known. Notwithstanding ■■■■ troubles and misfortunes with which ■■■■ life ■■■■ been chequered, there is so much ■■■■ in her temper, so much ■■■■ in her heart and conscience, that ■■■■ has preserved nearly all the fairness of her complexion, and all the charming appearance of her early youth. The round of pleasure in which she has lived has rendered her completely unable to apply to serious occupations, which ■■ the more painful ■■■■ ■■■■ she is naturally ■■■■ with good talents.

Diagusted with frivolous every kind, tired of trifling, now only gives herself up through habits of idleness, but proof that it the most disagreeable situation any can placed in who possesses judgment and talents ; yet her indolence does prevent her from showing affectionate attention to young whom she is bringing up. I was much gratified in assisting her in this object ; agreed that I to give subjects of composition these young ladies ; that each of them to write twice a-week, and that I was to send them back their letters corrected. This done during six months ; both the young ladies possessed of talents and excellent sentiments, and made rapid improvement from my lessons.

In this convent I spent the whole of that year which certain liberals have called *the period of terror*, although nothing took place but punish- of a very small number of men who had proved false to their oaths ; people were also occasionally pestered with informers and ridiculous examinations, through the of those who possessed confidence of the court, who performed in a very awkward manner, those commissions, which, after all, were measures of persecution, but which produced

quarrels and ill-will, [redacted] diminished [redacted] respect that was due to the government; of this I [redacted] give a very singular instance. I was told one morning, that some [redacted] wanted [redacted] speak [redacted] the part of the *prevôt* of the department of the Seine; I [redacted] much astonished that he should have any thing to say to me, and made the messenger [redacted] in; he gave me a [redacted] partly printed and partly written, containing a summons to go before the *prevôt* without delay; my respect for whatever is printed in the name of the government prevented [redacted] from making any objections; the bearer of the note said that he had come in a carriage, for the purpose of taking [redacted] with him immediately; I hurried a gown on, [redacted] followed the stranger, still feeling nothing but surprize and curiosity; I [redacted] a little hurt at finding [redacted] the carriage [redacted] nothing [redacted] a hackney coach, [redacted] I got in; the stranger ordered the coachman to drive to the house of M. [redacted] *prevôt*, and we set out. As the state of my affairs did [redacted] [redacted] me for several months before to keep a servant, I had only a kitchen-maid, [redacted] [redacted] absent, I [redacted] myself quite alone, in the power of the stranger, whose [redacted] I [redacted] the first time began to examine, and found it at this [redacted] frightful; I then began to reflect, and

repented bitterly ■ having allowed myself to be taken away in this manner upon the faith of a small scrap of paper; we arrived ■ the prévôt's house, the appearance of which rather tranquillized me, ■ it ■ large and ■ pillars at the door; but ■ ■ I entered, I ■ that the whole court ■ full of shops, which told ■ that the prévôt occupied nothing but ■ apartment in the house, and that, consequently, he could ■ ■ sort of minister of state, as I had ■ first imagined. We alighted from the carriage, ascended ■ staircase, and stopped at a little door on the first floor; my strange guide rang the bell with great violence, when the door ■ opened, and ■ ugly little hump-backed servant appeared; I entered ■ chastically (for it was with great repugnance) the door ■, and I found myself in ■ anti-chamber along with the ■ hump-backed girl, who took me into ■ large, ugly, wretchedly-furnished room, where she ■ alone. As my imagination travels a long way in a very short time, I ■ persuaded that I ■ fallen into a den of robbers, and I had plenty of time to enjoy ■ agreeable ■ fancy, for I waited more than ■ quarter of an hour; at last M. le prévôt admitted me into his cabinet, where I saw that I was to undergo ■ examination; a sort of secretary ■ seated beside

■ desk ; the prévôt informed me that this man ■■■ about ■ take down whatever I should say, and he then began to ask me questions of the ■■■ singular ■■■■ imaginable. ■■■ requested, me first of all to recollect all the tapestry I had formerly ■■■ at the ■■■■ Royal, ■■■ amongst others, that which represented a king of France with a red cap. This question seemed ■■■ ■■■ foolish, that I hesitated a moment ■■■ ■■■ it ; the prévôt, considering my silence ■■■ be the embarrassment of a guilty person, told ■■■ several times, in the most solemn tone, *that the whole truth ■■■ be told* ; I then felt ■ strong inclination ■ laugh ■ him, and could no longer reply to him without ridiculing his questions. For instance, I informed him that I ■■■ going to relate ■ him the story of *Daphnis and Chloe*, and assured him that I ■■■■ compose it so ■■■ to form a very pretty tale, which his secretary would write with pleasure, ■■■ which he might ■■■ get printed. ■■■ *le prévôt* was much offended, and said ■■■ ■■■ ■■■■ ral times, that this *irrelevant* talk ■■■■ ■■■ do ; I replied that what I had said was not irrelevant, as the story I was speaking of formed the subject of the tapestry ■■■■ formerly seen ■■■ ■■■■ Royal, but that it had ■■■■ ■■■■ ■■■■ designs of the regent, and that I had never seen any other

of tapestry there. He then asked me a great many questions about a game-keeper of *Romainville*, belonging to M. de Valence, and who, I told me, had been using very seditious language. I laughed at this question still more, and the *prevôt*, very much dissatisfied, When I withdrew, I advised him not to bring before his tribunal upon such slight grounds ladies of my age and character. Things of this kind were very frequent this year. This is not a system of terror, but it is supremely ridiculous.

I remained between fourteen and fifteen months in the convent of Carmelites; during my stay, I went to the parlour to pay a visit to the virtuous *superieure*, Madame de Soyecourt; I had known her in former times at Belle Chasse, where she was for some time a boarder, with the intention of taking the veil there; at that time she had an agreeable figure, a considerable fortune, and was two or three and twenty years of age; notwithstanding the opposition of her relations, and the allurements of the world, she constantly persevered in her pious call. At Belle Chasse we were separated from the Carmelites only by a small dividing wall; on this side the garden of the nuns, I had got constructed a pretty hill covered with turf, for the purpose of exercising Made-

d'Orleans in running up down it, which proved very advantageous her health; Soyecourt often visited hill, from which seen the whole interior of the garden of the Carmelites; a young who walking there made signs of friendship her, by this means of communication, a great intimacy soon sprung up between them; one day, the young Carmelite stretched her arms out to Mademoiselle de Soyecourt, as if to invite her to join her; Mademoiselle de Soyecourt, already deeply affected by what she heard of the holy lives led by the Carmelites, resolved on taking her among them, and this she performed, in spite of all the opposition of her family. If I had not got that part of the garden made, which called the *new grove*, Mademoiselle de Soyecourt would not have climbed the hill which commanded a view of the garden adjoining, and would have left Belle Chasse for the Carmelite convent. At the revolution, there occurred in France a repetition of what formerly took place Geneva in the time of Calvin; philosophers gave all the permission to return into the bosom of society; they declared that they wished remain in their convents, and they were driven out of them, by being compelled in the name of liberty to break their

vows, ■■■■ contrary to their conscience and inclination. Those who had relations sought shelter with them; those who ■■■■ none, or who ■■■■ lost their property by confiscation, and their relations ■■■■ the scaffold, supported themselves by their manual labour, or by entering into service; many were forced ■■■■ beg, several ■■■■ guillotined, and ■■■■ great number died of chagrin and misery; which was in general the fate of all those who ■■■■ seventy and eighty years of age. Providence watched over Mademoiselle de Sovecourt, and preserved her virtuous life; but all her family perished ■■■■ the scaffold. When the confiscations ■■■■ annulled, her property ■■■■ restored; and, although the property of her house had been much dilapidated, yet, as it had been very great, and she remained sole heiress, she recovered eighty thousand livres a-year. As convents ■■■■ abolished, she could not enter into ■■■■ cloister, but she formed a private establishment without grates, collected together all the ■■■■ of her order that were still surviving, and settled with them in a house in Paris, where they took charge of the education of ■■■■ young girls. At the restoration, ■■■■ began ■■■■ her convent anew; but when Bonaparte returned, she escaped from

Paris, and sought shelter in the country some *sœurs de charité*. On going one morning to up her devotions in a chapel, she a pretty little girl, three years old, and dressed, seated the steps of the altar of the holy virgin, where she had fallen asleep; a paper was to her breast, on which these words were written: *I place her under the protection of the holy Virgin*. Mademoiselle de Soyecourt took the child (who has never been claimed) and kept her; she brings her up with great care; she does not intend to influence her to become a nun, but if she a call, will become one; if not, Mademoiselle de Soyecourt will give her a portion and marry her. Acquainted with my great fondness for children, Mademoiselle de Soyecourt sent her several times me; I gave her some pretty little articles made by Alfred myself; a small nun's dress had been made for her, in which she was sometimes; she came to see in dress; I told her that she looked very well in it, and that she was an interesting little Carmelite, when instantly pulled up her woollen gown, showed her white frock, and said, *Look, I have got my visiting dress here*. Her sparkling and intelligent look, and the lively tone of her voice when she said

words, me conclude that

The pretty saying of this child reminds me of a very natural of my cousin, Madame d'Arcamballe, when she only five years age. was evening in winter, half past eight o'clock, in her aunt's drawing-room, where there great deal of company; when Bellevau that her governess not to take her away, she her to go to the anti-chamber (where she had no doubt of there being two three of her waiting) and get herself conducted to her apartment, which the second floor; the child left the room, but by singular chance, there was nobody in the anti-chamber but a strange servant, who happened be a negro, and she had never seen one before, greatly terrified at first, but desirous of obeying her aunt, she approached the negro, and said to him with a trembling voice: *Sir, if you would promise not to eat me, I should request you lead me my attendant . . .*

It extraordinary, that in irreligious as ours, there should have been, in the elevated ranks of society, so many remarkable calls to a holy life. Louise, daughter of Louis

XV., in ■■■ midst of so much grandeur, ■■■ felt from her earliest youth, the desire of becoming a Carmelite, and did not obtain permission to do so till she ■■■ thirty-five years of age ; for fifteen years before she had secretly practiced at court all the austerities of the profession she wished to embrace. Mademoiselle de Condé, and Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., both of them possessing charming figures, ■■■ always models of piety from their infancy. Madame Elizabeth could never obtain permission to become ■ nun ; heaven reserved her for the glory of martyrdom ; she perished on the scaffold in 1793.

I had several times the honour of presenting my respects to Mademoiselle de Condé, before the revolution. As soon ■ she was twenty-five years of age, her household was formed, and every one was charmed by her gracefulness and talent ; when ■ looked ■ her, I reflected with extreme pleasure that Mademoiselle de Mars, the friend of my youth, had assisted her in her education ; she ■ highly accomplished, was well acquainted with music and composition, ■ ■ excellent performer ■ the piano, sung agreeably, drew well, and wrote very pretty ■■■ One evening ■ her house, the company were playing ■ a ■■■ that re-

quired *bouts-rimés* to be [redacted] up; Mademoiselle de Condé received the words, *fantaisie, amour, folie, vautour*, which she [redacted] up in the following [redacted]:

" Navoir jamais d'amant, telle [redacted] ma fantaisie,
Je crains trop les transports du dangereux . amour,
Et j'évite ce dieu guidé par la folie,
Comme l'oiseau [redacted] évite le vautour."

I do not think that any poet could have filled up those *bouts-rimés* in a more agreeable [redacted]. With all her talents, accomplishments, and powers of fascination, ill-will and envy could [redacted] point out the slightest stain upon her character, because her heavenly piety was [redacted] well known. At the revolution she sought refuge in Italy, and at Turin became a nun; she found a little orphan girl in the convent she had entered, and she took charge of her education; when she [redacted] compelled [redacted] escape from Turin, she took the child with her, as she had neither relations nor [redacted] of any kind, and this young lady, who is now twenty years of age, still resides with her in the convent of which she is the abbess,* under the name of Madame Louise de Condé; the princess has taught her [redacted] her [redacted] plishments. Some months ago, Madame Louise

* [redacted] princess was then alive.—(Note by [redacted] Author.)

asked her pupil whether she wished to marry or become a nun, when she replied, that she did not feel a call to engage herself by taking the vows, but that she always voluntarily preferred seclusion in which nothing but God was thought of; that she would not marry, because she wished to devote her life to the service of her benefactress, and that she would not leave her; thus she remains in perfect freedom in the convent. She is an excellent performer on the piano, and has a very fine voice, but she does not sing anything profane; Madame Louise has composed for her a large volume of hymns, the music of which she has composed as well as the words; she draws, and employs any but sacred subjects; in a word, her acquirements, as well as those of Madame Louise, are solely devoted to religion.

We have many instances of persons displaying this sublime piety; the *Abbé de Janson*, with forty thousand francs a-year, has become a priest at the age of thirty, and leads the life of a saint. The *Duc de Rohan*, of nearly the same age, with a large fortune, a fine person, and one of the most honourable persons in the world, has just followed the same example. The *Abbé de Janson* travelled to Jerusalem in the dress of a pilgrim, solely that he might devote himself to the holy

sepulchre. Monsieur,* the Duke and Duchess Angoulême offer the court the example the model of sublime charity, and of the most sincere and perfect piety. A great number of individuals who live in solitude and obscurity, governed by the sentiments; we hope that for the sake of these faithful souls, God, in his mercy, will deign to re-establish habits and moral principles in France, and, consequently, peace and happiness.

I should have been perfectly satisfied with my lodging in the Rue de Vaugirard, if I had not been afraid to live there, as the adjoining streets solitary and dangerous, particularly the Rue d'Assas. Alfred, on coming through it one evening at six o'clock, on his way home, was attacked by two men; such was his strength and natural courage, that he knocked one of them down, dashed the other against the wall, and then ran with all speed into our street. The two men pursued, and were on the point of coming up with him when he reached the gate of our court, and rang the bell; the porter opened the door and saw by the reflection of the lamp two men, who, the moment they saw him, turned instantly back to-

wards d'Assas. A person who lodged in his house, but in a separate pavilion that looked into the street, was attacked by three robbers, who, in the middle of the night, climbed up to his balcony, drove the window in, entered his apartment, robbed it, and killed him for dead. He did not die of his wounds. This happened three months before I entered to inhabit the house, and it was with horror that I saw this man walking in the grand avenue of acacias in his garden, with his head in a sling, and a large black bandage round his forehead. Lastly, I found that the walls that separated us from our neighbours were far from being high enough. My little pavilion was situated along the beautiful avenue of acacias I have just mentioned, and formed, with my little garden, a very pleasing walk. There was at the end of this avenue a chapel well known for a most tragical event; at the terrible period of the revolution, eighty-three priests who had sought shelter in it were attacked and put to death by assassins hired by the Jacobins. One of them survived their blows for a long time, by having his breviary concealed in his bosom; the fury of the assassins was such, that they succeeded in piercing the breviary in more than eight or ten places, and reached through the book the heart of the martyr.

they wished ■ murder, and whom they ■ deprived of life! After numberless risks and adventures, ■ book has fallen into the hands of Mademoiselle de Soyecourt, who preserves it like ■ precious relic; this breviary is every where pierced through with the thrusts of poinards, and every page is stained with blood! Who could read ■ prayer in it without emotion, and the liveliest fervour of devotion! I entered the chapel where this horrible scene occurred; traces of the blood of the victims are still to be ■ ■ the floor and ■ the walls, and it is not allowed to efface them. There is an annual service performed in the chapel, in honour of the martyrs sacrificed by the sanguinary madness of impiety.

In the ■ of acacias, I became acquainted with the widow of a very celebrated scientific character, M. Duhamel, so well known for his beautiful and curious experiments. It ■ he who thought of planting a tree upside down, that is, with the top in the ground and the roots in the air; the branches became roots, and the roots became covered with leaves. The widow of M. Duhamel ■ eighty-six years of age; she lived in the ■ house ■ I did, and went every ■ ing to sit on ■ bench ■ ■ end of the avenue; ■ took ■ liking to me from seeing me walking

alone. One day, without saying a word, she ■■■ a sign with her hand, for ■■■ to ■■■ sit down, in the way ■■■ does in calling a lap-dog, by tapping gently ■■■ the bench beside her; this singular manner pleased me; I did ■■■ she desired me, and ■■■ entered into conversation; ■■■ and good-humoured, and excited my interest; I never failed ■■■ go daily and sit down beside her, and I ■■■ paid her several visits in her own apartment. She related to ■■■ several interesting particulars of her husband, of whom she preserved a very tender recollection.

I ■■■ the Rue de Vaugirard to join Casimir ■■■ his family ■■■ Ecoen; there I wrote the *Dictionary of Etiquette*. After that work, I published ■■■ entitled *Eugene et Antoine*, ■■■ *Poetic Travels*; I intended it merely ■■■ the commencement of an important work which I have wished ■■■ write for ■■■ than thirty years, and which I have promised in several of my works by the title of *Les Refutations*. My intention was to make it an examination of all the principles of the philosophers, and in the following shape; I told ■■■ history of a very intelligent young man, whose passions ■■■ made him adopt these principles; ■■■ was ■■■ false philosophy, and ■■■ any works but ■■■ that maintained it;

but the selfish reflections of his own mind gave him a profound contempt for the writers who had propagated it, because he admitted that it was dangerous to publish, and because he considered, with justice, that these authors have neither displayed wit nor talent in maintaining its principles; and in this he was perfectly correct, for Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot are less than *mediocre* when they write impieties; considering them merely as sophists, they are wretched in their reasonings, and disgusting in their obscenities.

I supposed that this young man had a friend of his own age, perfectly enlightened and virtuous, whom he wrote during his travels, and whom he informed of his principles by letter. The young infidel, friendly to false philosophy and the philosophers, wishes to prove by quotations that they had very badly supported their cause; after giving a passage from their works, it is his practice to present the argument in a more specious and seductive manner; and this is triumphantly refuted by the virtuous friend—a matter which could have given me any embarrassment, and truth triumphs easily over error; and I am holding up to scorn both the principles and the talents of the

pretended philosophers. It is pretty generally admitted that their principles are abominable, but a very common opinion prevails concerning the talents they have shown on this subject. On other subjects they have written well, but, and I say it again, whatever they have said against religion is equally absurd in its reasonings, and in its calumnious misrepresentations. My religious hero first of all shows his friend what he is yet ignorant of, that the whole of this impious edifice is founded upon old lies repeated under a new form; and then all the while admitting that his friend is an ingenious sophist, he refutes his arguments, and, as may be well imagined, ends by converting him from his errors. I had prepared the whole of this in my *Poetic Travels*, by introducing into them, under the name of *Auguste*, a young man fascinated by the philosophy. But I have always found some difficulty occur to prevent me following out my own intentions, chiefly by my imagination presenting to me many ideas which I cannot follow;—and I have never been able to write this work, because it would require me to read over a great many works anew, which require a great deal of time and careful reflection. I do not live long enough to write it, I

desirous that my idea may not be lost ;—I know several persons who are ~~more~~ qualified than I ~~am~~ to write this useful work.*

I ~~was~~ highly gratified at Ecouen, by seeing Casimir universally beloved for his ~~kind~~ disposition, ~~his~~ charity, and the constant attentions which he paid to the sick poor. We spent the whole of the following winter in the Rue de Fauburg-Saint-Honoré, where I ~~was~~ extremely busy, and arranged the ~~whole~~ plan of the *Parvenus* ; I received very little company, but was often visited by the Duchess of Bourbon, Madame Moreau, and Madame Recamier ; the Queen of Sweden, whose kindness to me has been invariable, honoured ~~me~~ with several visits. One evening that ~~we were~~ conversing in a very animated manner, ~~the~~ only light ~~in~~ had burning went out, and ~~we~~ were left in total obscurity ; I wished to get up to find the bell-pull, but the queen hearing me stirring, said with a quiet and sweet tone of voice, that suits her admirably : *We do not require any lamp ~~to~~ converse, besides, ~~we~~ should be interrupted*

* I am endeavouring ~~to~~ something towards ~~it~~ in ~~my~~ Correspondence of ~~my~~ Young Friends, in ~~my~~ journal *l'Intrepide*, which, if ~~published~~ ~~at~~ some future time, ~~will be~~ a continuation of my ~~own~~ Travels.—(Note ~~by~~ ~~the~~ Author.)

—*let us remain as we are.* I obeyed, and we tranquilly recommenced our conversation, which lasted an hour and a half longer; I did not ring the bell as it was necessary to light the queen, when she was about to depart.

At this time several persons who were well informed of the fact, and who had spent several months at Coppet, with Madame de Staël, related me a great number of particulars concerning the mode of life led there. The following is a curious circumstance; the company assembled every evening round a large round table, on which were placed many inkstands and sheets of paper as there were persons present; profound silence was preserved, and instead of conversing, they occupied themselves in writing; every one chose his *correspondent*, and the notes and letters were thrown across the table to each other, but never read aloud. It may be permitted to believe without forming a rash judgment, that this mysterious table was the scene of many a declaration of love, which, very probably, was nothing but marks of gallantry that were openly invited by such a practice. I promised Madame Recamier to write her life, of which, I have in fact, written a historical tale, rather long, but as I think

very interesting. I [] it [] her in my [] handwriting. [] I have kept [] [] copy of [] whatever.

The greater part of the persons [] visited me [] [] time asked me to give them a party [] [] anniversary of my birth, (the [] of January,) and I agreed. At this party, Casimir played on the harp, and in such a manner and with such distinguished [] [] [] worthy of particular notice. A short time before this, I [] written the tale of *Zuma, or the Discovery of Peruvian Bark*. This tale is full of theatrical situations and dramatic scenes. Casimir undertook to play a sketch of the story on his harp, and to express [] the principal [] of action [] they occurred; in fact, he composed a real *pantomime for the ear*, for no other name [] be given [] this extraordinary species of composition, of which he was [] inventor. At my assembly he [] [] the company if they had read the tale of *Zuma*; every one knew as much of it as was necessary to understand the music; he then said he [] going [] perform it, and he did [] in such [] admirable [] that, in [] pathetic passages he affected the company [] tears, and praise thus springing from the heart [] [] suspected of flattery or exaggeration. The Duchess of Bourbon honoured [] assembly

her company; de Choiseul Madame Recamier likewise present.

During winter I renewed my intimacy with a person worthy in respects, and with whom I been intimately connected in England, although he then extremely young; this Lord Bristol; he residing Paris, with the whole of his family, consisting of his charming lady nine children. Time passed unperceived in our interviews, for I know individual whose conversation is more agreeable or instructive. I refused at this time to receive all those foreigners who wanted to visit me, with whom I had no intimacy in former periods, with the exception of the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Bristol's sister, a lady eminently distinguished, (as well her brother,) for her talents and dispositions.* At the request of the Duke, and Mademoiselle d'Orleans, also received a visit from His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester; I had several long conversations with this prince, whose sentiments highly delightful to ; he is at the head of several hospitals, I asked him, as a great favour, think of establishing that every where wanted, and he gave his promise; this

* interesting lady died in Italy, in the course of the pre-year, (1824.)—(Note by the Author.)

hospital for ricketty hump-backed children, because there exist infallible of curing deformities. One of the best modes of curing hump-backed children, is that I discovered, which is to make them draw up a weight fixed a pulley, precisely in the way water is drawn up from a well. I have mentioned these exercises in the *Lessons of a Governess*.* During the interview, I also took liberty of asking his Royal Highness several questions concerning princes, particularly concerning Monsieur. He informed me in reply, that he had never had any intimate connexion with that prince, but that he had opportunities of taining that his word was always inviolable, and that when he had promised any thing, nothing in the world could make him fail to perform it; these the identical words of the Duke of Gloucester. Finally, I also during this winter, a charming foreign lady, of whom I shall preserve the recollection so long I live; this

* When I went to Belle Chaux, I remembered that I had heard in my youth, that a scullion is never hump-backed, on account of her being constantly employed in drawing water from a well, position and exercise being sufficient to preserve from becoming deformed, or to cure her if she were so before.—
(Note the Author.)

■ ■ Polish lady, named the Countess of Zaleska ; she gave me for my *garland* ■ pretty *bouquet* of pansies, painted by her ■ hand.

I ■ Alfred ■ Brussels, where ■ acquirements, ■ ■ protection of his Royal Highness ■ Prince of Orange have obtained ■ ■ an honourable situation, and promise ■ happiness ■ the future. Anatole, my grandson, ■ rendered him the most important services, with all ■ kindness and cordiality for which he is distinguished.

I passed two summers at the château de Villers, with Rosamonde, my grand-daughter, wife of General Gérard. I ■ there with ■ lady very remarkable on her ■ account, and who ■ peculiarly ■ ■ me, by the recollections she brought ■ my mind ; this ■ Madame de Berenger, daughter of my old friend, the Countess of Lannoy ; ■ has chosen ■ second husband, worthy of her by ■ talents and religious principles. At Villers ■ also became acquainted with the Marquis de Livron,* ■ of ■ most obliging men ■

■ ■ Marquis de Livron had entered the Neapolitan service, and had attained the rank of Lieutenant-General, when the events of ■ occurred. After his return to France, ■ was not till after long delay that his rank was recognised; after which he went to Egypt, along with General Boyer.—(Note by ■ Editor.)

ever knew, with the soundest judgment, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] agreeable [REDACTED] in private company. At Villers, I [REDACTED] M. de Norvins read some fragments of a poem he had written,* [REDACTED] with which I [REDACTED] highly delighted. The author is very pleasing, and there [REDACTED] existed a poet, who is farther distant than he is from pretensions in company, or [REDACTED] slightest particle of pedantry. Finally, there I again met M. de Pontécoulant, who is both very unaffected, and very original, a rare junction of qualities; he is the person whose singular mode of travelling is alluded to in *Petrarque*. The following is the portrait I have given of M. de Pontécoulant, under the [REDACTED] of *Socrates* :—

" Towards the end of this winter, Petrarch received a visit which, far from troubling his solitude, increased its charms. The friend, who [REDACTED] dear to him as Lelius, and to whom he had given

* This poem, so remarkable for its profound ideas, majestic style, and splendid versification, has been published since; [REDACTED] entitled, *L'Immortalité de l'Âme, ou les Quatre Âges Religieux*. M. de Norvins has distinguished himself as a literary character by several other works; the most eminent is his [REDACTED] *la Française*.—(Éditeur.)

[This author [REDACTED] principal writer [REDACTED] voluminous [REDACTED] caustic *Biographie des Contemporains*, for writing an article [REDACTED] which Messrs. Jay [REDACTED] Jouy were imprisoned.]

■■■ of Socrates, came and passed a month with him; this young man, passionately fond of the arts, and enriched by having succeeded to ■■■ property, determined to devote ■■■ of liberty, which his increase of fortune procured him, to make the tour of Italy. Petrarch ■■■ astonished at seeing him arrive, according to his ■■■ custom, with his dog, alone, and ■■■ foot, his whole baggage consisting of ■■■ umbrella, and ■■■ small knapsack containing three shirts. 'What! my dear Socrates,' said Petrarch to him, 'you ■■■ wealthy, and you do not give up the habits which poverty had forced you to adopt?'—'Yes,' said Socrates, 'because these habits will preserve advantages that riches cannot bestow, health, strength of body, and independence of mind. Fortune is inconstant, I love ■■■ defy its caprices; if it take from ■■■ what it has just ■■■ bestowed, I ■■■ again find the means, without difficulty, of living independent of its favours.'—'But of what ■■■ will your wealth then be?'—'To assist the unfortunate, ■■■ my friends, receive them ■■■ my home, ■■■ obtain for them in my house all the comforts they can desire, and lastly, to cultivate the fine arts, and to protect talents in obscurity or misfortune.'—'You ■■■ have, therefore, ■■■ house, a number of

servants and horses?'—'Certainly, but without ostentation, merely for the sake of others. For myself, I shall carefully preserve, as long I live, the simplicity to which I happily am accustomed. I enjoy the happiness, of being able at every moment, and in every situation, to be sufficient for my own wants, not to be dependent on any servant, and to do gaily without good shelter, good cheer, a bed of down, a carriage, and all the superfluities, called necessaries, by effeminacy. I shall ennoble my past poverty, by despising all those who have slighted me, and shall strengthen by exercise the faculties I have received from nature. Thus I am going alone on foot, with my dog and my umbrella, to perform the tour of all Italy; I shall spend money only in the towns, in charity, and in purchasing pictures and statues. In this way I shall double the fortune that has fallen to me, I shall enjoy it with constant satisfaction, for it will not be able to render me effeminate; and if I lose it, I shall feel no regret.' Petrarch admired this species of philosophy, and found that his friend was well worthy of the honourable name he had given him.

"This contempt of luxury is uncommon, and possesses such moral influence, that it may not be useless for my readers to know that the habits

■■■■ ■■ Petrarch's friend, ■■ ■■ ■■ offspring of imagination; and that there ■■■■ ■■ ■■ moment, a peer of France, who, inheriting from his ancestors ■■ considerable fortune, ■■■■ ■■ spared by the revolution, ■■ always been distinguished for the sentiments ■■■■ mode of acting that have ■■■■ been described."

The first time I went to Villers, I remained five months, and during that time wrote the *Parvenus*, of which I had fully sketched out the plan before; of all my works, it is the one, I believe, that best describes the habits of the revolution, and which ■■■■ the greatest number of interesting, natural, and varied characters.

The following winter we still resided in the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, and there I renewed my intimacy with an old friend, Madame ■■ St. Julien, whom I had formerly seen ■■ Ferney, at ■■■■ house of M. de Voltaire; she ■■■■ my neighbour, as she resided in the *Champs Elysées*; she is ninety-two years of age, and has preserved all her physical and mental powers; ■■■■ is ■■■■ deaf, is upright, and walks as if she were only twenty years of age, and has the capacity, memory, and liveliness that distinguished her youth. ■■■■ came ■■ see ■■■■ several times; her conversation is delightful; ■■■■ gracefully reproached me for having

spoken ill of her patron, but she was not the agreeable towards me; she is the most astonishing old lady I *met* in my life.* Lastly, during this winter, I *was* much pleased with a person I *met* with *at* the house of Madame de St. Julien, where Casimir read a comedy, in five acts, he had written, but which he *had* intended for the theatre, though it is charming, *and* written with superior talent; he has read it several times before company, by whom it has been universally admired. This evening there *was* about thirty persons at the house of Madame de St. Julien, amongst whom was the young Comte Astolphe de Custine, nephew of M. de Sabran, and grandson of the old friend of my youth, Madame de Custine. His pleasing figure, his demeanour, and a short conversation I *had* with him, after the reading of the comedy, gave *me* a high opinion of him, which his subsequent conduct has fully confirmed. *He* *will* *see* me *some* days afterwards, and *we* had a long conversation together; he spoke *to* *me* with a confidence that deeply

* Since this was written, the decease of Madame de St. Julien, has taken place; she preserved all her recollection, asked for and *met* *me* with *the* most exemplary piety.—(Note *the* Author.)

me; he seemed to be renewing his acquaintance with his friend, to be giving account of every thing that happened him during his absence of several years. With admirable sentiments, distinguished talents, he has something wild and unsettled in his disposition; his imagination requires a guide; he has chosen me to be that guide, though he already two, whose excellent counsels will always be dear to him, his affectionate and enlightened mother, and his tutor, still young, of merit, who has become his best friend. He wished me to aid these two persons in settling his ideas, studies, and plans; I conceived for him a strong friendship; I went on the day of setting out for the country, he promised to write to each other regularly, and we kept our word.

Before I took my second journey to Villers, I endeavoured to put in execution a grand idea I had long formed in my mind; a very little time before the Russian campaign, in my correspondence with the emperor, I had proposed to him, as I have already fully stated, to get expurgated editions of several philosophical works published; a still more useful idea occurred to me, which was to do the same service as the *Encyclopédie*, that

heavy [redacted] collection of all the *philosophical errors*; I [redacted] mention [redacted] subject again [redacted] the sequel.

I [redacted] the pleasure of finding all my children [redacted] at Villers, with the exception of my dear Anatole; [redacted] differences about property had taken place between him and M. [redacted] Valence, which have caused, and [redacted] [redacted] a great deal of anxiety. From the very first, I made every effort [redacted] bring about [redacted] reconciliation. On my first arrival [redacted] Villers, [redacted] wrote to my grandson a very strong and pressing letter [redacted] the subject, reminding him that I had told him before this of all these things; I gave the letter open [redacted] General Gerard, whom I had found very moderate on this [redacted] on [redacted] other subjects; he distinctly admitted, that Anatole had very just claims; the general [redacted] delighted with my letter, [redacted] it himself, and gave it to his friend, General Livron, who [redacted] going to Brussels. Anatole replied [redacted] [redacted] in a most satisfactory manner, and I [redacted] truly assert, that if this business has [redacted] been settled, [redacted] has not been either from his fault [redacted] mine.

I had not [redacted] my [redacted] great-grandchildren [redacted] they [redacted] in their cradles, and it [redacted] delightful [redacted] me [redacted] seeing [redacted] again, [redacted] find them

pretty, lovely, well brought up, walking, running, and talking. Pulcherie, the eldest daughter, ■ eight years of age; Antonine is seven; and Inés, five. I composed a romance in several stanzas, and a pretty long piece of poetry for Cyrus, Madame Gerard's son; I am unable to give them here, ■ I kept ■ copy, and ■ Gerard ■ here. On the child's birthday, I had myself accompanied ■ romance with my harp, a very remarkable undertaking ■ my age. Madame de Berenger, who ■ present at the fête, burst into ■ when she heard the ■ and my harp. I ■ a great many more ■ pieces of verse, connected with family incidents, amongst them ■ for the birthday of Rosamonde; I also ■ verses, which I ■ to Brussels, for the ■ of M. ■ Celles, and wrote ■ for my grand- ■ I proposed to my daughter and General Gerard, to write for my grand-children a little treatise ■ *Botany, for ■ of children*. I ■ write ■ descriptions, in ■ form of pretty dialogues, and ■ paint some ■ flowers, ■ remainder of which were to be painted by my grand-daughter ■ her mother; when I reached Villers, I mentioned the proposal in ■ its details. About thirty plants only were required, and I ■ that the descriptions would form a volume; I

particulars of my notion, which is certainly amusing; I added, it is a subject of gratification to me, to compose a work solely for my family, and that I would print it; the matter was agreed upon, and I gave Rosamonde the first plant I had made, which was the *Baguenaudier*, but here the conversation ended, for I never spoken to about it afterwards. As I never give up an idea that is pleasing to me, I attempt to give this little treatise on botany the best way I can, with the assistance of some other persons, in drawing the plants, and may, perhaps, publish it some day.* I likewise write several inscriptions for the park of Villers, amongst the rest, for a tomb that indicates nothing at all. But after all, a reward for the arts and literature is only a matter of accomplishment, which in the course of my life I have perhaps attached too much value; accomplishments and the sciences have had too much influence on my mind. My grand-daughters are distinguished for whatever is really worthy of praise, an irreproachable conduct, the practice of every virtue and every duty, what ought to gladden a mother's

* I have published this little work since then, under the title of *Champfêtre*, and have dedicated it to his Royal Highness the Duke of Chartres.—(Note of the Author.)

heart still ■■■ is, that these admirable qualities ■■ united to great judgment and talent ; ■ any rate, they ■■ not destitute of that ■■ for the arts, which always distinguishes persons of ■ good mental constitution ; they have not that exquisite perception of sense, which lead to eminent acquirements in music, but they love to hear music, ■■ possess very distinguished skill in drawing and painting ; Madame de Celles has besides ■ natural talent for architecture ; the old chateau of Skip-lacken has been rebuilt according to the plans she gave, and made ■ charming residence, while in her superintendence of the works, she displayed extraordinary management and intelligence. Rosamonde, constantly busy in making pictures and charming works, has shown the ■■ judgment in ■ large farm which she has established, and she is deservedly adored at Villers, by her ingenious and unfailing charity to the poor, the aged, children, and the sick ; yet I ■■ so childish as to be sorry in my own mind, that they ■■ not passionately fond of music ■■ of poetry. I offered ■■ teach Rosamonde the rules of versification, not to make a poet of her, but to teach an acquirement necessary ■■ every ■■ who is well educated, and without which ■■ ■■ judge or speak ■■ tolerably of poetry, or ■■ read ■■

others ; my proposal was accepted, and I mentioned it . These are things that wound maternal vanity ; but there good of consolation, when all the important wishes of a mother have in other respects been realized ; Rosamond, as well as her sister, may be offered every young lady a model of every virtue.

I a great deal at Villers during this last summer ; I took with me about sixty pages of *Petrarque*, and finished that work, all but the preface, which I wrote at Carlepoint, and dated from that place, at the pressing request of my niece, who held it to be a matter of great importance ; besides this, I wrote at Villers about four hundred of my *Saints et Saintes*, and also an *Essay upon the Arts*, which I wrote in a bound volume, ornamented with designs, that intended for Alfred, and that I since gave him.

During nearly a year I was deprived of a great source of relaxation. I had no harp, for I given mine to Alfred, that he might have two, because in a country where to get, that number is requisite for an artist, in any accident should happen one of them. I sent me a little harp he made, and which I invented, the size of a fan, made merely purpose to exercise the fingers, and I played some

passages on ■ every day; this was not very amus-
 ing, ■ as soon as my circumstances ■ me
 ■ buy ■ harp, I ■ time in playing as formerly,
 for ■ have always thought it senseless ■ ■
 luntarily what ■ required ■ great ■ of trouble
 to learn. I remained at Villers three months and
 ■ half and thence went ■ see my niece Henriette, at
 the château de Carlepont, where ■ remained two
 months and a few days. Casimir settled ■ ■
 with all ■ family, for the purpose of living in a
 retired situation that well suited his religious senti-
 ments. At Mantes time rolls ■ with him as
 happily as it ■ do ■ this world; he devotes it
 to God, ■ the poor, prisoners, and labour. ■
 virtuous wife participates in his sentiments ■
 mode of life. They ■ the misfortune ■ year
 of losing a little boy who was an angel ■ beauty,
 and whom they have most bitterly regretted. Ca-
 simir has two daughters, the ■ whom,
 Valerie, is a charming child, whose godmother I
 ■ He has also a young lady in his house,
 Eliza, his wife's niece, very pious and innocent,
 with talents and ■ pleasing disposition, ■
 greatly ■ the comforts of ■ home.

At Carlepont I did ■ write much, but did
 scarcely any thing ■ read, think, reflect, ■
 converse. My niece read to me a great many

parts of a private journal she had made of all that had happened to her, every thing interesting had for the last fifteen years; nothing could be written but talent and simplicity. This journal is altogether charming. Her three daughters have been educated in the most religious manner, and they are very pleasing by their innocence, their purity, and goodness of heart. Their charity towards the poor is admirable; their greatest pleasure has always consisted in assisting the poor of the village, and in attending upon the sick. They are all three of a pleasing figure and brilliant complexion; I have always observed the same to be the case with the *azurs grises*, which seems to prove that the atmosphere of fevers and disease is never contagious for Christian charity. My niece and her three daughters spend whole hours every day in the cottages, shut up with the sick and the dying, and not only is their health not impaired, but the whole four have, as I have already stated, the utmost healthiness of look and complexion. During my stay at Carlepont, I gave daily lessons to the two eldest daughters on the art of versification, which they learned in perfection. It was the only thing I taught Henriette, as she had no inclination to learn it; but what is singular is, that she resolved to

it now along with her daughters, and succeeded so well that she wrote very beautiful verses ; her daughters likewise composed well. Emma, the eldest, performed a very affecting action seven months ago ; while sitting with her sister Mathilde beside a stove, her sister's clothes took fire ; without running off for assistance, Emma threw herself on her to extinguish the flames, and succeeded, but only after burning her hands in such a shocking manner that she was ill for six weeks in consequence, and during eight days it was thought she would lose the use of them altogether ; as long as she lives her hands will retain the honourable marks of this action ; she saved her sister from being burned in the slightest degree.

Carlepont is a charming situation, by the salubrity of the air, the beautiful prospects round it, the extent of its gardens, the beauties of the château, and the delightful nature of the environs ; my niece is adored, and is worthy of it by her unbounded charity. The more M. de Finguerlin is known, the more he is esteemed ; I had never seen much of him hitherto, and was delighted with him during my residence here ; his sentiments are elevated, his company mild and interesting. I am fond of conversation when it

free and agreeable, and in this respect I found great satisfaction at Carlepont; I there spent delightful evenings which I shall easily forget. I was with a young man of distinguished merit, a Swiss, named M. de Zollikoffer, who has always lived in retirement, yet one would judge by his tact, the charms of his conversation, his language and manners, that he had spent his life in the very best company; without any private fortune, he became director of a woollen manufactory, established at Carlepont by M. de Finguerlin; he is very clever and extremely well informed, and far from looking down upon the occupations of the workmen, he participates in their toils during the greatest part of the day with an assiduity, activity, and intelligence I could not sufficiently admire, when I heard him conversing so sensibly on every subject in the evening, and fancied him busy in the manufactory, animating the workmen by his example, and sitting upon a waggon in the draws of a mechanic driving bags of wool.

I must leave Carlepont without noticing a real miracle that took place there. There is nothing I said concerning facts that one can possibly deny; I shall state the circumstances without comment: a country girl, about twenty years of age, Seraphine, lost the use of her

leg and thigh for five years ; she could only walk on crutches, and required besides a person to support her back, as it had become so weak that she could not stand up without assistance ; every remedy had been tried in vain, and my niece had brought several Senlis, and even from Paris, all sorts of physicians, who pronounced her incurable ; at length she said that she was certain of being cured if she could be taken to *Notre-Dame de Liesse*, fifteen leagues from Carlepont : my niece paid the expences of her journey, and she was put into a cart along with her sister to carry her up, while her father drove the cart ; when they reached the end of their journey, she uttered a cry of joy on seeing the steeple of *Notre-Dame de Liesse*, and said that she felt her leg recovering its animation ; in short, she came down from the cart by herself, took her crutches in her hand, and ran with them to the church, where she placed them up at the altar. On the day that she returned to Carlepont, my niece was at dinner with M. de Finguerlin, Admiral Sercey, her uncle, and her family, when the tocsin was sounded all at once ; the whole village was in an uproar, and Seraphine was seen coming forward and running to the church ; nothing can picture the enthusiasm of the villagers, of my niece, and her daughters, at

seeing this miraculous interposition ; the day the priest gave the *Deum* — a thanksgiving, people from all the surrounding villages assembled, and the priest's confessional crowded with penitents ; the consolation of seeing within the church who, perverted by the revolution, had abandoned it for more than thirty years. When I arrived at Carlepont, I was with great interest the young woman (who had been cured for nine months) walking and running in the park. These are facts that are undeniable ; they have nothing to say in reply but that she was cured by the force of imagination.

At Carlepont I reflected deeply upon the state of religion in France : there certainly exists a strong advance towards religious feelings, but there is also a powerful conspiracy against it ; in general the journals that are called liberal, repeat anew all the attacks on this subject that were made by the philosophers of the last age ; they have neither their talents nor their learning, but they preserve their impiety entire ; irreligion has no pillars, but it has *pillories* ; it would not be easy to overthrow them, but the plan adopted is defective ; the royalist journals very often contain excellent things but are spoiled by personal scurrility. I have laid out the plan of a journal I

intend to write,* and besides I wish to publish a part of the revised editions which I have proposed to the emperor to print, without giving up my independent relative to the *Encyclopédie*. I am talking of numerous plans and long labours, but if God thinks them fit, in spite of my age, he will give me the time, the means, and the strength to put them in execution.

I have lost sight of the intention I have long formed of entering into a convent in Paris, but I could find no apartment empty; I hoped to obtain one in a few months, and resolved while at Carlepont to spend in the interval a month or six weeks in Paris to arrange my affairs, and then to enter a convent if I found an opportunity, or to go to Rome and spend the winter.

* This I have done. I had mentioned my intention to about eight persons, who, with the best intentions promised to aid me gratuitously, but who could not all promise to give up various avocations, so that I was all at once forced to undertake the whole labour myself; but it would not do, I was obliged to give it up, at the very moment it was most successful. Since this, I ascertained afterwards that no journal, however agreeable it may be, can be permanently successful unless it be published daily: it becomes a morning habit to every subscriber. The articles I have written in this journal will be collected amongst my miscellaneous works. I trust that they will not be found either ordinary or tiresome.—(Note by the Author.)

Petrarch appeared towards the close of my stay at Carlepoint; none of my works have been more successful with the public and in private society. The journals, both liberal and royalist, according to their usual custom, either not notice it at all, or mentioned it very spitefully, in a very brief manner, and without quoting any part of it; yet those that noticed it (amongst the rest the *Journal des Debats* is an article written by M. Hoffman) whatever their party was, all agreed in saying that I had attained in this work the highest perfection of style; this opinion required surely some quotations to be given, but not any were inserted. The writers of the liberal journals were hostile towards me, because I love religion, and am making incessant attacks against pretended philosophers. Petty envy and trifling literary quarrels, old and new, my independence of mind, and the aversion I have always been from engaging myself in the trammels of party, have made the royalist journals display an ill will towards me. They support me in my love of religion, and it is astonishing that they should have omitted to notice a work so religious as *Petrarch*, and which produced so strong a sensation, while they are continually praising works of [] or [] merit whatever; such [] []

marks ■ injustice ■ ■■■■ been constantly exposed to during the whole course of my long literary career ; I have ■■■■ neither *eulogists* ■■ *defenders* : on the contrary, ■■ parties have at every period been combined against me, and I have ■■■■ obliged ■■ endure ■■■■ ■■ great many private attacks of ill-will and envy ; among ■■ persons that loved me, ■■■■ one single individual ■■■■ had the courage ■■ take up a pen in my defence. I can truly say, that as an author, I have ■■■■ to complain of every one, except the public. This singular phrase is ■■ ■■■■ epitome of my literary life ; and I ought to be more grateful for the continued favour of the public, that I ■■■■ indebted for it to my works alone. I ■■■■ bear this testimony in my ■■■■ favour, that I have ■■■■ written but with ■■ moral and religious end in view, that I have ■■■■ written a single criticism against my conscience, and that I have ■■■■ spoken severely but of what I thought pernicious ■■ dangerous. I believe that I ■■■■ ■■■■ only author ■■■■ us, who, after writing so much, and during such ■■ length of time, ■■■■ never been inconsistent with himself. I am also the first author who conceived the ■■■■ of always presenting religious instruction in ■■ dramatic and romantic form. During ■■■■ period ■■■■ I have lived, ■■ was impossible ■■ produce

any effect upon men of the world by books of morals or treatises on morality; argument, had of the profound and conclusive nature, would have produced a strong impression against the philosophy and reasoning of my novels and romances; there are assuredly no arguments that can demonstrate the horrible consequences of philosophical principles so well, the scene (which has been much noticed) that I have placed in the *Parvenus*, in which my hero, after having been present for the time at a horrible sitting of the Jacobin club, maintains to his friend that he found them very moderate, because, as disciples of the philosophers, they are infinitely more moderate than their masters, which he proves by a great number of quotations that are enough to make one shudder, and that are undeniable that the modern disciples of Voltaire, Diderot, and Helvetius have complained of the criticism. Finally, I believe that no literary character has more fully or correctly described the manners of the eighteenth century, and of the present age; I have given a juster view of the court, and that of the people in the ranks of society; or presented varied supported characters.

By my influence, I firmly believe that it has

■■■ religion, and that by a particular
 favour of providence, my feeble hand has struck
 ■■■ formidable blows against ■■■ philosophy:
 I flatter myself with having exercised ■■ fortunate
 influence upon public and private education, ■■■
 particularly in the study of modern languages,
 which I rendered fashionable, the ■■■ of games
 and amusements, the exercises of children and
 youth, of which I gave the first notions in my
Lessons of ■■ Governess. The public ■■■ also in-
 debted to ■■■ for the total abolition of the fairy
 tales that formed part of the works allowed to be
 read by children and young people growing up to
 maturity. The tale that is contained in the
Veillées du Château, and which I entitled (forty
 years ago) *the magic of art and nature*, has shown
 that the true *marvellous* which is ■■ be found in
 the works of the Creator infinitely surpasses all
 the inventions of the wildest imagination; and
 this tale has also inspired youth in general with a
 ■■■ for the ■■■ beautiful and most attractive of
 all sciences, ■■■ of natural history, ■■ science in
 which the ■■■ useful, as well ■■ the most brilliant
 discoveries ■■■ founded, and consequently all the
 magical influence ■■ of the fine arts, and even of ■■■
 ■■■ of common life. In a word, I think I have
 successfully attacked ■■■ ■■■ of every species,

and in literature, more particularly, affectation, redundancy, neologism, and bombast.

I left Carlepont on the last day of November 1819; as M. de Valence offered numberless invitations to reside with him within the last eighteen months, I sought hospitality from him, which he granted with every possible degree of kindness; the reason that determined me to take this step, was the hope of being able to prevent a law-suit between him and my grandson. I had no intention of remaining more than ten or twelve days, but as the business was not making much progress, I staid a much longer time, and settled nothing after all.

At the beginning of the year 1820, the Count de Choiseul (by birth Princess of Beauremont) sent me the most ingenious and delightful present I ever received in my life; it was a gilt writing-desk of bronze, of magnificent workmanship, and bearing a little time-piece mounted by a bronze figure seated and holding a gold book, in which were engraved these words *Works of Genlis, Petrarch and Laura*. When the desk is set up, is a most splendid and beautiful writing-desk, the foot of which these pretty verses are inscribed :

La d'une telle lecture,
 Ainsi cadran qu'elle hâter,
 des temps, et d'une gloire
 Marquera progrès, sans jamais

beautiful form, the fine proportions, the good
 of the ornaments, and the charms and utility
 of the invention, render this present truly unique,
 the ingenious kindness that invented it for
 gives it inestimable value in my eyes ; I her
 following lines subject :

Dans le tracés du nouvel an,
 Je rêve en paix devant mon écritoire,
 Les yeux fixés sur mon joli cadran ;
 Ce don si précieux retrace à ma mémoire
 Tout ce qui peut charmer mon esprit et mon cœur ;
 De la marche du temps la redoutable image
 m'offre qu'un cercle enchanteur,
 Sans effroi, je songe à mon âge :
 La jeunesse est dans le bonheur !
 Ah ! sur mes derniers jours quel est donc votre empire,
 Mes travaux maintenant me paraîtront si doux !
 Je ne puis compter l'heure et je ne puis écrire,
 Sans désormais penser à vous.

It was also Choiseul who gave me
 in the course of the following year a remarkable
fire-screen, the short history of which I shall give
 in this place. me give her a

hand fire-screen of my own making ; I found in my book what is the *magic square*, forming the number *fifteen* in every direction ; I made the numbers in gold, and surrounded them by of flowers ; I adorned the whole with a garland, and on the opposite side of the screen I wrote the following lines :

4	9	2
3	5	7
8	1	6

Quinze est un nombre que je hais,
 Et cette aversion ne changera jamais ;
 Ce carré savant et magique
 rien à l'esprit qui lui plaise, ou le pique.
 Il faut convenir qu'à quinze ans
 On est communément jolie ;
 Mais toujours la fin du printemps
 est la plus belle partie.
 A vingt-cinq ans on aime mieux :
 C'est l'âge brillant de la vie,
 Lorsqu'il n'est pas trop orageux.

Sur un grand tapis vert, sur une table ronde,
 Les cartes attirant et tout fixant tout le monde,
 Peut quelquefois paraître un heureux ;
 Mais cependant la fortune
 Rend le quinze un jeu désastreux :
 Ce nombre encore alors n'excite que ma haine.
 D'un quinze-vingt que le sort est affreux !
 En vieillesse, on doit
 A ce destin si rigoureux,
 Et qui seroit pour moi doublement malheureux ;
 J'aime à regarder ainsi qu'à vous entendre.
 Vous savez, mon plaisir le plus
 Est de vous voir chaque semaine :
 Jugez mon chagrin, figurez-vous ma peine,
 Quand je vous donne un rendez-vous,
 D'être remise à la quinzaine !

After receiving this screen, Madame de Choiseul gave me one, which her kindness made too flattering, but which is so ingenious that I ought to mention it here out of vanity for her ; one side contained the *magic square* and my verses, surrounded by a garland of ever-greens and oak leaves, bearing gall-nuts, with which ink is made ; the other side bore the reply, (which will be seen presently,) surrounded by a garland of small laurel leaves that forty in number, in each crown was written in small letters the titles of one

* Tous les dimanches, au soir.

■ of my works, ■ that the fifty ■ con-
tained the catalogue of them all.

The reply ■ as follows :

Ce nombre quinze, qui ■ ans
■ l'époque ■ plus jolie,
N'est ■ plus l'un des instans
Que je préfère dans ■ vie ;
■ avant je ■
■ c'est aimer quand l'âme est pure ;
Depuis, ■ voyant de plus près,
J'ai ■ que la nature
S'étoit, ■ formant, pour ne rien oublier,
Soumis à beaucoup plus qu'à trois fois quintupler
Les grâces, les droits qu'elle donne,
Et que rarement on pardonne ;
Car, pour mieux vous servir, ■ morcelés
Ces beaux esprits, peut-être, en un corps ramassés,
Qu'après un triple quinze on compte :
■ vraiment j'aurois honte
D'oser exagérer où tout est vérité,
C'est ■ le tiers de quinze ôté,
■ divers sont joints à ce génie,
Qui nourrit ■ jeuneme et ■ l'envie ;
Ah ! qu'il ■ malheureux celui qu'elle pourroit,
Qui, jaloux du plaisir auquel il ■ réduit,
Repoussant ■ raison, craignant son assistance,
■ hait, ■ échapper ■ la ■
Oui, plus à plaindre encor qu'un pauvre quinze-vingt,
■ du moins sent, bénit la main qui le soutient,
Il enduret son cur, il ferme son oreille !
Que je sois mieux jour ! heurme dès la vieille,

MEMOIRS

[redacted] chez vous, ainsi qu'il [redacted] permis,
 [redacted] jour [redacted] de la semaine,
 Attendu, désiré, hélas ! parfois respis
 [redacted] l'interminable quinzaine.
 Qu'avec orgueil je [redacted] que [redacted] daignez compter,
 Qu'il m'est plus doux encor de [redacted] voir redouter :
 [redacted] [redacted] à la place chérie,
 [redacted] [redacted] indulgens, enchantée, enhardis.
 [redacted] plus heureuse à quinzaine ?
 Non, [redacted] les plus puissans
 [redacted] pourroient procurer ces heures fortunées,
 [redacted] entier obli du temps,
 Qui charment nos longues soirées ;
 Mais un regret les suit, puisqu'il faut [redacted] finir,
 On s'arrache, on revient, on se sent retenir ;
 Je l'éprouve toujours ; alors que l'on m'appelle,
 Qu'on m'a dit quinze fois, dont en vain j'ai frémi :
 Partes donc, il est tard, [redacted] reposer celle
 Dont l'esprit seul n'aura jamais dormi.

At the commencement of this year I [redacted] very
 happy in seeing once [redacted] Astolphe [redacted] Custine ;
 our friendship increased during [redacted] separation ;
 he [redacted] me very charming letters, containing fine
 [redacted] of his [redacted] composition [redacted] various subjects,
 but chiefly religious. [redacted] [redacted] a strong interest in
 the happiness of this young [redacted] [redacted] the [redacted] he
 bears, from his noble sentiments, the liveliness of
 [redacted] imagination, and the [redacted] and originalty of
 [redacted] understanding. [redacted] [redacted] [redacted] charming [redacted]

book of recollections, (souvenirs,) the [redacted] [redacted] [redacted]
of which contain [redacted] pretty landscape, and some
[redacted] of [redacted] [redacted] that [redacted] [redacted] confidential com-
munications which he made [redacted] me. The [redacted]
are [redacted] follows :—

L'amour [redacted] la tempête,
[redacted] l'incensé, dans son orgueil,
Malgré l'orage qui s'apprête,
Vient [redacted] [redacted] l'écueil.

Crains le doux penchant qui t'entraîne,
Amour, fuis un espoir trompeur ;
Cède à l'amitié qui t'enchaîne,
Pour te rendre le vrai bonheur.

L'amitié, passion [redacted] sage,
Résiste au temps qui nous détruit :
C'est un abri pendant l'orage,
C'est un flambeau pendant [redacted] nuit.

Elle attend [redacted] [redacted] qui s'égare :
Corrigeant, mais avec douceur,
[redacted] main bienfaisante répare
Et [redacted] fautes et le malheur.

As I still persevered in my intention of publishing corrected editions, with critical notes, of the *Emile* of Rousseau, [redacted] *Siecle de Louis XIV.* and the *Siecle de Louis XV.* of Voltaire, [redacted] was ardently occupied in

putting my design in execution since I returned from the country, and had at this period completed my ■■■■ of ■■■■ *Emile*. That work, which contains ■■■■ much dangerous sophistry and so many impious ■■■■ mingled with some lofty praises of religion, that work, I say, ■■■■ corrupted an infinite number of inexperienced fathers and directors of education. More than thirty-five years had elapsed since I had read it; I had forgotten it altogether, and ■■■■ greatly astonished when I read it again; the experience I had acquired made its extravagance and inconsistency inexcusable in my eyes; it ■■■■ in every ■■■■ a very bad work, is in general badly written, with the exception of a very small number of passages; the style is negligent, incorrect, and diffuse; and in short I do not know ■■■■ more tiresome book. I have expunged from it every thing that is contrary ■■■■ religion and morality; and in the notes I continually attack ■■■■ innumerable inconsistencies it contains, and ■■■■ system of extravagance and folly he plans ■■■■ for his chimerical pupil; the work would ■■■■ have made a noise, had it not been extravagant. But this extravagance, as I have said in another work, thirty-six years ago, ■■■■ not without design; ■■■■ great talent Rousseau added profound cunning; ■■■■ knew ■■■■ adopted ■■■■ unfailing

obtaining in time. Thomas, an academician had put redundancy of style in fashion, and Rousseau carried it to a still greater length, made altogether ridiculous *Emile*, particularly in the declarations of love of the innocent and modest Sophie; and the common run of young men that of style, warmth of feeling, energy of mind; he himself enthusiastic respecting women, they almost took him under their protection; religious people pardoned his scepticism and real impiety for the sake of religious they were proud to show. Rousseau would not decidedly join with the philosophical party, because he could not bend to a leader, and because, in his conscience, he sincerely despised disgusting cynicism, and the impudence of their dogmatical assertions; but yet, observed great precautions towards the sect, for independent of the impious he wrote, he his hero incurable atheism when he held him up as the best, most honourable, and most virtuous of mankind! . . . Such is M. Volmar in the *Nouvelle Héloïse*! yet the Rousseau and over again in others of his works, who maintain that he not, if he had in power, commit the most atrocious crimes

for the smallest object of his desires, would be a *liar*!*

..... The ■■■■ Rousseau has also said: *Keep your soul in such ■ state that you may ■ desirous of religion proving true, and you will ■■ doubt it.* It was in this way that he pleased every one, and ■■■■ every party tolerated his boundless inconsistency without complaint. As to the genius he is allowed to have, he ■■ not more than the rest of the infidels; ■■ the best parts of *Emile* are taken servilely from Montaigne and Balzac;† and genius cannot possibly be shown in contact with such innumerable inconsistencies, and consequently with the total incapacity of forming a good plan, while the same author has written novels, all equally destitute of imagination and of ingenious and original ideas.

Casimir ■■■■ to ■■ me twice ■■ the commencement of my stay with ■■ de Valence in the Rue Pigale. ■■■■ conduct at Mantes is superior ■■ the utmost of my desires; but it ■■■■ ■■ from him that I learned the particulars of it. No ■■■■ ■■■■

* ■■■■ has stolen ■■■■ Richardson, in copying the characters of Julie and Claire, from *Clarissa* and *Miss Howe*. It is true, however, ■■■■ in making ■■■■ ■■ own, ■■ ■■ entirely spoiled ■■■■ beauty.—(Note ■■ the Author.)

† In ■■■■ of ■■ ■■■■ works I have given the whole of this passage.—(Note by ■■ Author.)

have a greater aversion to boast of his good actions ; and if his diversified occupations could prevent him reading these memoirs, still if, in any rate I had not ordered that not a word of my writing should be omitted, I am very certain he would expunge from it almost every thing that relates to himself. I only learned the particulars of his conduct at Mantes from the Duchess of Bourbon, who received her information from a friend of hers residing in that place, (the Countess de la Saumez.) The Duchess of Bourbon took great interest in Casimir's fortunes, and asked that lady for information respecting him ; the information she received seemed to her very remarkable that she was sure it would afford her pleasure, and she communicated it to me ; the letter contained long details of the exemplary conduct of Casimir and his wife and all that he had done for many criminals, condemned to death ; and the courage and humanity he displayed in a fire that took place. After this occurrence, Casimir came twice from Mantes to Paris, and said a word to me about the matter. As I am bound to respect his modesty, I say nothing more on the subject, but merely that such examples are particularly useful and praise-worthy in early life.

Notwithstanding my various occupations

tions, I found an opportunity of writing a small private work, which I wrote with my own hand, in a book in morocco, and ornamented with designs and illustrations of my own. This manuscript consists of one hundred pages in a very small hand, would form about three hundred duodecimo in print; it is entitled, *Essay on the Fine Arts*. I believe that it contains original ideas, particularly respecting instrumental music; I wrote it off-hand, and kept no copy. The occasion of my writing this work was as follows:—A servant girl had broken the fine harp that Alfred had taken with him, and he had sent it to Paris to be mended by M. Errard; I wrote to him that I would pay the repairs and other expences, when his letter of thanks was so feelingly grateful, that I resolved on making him a very fine present of the same kind, by buying a superb demi-toned harp of the improvement of Errard, on which every possible mode of modulation can be performed on the piano. A harp of this kind costs a hundred louis, and as I had them not, I formed the idea of writing the book I have just mentioned, and of offering it to Errard in payment, who accepted it without difficulty; but as Madame de Choiseul thought I could obtain a larger sum for Alfred's advantage, she conceived the idea of proposing it

to the Comte de Sommariva, the well known enlightened amateur; I make sure my proposal being accepted, I thought of adding a book a *picturesque catalogue* of collection of paintings. With her usual attention towards Madame de engaged to arrange the business for me, through the intermedium of the Marquise de Grollier, a friend of M. de Sommariva, who was in Italy to make my proposal. I waited for his answer, which was extremely favourable, and I then Alfred the old harp well repaired, and a beautiful semitoned one, that I formerly given my harp up to him, he had three of the first quality, free of every expense. I was very happy in sending this present, knowing that by his application, and his genius for mechanics, he had acquired skill enough, in a very short time, to make all the most complicated inventions of Brrard.

Anatole de Montesquieu had already shown a great many pretty fables, and in the course of this year he astonished me by reading fragments of a tragedy he had just finished, entitled *Vanda, Queen of Poland*. There is really a great deal of beauty in the piece, and I anticipate with lively satisfaction, its deserved celebrity

my young author undoubtedly acquire ; my strong friendship for him will make me feel deeply every success he may obtain.

At this period, Madame de Choiseul me Madame Lebrun, whose delightful works I highly admired ; I knew that she was about to make a painting of St. Geneviève for a church, and was very anxious that I should give her some I had written concerning that saint, which was not to be found in the *Almanack des Saints*, which I published this year ; I gave them to her, with the addition of an envoi addressed to her. The verses on St. Geneviève, and the envoi, follow :—

SAINTE GENEVIÈVE.

Prier Dieu, garder ses troupeaux,
 Filer, rêver, contempler la nature,
 Se reposer sur la verdure
 Avec sa croix et ses faneaux :
 Tels furent ses plaisirs, tels furent ses travaux !
 Innocente et simple bergère,
 L'abri des méchants que ton sort fut heureux !
 Combien doit t'envier, à son heure dernière,
 Le mondain, ou l'ambitieux !

A MADAME LEBRUN.

J'ai parlé de ses mœurs, j'ai parlé de sa vie :
 Mais pour la peindre il faudroit vos couleurs,

Et de vos pieux enchanteurs
 La douce et brillante magie ;
 Ma main n'a pu tracer qu'un dessin imparfait,
 ■■■ nous ■■■■ portait.

A few days afterwards, I learned the execrable crime, that deprived France of a prince worthy of being beloved, and the fine ■■■ of a generous protector ; ■■■ death ■■■ sublime ! The magnanimity, affecting sensibility, the piety, and ■■■ tentatious courage he displayed in his last moments, cannot be inspired, unless by the purest sentiments of religion, which developes and ennobles at this trying moment, every elevated sentiment ; for, ■■■ one of our most eloquent ■■■ has said, " Great souls seemed formed for religion." This horrid event, and ■■■ the circumstances that accompanied it, gave me such a shock, produced such emotion and horror in my mind, that my health ■■■ sensibly impaired ; General Valence, my children, my pupils, and my friends, ■■■ participated in my feelings ■■■ this subject, and during ■■■ than a fortnight, ■■■ could speak of nothing else ; every thing we heard increased ■■■ regret, ■■■ profound sorrow, and ■■■ admiration for the august widow of ■■■ unfortunate prince. Consternation ■■■ general among the lower classes, ■■■ indeed in every class ; innumerable instances

■ goodness, hitherto unknown, were discovered, as well ■ the ■ affecting actions of the unfortunate prince; his funeral oration ■ thus ■ posed of facts and interesting anecdotes, that were in the mouth of every one, and to which eloquence could add nothing; the tears and groans of ■ crowds of poor that surrounded ■ Elisée-Bourbon, ■ eloquent than the ■ of the greatest orators could have been.

The celebrated Dupuytren, and the other surgeons who opened the body, said, that ■ far ■ regarded the *anatomical* effects, it ■ impossible he could survive the ■ stroke ■ ■ received for more than a ■ minutes. Yet he survived six hours and a half, with his recollection and presence of mind entire, till the very last moment. It ■ a miracle of divine grace. M. Dupuytren, who has seen an infinite ■ of suffering and death, ■ observed any thing ■ striking and so sublime, and was ■ much ■ by it, ■ from that moment his piety ■ been equally lively and sincere. ■ was informed of this fact, by ■ person who sees him almost daily. On this occasion, the Duchess of Berry displayed ■ ability ■ an elevation of mind, ■ gained her every heart. The grief of the whole of ■ royal family ■ very affecting.

Mademoiselle d'Orleans, whom I had the honour
 seeing a few days after this horrible catastrophe,
 was very deeply affected by it, as well as the Duke
 of Orleans; they both numberless
 interesting circumstances of the death sublime
 sentiments of the Duke of Berry; piety
 of a saint, his courage, that of a hero. The
 ladies of the duchess, who collected the
 moment, in their court dresses, they
 just a ball, and covered with flowers and
 spangles; in these dresses they surrounded
 bed of the dying prince, the white gown of
 the duchess, adorned with roses, steeped with
 blood; and the princesses had their clothes
 bespattered. Immediately adjoining this of
 horror, the opera going all the while; in
 the saloon in which the unfortunate prince
 of all conveyed, when a door was opened
 for the admission of air, the orchestra and the
 singing heard distinctly.

de Chateaubriand the kindness send
 me a pamphlet had made very rapidly after
 the of Duc de Berri. This interesting
 writing will always remain a valuable document,
 by the it contains, and by the talent pure
 principles intentions, which have already dis-
 tinguished the former works of the

was published. "That young man was only twenty-six years of age; his conduct as his talents are distinguished: he is the grandson of Madame Desrois, formerly under

* Virgil and Racine are, perhaps, the only two poets whose works have displayed those inequalities, those defective passages, and, if I may so express myself, those indications of fatigue, which seem to show that genius requires repose and tranquillity. "Where I find a great many beauties," says Horace, "I am not offended with some defects." The poetry of M. de Lamartine gives me this happy indifference. In his letter to M. Casimir Delavigne, there is doubtless something that requires correction, but I have forgotten it, while the following verses remain engraved on my memory:

D'un ton plus familier, d'une voix plus touchante,
Je voulois te parler et voilà que je chante.
Ainsi quand sur les bords d'un lac qui m'est sacré,
Séduit par la douceur de son flot arisé,
Ouvrant, d'un doigt distrait, l'anneau qui m'est captif,
J'abandonne ma barque à l'onde qui dérive,
Je ne veux que raser, dans mon timide cours,
De ses golfes rians les flexibles contours,
Et sous le vert rideau des saules d'un bocage,
Glisser en dérochant quelques fleurs au rivage,
Mais le vent qui s'élève un souffle imperçu
Badine avec ma voile et l'enfle à mon insu ;
Le flot silencieux, sur la liquide plaine,
Inopinément m'entraîne la barque qui m'entraîne.
L'onde fuit, le jour tombe ; et, réveillé trop tard,
Je vois le bord lointain fuir devant mon regard.

(Note to Editor.)

of my pupils, who were only placed under her care in their infancy.* The old Countess Rochambeau was their governess; and Mademoiselle Desrois was exposed to a great many troubles under her command. I shall relate her chagrin to me, which I was always anxious to remove, by mentioning the subject of it to the Duchess of Chartres. At that time Mademoiselle Desrois showed the liveliest gratitude towards me; and I have done nothing since that could have changed her goodwill; private dissatisfaction have not prevented my feeling strong interest in the fortunes of her grandson. I even the honour to speak to Mademoiselle D'Orleans concerning him, and mention that it was worthy of her to protect him by every means in her power: that amiable and feeling princess had already made several efforts to obtain him a place in an embassy.†

* The princes only were put under her care, as Mademoiselle d'Orleans and her twin sister were not a year old when they were put into my hands according to my express desire, though the constant practice hitherto was not to give the princesses a governess till they were fourteen or fifteen years of age.—(Note by the Author.)

† M. de Lamartine was afterwards sent to the embassy at Naples; and has been very recently appointed secretary of embassy at Florence.—(Editor.)

the poetry of M. de Lamartine—it displays wit, talent, fine versification, religious sentiments; the subject of his *Meditations* is common and trivial, for we hear of nothing but the regret produced by the death of an *adored mistress*; the regrets of Young, (in *Night Thoughts*,) for the death of his daughter, are more affecting! In this, M. de Lamartine does not belong to a good school; we find in his *Meditations* many ambitious and improper phrases. It would be desirable that a young man who has shown such happy inclinations, and a soul full of sensibility, should consider of more importance two things, that are necessary to secure the permanent fame of literary works; correctness of language and perspicuity. In the fine *Meditations* of M. de Lamartine, there are unfortunately a great many incorrect expressions, such as this, for instance: *Des pas rêveurs* (*dreaming steps*); and there is one of his *Meditations*, that is complete in itself, and which is nothing but a horrid blasphemy against Providence: the impious allegations it contains, are triumphantly refuted in the following *Meditation*; but he should have placed the refutation of the blasphemy, not in a separate piece of poetry. I am well persuaded of my praise

will not make my critical remarks be forgiven ; they will prove more disagreeable to the author of these beautiful *Meditations*, than they can be attributed to ill-will, or unsatisfactorily answered.

M. Lamartine has often read his poems in private company ; and the things I condemn have received applause, for this always happens in company where obscurity of style, often the most glaring incorrectness of language is taken for the sublime. This reminds me of what I have already said concerning M. de La Harpe, which I shall once more notice. That author read his poems in companies, and excited universal enthusiasm by the very worst passages it contains, which the ladies recited with delight. While mentioning nuns, who seclude themselves for ever in a cloister, he says, the silence of their entry—

“ La tombe se reforme, et l'on y meurt long-temps.”

he said that a long agony is suffered, the thought would have been too striking to strike any one ; but, *they are long dying*, an original expression, because no one could say more extravagantly absurd as to say death, which but a moment, is of long duration ; yet the verse

reckoned admirable. Such opinions society since the publication of *Eloges* Thomas, beautiful in respects, but often so bombastic, and for that very reason so much eulogised and admired at the time. Complaints were made of neologism and bombast, a few years the of Louis XIV; and Fontenelle and Lamoignon justly attacked for this defect. In a very curious old work, entitled *Dictionnaire Neologique*, printed in 1728, find the following verses, that are equally applicable to the present day:

langue aujourd'hui devient énigmatique ;
On entend peu le grec, assez peu le latin :
Je crains pour le français un semblable destin ;
A force de chercher quelque chose qui pique,
Du nouveau, du brillant, ou bien gracieux.
On l'obscur, le faux, le précieux :
Et l'orateur, plus poète,
son d'interprète,
Qui puisse expliquer au lecteur
qu'a voulu l'auteur."

Anatole de Montesquieu published a pretty collection of his poems, and in copy he me the following lines :

" vn, écrits charmes,
" Que l'art de vivre heureux est le secret sage ;
" Je leur dois ma raison, mes goûts, mes sentimens :
" cœur vous devoit cet hommage."

■■■■ months before this period I ■■■■
 my corrected editions of *Emile*, the *Age of Louis XIV.*, and the *Abridgment of the Age of Louis XV.* by Voltaire. I ■■■■ merely ■■■■
 works of their irreligious passages, ■■■■ make
 them ■■■■ for ■■■■ perusal of young directors of edu-
 cation, ■■■■ young men entering the world without
 being exposed ■■■■ have their judgment, heart, ■■■■
 understanding corrupted by the impudent false-
 hoods, the sophistry, ■■■■ the impiety they contain:
 in these revised editions I have not inserted a
 single phrase of my own in the text, ■■■■ have
 taken good ■■■■ not to ■■■■ their glaring in-
 consistencies and falsehoods, which can do no
 harm. I clearly foresaw the renewed animosity
 that these editions would rouse up against me; but
 I believed I was performing a useful and religious
 action, and with this conviction, nothing can dis-
 courage ■■■■ I likewise made ■■■■ notes ■■■■ an ad-
 mirable work, in a thick octavo volume, containing
 more than six hundred pages, which ■■■■
 into oblivion ■■■■ fifty years before. The philoso-
 phers crushed it ■■■■ its birth, and ■■■■ noticed ■■■■
 in their writings, because they ■■■■ its superiority.
 I had never heard of it myself, ■■■■ even when I
 ■■■■ my work ■■■■ religion, it ■■■■ the Chevalier
 d'Harmensen, ■■■■ well known for his learning and

talent, that made it known to me, and brought me a copy : *Catechisme Philosophique, d'Observations propres à défendre la Religion Chrétienne contre ses ennemis*, by Flexier de Reval.

I intend, with the permission of God, to add the following works to my revised editions :— *Charles XII. and Peter the Great*, of Voltaire ; the *Essay on the Manners of Nations*, by the same ; and *the Political and Philosophical History of the European Settlements in the East and West Indies*, by the Abbé Raynal. I began my task of revision by the *Essay on the Manners of Nations* ; but after reading it, I found the work so disagreeable, poor, and heavy from beginning to end, and so full of errors, blunders, and falsehoods, that I gave up for ever the idea of purging it. I thought justly that such a work could never be reprinted unless in a complete edition of the author's works ; and in any rate, no bookseller or speculator would be so mad as to offer it to the public. I have not yet had time to write *Charles XII. and Peter the Great* ; the first of these works is pleasant to read, though the style is often very careless, the book contains many contradictory arguments, much incorrectness and falsehood, that

it ■ in general much more of a romance than a history. As to *Peter the Great*, the partisans even of Voltaire admit ■■ it is a failure; yet ■ subject could ■ more happy, ■ ■ here was without a parallel; he ■ in politics and literature what the great Corneille ■ in ■ legislation: ■ fortunate founder of an immense empire, ■ secured its glory and prosperity, by rescuing it from barbarism; a wonderful legislator, who gave laws ■ nations hitherto uncontrolled; ■ enlightened the minds of his people, plunged in thick darkness; he made industry rise out of the bosom of idleness, and knew at one and the ■ moment how to teach, to fight, to conquer and ■ reign. In Voltaire's history, there is neither characteristic features, greatness of soul, pleasing descriptions, ■ in fact any thing ■ it ought ■ have contained. This work ■ remains ■ be written, and every respectable writer may undertake it without the least presumption.

I ■ my revision of the ■ Raynal's history, before the *Journal des Debats* had ■ upon men of letters to undertake ■ great and useful work; I have executed it ■ all the ■ attention ■ deliberation in my power; I have ■ an immense number of notes, which I have had time to read over again, and to ■ upon,

and with which I [] that I feel satisfied. [] have not published this work; but I [] recur [] it [] fully in the sequel of these memoirs.

During this winter, my *Essay on [] Fine Arts* [] [] house of Madame [] Grollier, in presence of thirty persons, from the manuscript which M. de Sommariva [] in the hands of Madame de Grollier, till [] should [] Paris. This work [] greatly admired; it was read by M. de Vimeux, who is considered [] be [] [] plished reader. What [] peculiar to this work, [] that I not only wrote but [] copy, but never made any correction, as I wrote it in a bound [] book; [] return the confidence of M. de Sommariva, I could have wished that it had been [] masterpiece of talent.

I went with Madame de Choiseul, to pay a visit to Madame de Grollier. It is very afflicting [] [] such a charming lady, with such acquisitions, should be blind; she is the only painter of flowers, without exception, who [] been [] to display in her works, talents, feeling, and fancy; there is always [] ingenious idea in her paintings; of this I shall give but one instance. There is a very large picture in her drawing-room, done by herself, and representing an eruption of Vesuvius in the distance; several

houses and lofty pillars are seen overthrown by earthquakes, and destructive burning lava; on the fore-ground of the picture, is seen a fine vase of brittle porcelain, softly reclining on the ground, unbroken, but it held, scattered, but preserving all their brilliancy and colour. There is something philosophical in this idea, which strikes one at the very first glance; it is a lively image of the great vicissitudes of life, and of the revolutions of empires, which commonly overthrow whatever is elevated.

An accidental circumstance gave rise to a singular notion on the subject of flowers, from which I formed a tale; I had a large vase on my mantel-piece, of violet coloured chrysal, given to me by Madame de Chevreuse, and which was full of white roses; some of the roses fell upon the mantel-piece, by the side of the vase, and the light shining upon them through the crystal vase, they seemed of a deep purple colour, and formed a fine contrast with the white roses that remained. Madame de Chevreuse came to see me the same day, when I told her what I had observed; she was delighted with it, and promised to make a painting of the subject; but, unfortunately, she died before she finished the sketch.

following was the manner in which I composed my tale on the subject. An historical painter has an only daughter, who is married in marriage by a flower painter; but the father wishes his son-in-law to be a man of fancy, and wishes to put him to the proof, he proposes to him to make a painting, in which the flowers are to be white, and yet the half of them are to be of a beautiful colour—red, yellow, or purple; this, he tells him, is very easily done. The flower painter guesses the enigma, and is in despair; the young lady by whom he is beloved, goes to perform a *neuvaine* (nine days' devotion) for the accomplishment of her marriage, in an old Gothic chapel, the windows of which are of painted glass; she takes a vase full of white flowers, which she places on the altar, and begins to pray; at this moment her lover arrives, and casting his eyes towards the altar, he sees part of the flowers coloured by the reflection of the painted glass; he exclaims, "My prayers have been heard; he executes the painting, and marries the young lady. I publish this till long afterwards; it is included in my other tales, but is placed at the end of the work entitled *Historical and Literary Botany*. At the house of the Duke of Orleans I again met the Duke with great

pleasure; I always feel interest in persons I have formerly loved. The same evening I received a letter from the Duke of Gloucester, which I have kept as a valuable token of remembrance.

I received a letter from Dresden from a young and charming Polish lady, Countess de Zaleska, whom I have already mentioned; she sent me an exquisite miniature representing a virgin and the infant Jesus, taken from one of the finest paintings of the gallery of Dresden, and which I presented to Casimir immediately.

Madame de Choiseul made me acquainted with the Vicomte de Saint-Priest, son of a former ambassador in Turkey; I had often seen his father at the house of Madame de Gourgues, in my youth, and held him in great respect, because he had passed several years at Constantinople; his conversation was pleasing and instructive; I had great interest in his son's fortunes, from his talents and mildness of disposition, his taste for the arts, and the singular adventures he has had with;* his life is a scene of romance. He has married a Russian lady, and conducts himself the education of his children with the greatest success; he is a man who

* I notice this subject more fully in my sequel.—(Note

by the Author.)

then but a boy, already gave promise of talents which [] since fully realized.

During the [] of this winter I often [] the Marquise de Montcalm : she had asked me for [] few lines of my writing, and I took her [] reflections [] hope which I had written expressly for her ; I [] them in an extremely [] hand, [] a small piece of paper [] larger than my finger. This lady, [] interesting by her misfortunes, by her conduct, talents, and disposition, is still young, but always ill and languishing, unable to walk, and constantly reclining upon [] sofa ; her pious resignation has become such a deep rooted and natural feeling that it [] quite easy [] her ; she has a fine face and [] affectionate look that goes [] [] the heart ; one would think that M. de La Harpe wished [] describe the expression of her eyes in his lines [] melancholy, when he says :—

Son regard triste et doux implore la pitié !

But her language does [] ask for pity ; [] speaks of her sufferings, but is always ready to [] for those of others ; there [] a remarkable quietness in her whole demeanour that forms a singular contrast with her position : this quietness is [] insipid, [] it is always combined

with sensibility; it is the peace of a good heart, and not the indifference of selfishness; her understanding ■ sound ■■ discriminating! ■■ ■■ conversation is always mild, pleasing, and instructive. I one day saw at her house her brother, the Duke of Richelieu, whom I had never met with; ■ was delighted with his conversation, ■■ ■■ found simple, natural, and agreeable; I ■■■■ saw any one with a look at once so mild and so animated; I ■■ profound admiration ■■ the founder of Odessa, for the individual who acted with so much dignity during the emigration.*

When I reflect on the numberless enemies ■ have brought down upon my head, I am truly astonished that I am not more intimidated; some ■■ ■■ on account of ■■ literary disputes, in which I was so *imprudent* as to be always ■ the right; others, because they will not allow any ■■ defend religion, ■ to refuse to bow down and worship Voltaire. I have ■ the philosophists and their disciples against me; all the romantic literati; all the swarm of writers that cannot write; all the women of gallantry who have a natural aversion ■ sound morality; ■■ ■■ who ■ talents and good principles ■■ a great deal of

* ■■ de Richelieu was alive when this was written.—(Note by ■■ Author.)

vanity ■■■ ambition ; ■■ these ■■ excessively tired of the *obstinacy* of an old woman, of the indulgent feeling of the public towards her, and of the ■■■■■ ■■ has constantly obtained in her efforts to support the cause of which they wish ■■■ ■■ only noted defenders ; they think it very ■■■■■ that ■ woman should in this branch divide ■■ prize with them. Finally, I have ■■■■ *ultras* for my enemies who think ■■■■■ be fond of monarchical principles without loving despotism, *lettres de cachet*, the old rights of the chase, slavery, &c.—things I have always detested.

I have also incurred the hatred of ■■ those whose principles have changed with circumstances, and the number of these is very great, for I believe that I ■■ the only writer who has published works during ■ period of fifty years, and has always displayed the ■■■■ principles, shown the same belief, and professed the ■■■■ opinions, before ■■ after the revolution, during that event, in foreign countries and in France. It ■ difficult ■■ seventy-four years of age* to hold out against ■ many enemies and so many parties, particularly for a person who has neither establishment ■■■

* And still more so on the verge of eighty, which I am at the present day.—(Note by ■■ Author.)

fortune, and who only a very small number of
who incapable of intrigue; I have
chosen them as a consolation to my heart, to
increase my reputation. To support with serenity
much hostility and injustice, requires, undoubtedly,
my age, a courage more than human,
and this has been granted to me; I am naturally
timid, susceptible, and weak, but when I reflect
upon these divine words: *He who has only the*
High for his support shall receive constant
marks of the protection of the God of heaven; I feel
that I shall possess the strength to persevere, to
triumph, and to close my literary career with
honour.

During this winter I did a thing I could not
have done for any but Madame de Choiseul;
I went to what at the present day is called a *soirée*,
but it was at her house; I remained till two
o'clock in the morning. The party was very plea-
sant, and very agreeable conversation supplied the
place of play and music; I was for the first time
within thirty-five years, Madame de Matignon;
she has lost her brilliant complexion, but retained
her amiable disposition; she is the grandmother
of Madame de Beaufremont, who was married to
Théodore de Beaufremont, Madame de Choiseul's
nephew; this lady, who is delightful from her

personal beauty and grace, was present along with her husband, who is a very agreeable young man.

At the house of Madame de Choiseul I also met the Baroness Dubourg, whom I had never met before, but whose talents and pleasing conversation I had often heard mentioned with admiration. The good Duc de la Vauguyon was to have been present, but he was unwell; he had been with twenty-five leeches that morning. He was desirous of seeing me again, and I should have been delighted at renewing my acquaintance with him, for I had known him since my journey to Holland, forty-five years before. I performed my journey along with the Duchess of Orleans and the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe. M. de Vauguyon was then the French ambassador at the Hague. He was particularly attentive to me, and did much for the stadtholder in my praise, that when he went to court, he paid attention to none but me; M. de la Vauguyon had spoken highly of my ability in recitation, and the prince, who knew innumerable passages of French poetry, wished to make me acquainted with his own skill. He selected me to play whist with him, and during the game he recited the part of Orosmane, while I recited that of Zaïre; during this time the princesses

played at a round table along with the Princess of Orange, and the rest of the court; but the recitation disturbed them a good deal, though we spoke in a low tone. At supper, the prince made me sit beside him; M. de la Vauguyon had told him that I had eaten *birds' nests*, an Indian dish, very rare and costly. They were the nests of a species of swallow called *salangane*; a dish of them was placed before me, and the prince made me eat nearly the whole, which I found delicious. The Princess of Orange had a majestic figure, was affable and intelligent: instead of ladies, she had only *maids of honour*, who were all, at this period, remarkably ugly.

I was very much *in fashion* during the last winter (1820), but I had neither the will nor the power of replying to all the friendly invitations that were sent to me. The works I was reprinting took up so much time and labour that I would have fully occupied ten ordinary writers, for nobody is industrious at the present day. The immense labour I had engaged to perform rather fatigued me, because I was incessantly interrupted by the arrival of numberless letters that required an answer; by the visits I received, and which were increasing daily; by the great length of time I spent at dinner, and by the time I was forced

to devote ■ M. de Valence; but with perseverance and active habits, all things ■ be accomplished ■ last.

I learned from undoubted authority, that the Duchess of Berri, and even the late duke, had condescended ■ show the desire of seeing me; it would have been easy for me to have taken advantage of ■ good will, which, in spite of my ■ shyness, would have given ■ great satisfaction; but if ■ had enjoyed the honour of sometimes seeing the Duchess of Berri, I should have been supposed, notwithstanding my advanced age, to be actuated by ambitious views, which I ■ altogether incapable of forming when I ■ than thirty. Hence ■ avoid being exposed ■ reports, I ■ forced to renounce the happiness of seeing and hearing that heroine of sensibility, courage and unparalleled misfortune.

To return ■ the Rue Pigale, I ought ■ tion that I always found M. de Valence extremely moderate in his political principles; ■ sincerely desirous of internal peace, and the maintenance of the existing institutions; but his acquaintances consisted in general of none but men who ■ then ■ *liberals*, while mine were of those called *ultras*. In the midst of ■ this, I lived without dispute, because I ■

spoke concerning politics, and nobody
 a word to me on the subject. Among the persons
 who visited the house of M. Valence, I par-
 ticularly remarked M. Lacépède, of
 mild and excellent disposition, who
 any thing, while he enjoyed a high
 situation, but for being too polite, a very novel
 honourable reproach for a in place : this po-
 springs from a benevolent and generous
 heart; when he was *grand chancellor* of the legion
 of honour he gave large sums out of his own
 pocket as pensions to unfortunate officers of
 the legion, and made them believe that it was
 granted by the government; lastly, he is a man
 of great learning and modesty, and what is a fur-
 ther passport my favour, he is passionately
 fond of music, and composes with great ability.

M. de Flaugergues is witty, quiet, and mode-
 rate. Comte de Segur, known by varied
 accomplishments, is very agreeable and lively in
 company. M. Lemaire, the great Latin scholar,
 so from displaying the pedantry common to
 who enjoy great reputation, a simple,
 unaffected, and delightfully gay. As opinions
 a public affairs, I know nothing of them,
 never speaks about politics, which is a
 proof of excellent understanding.

M. Villmain, who written nothing but works of abstruse nature, and in a severe style, displays a vivacity that forms agreeable with his profound and philosophical mind. By a singular romantic chance, and by a confidential communication which he could properly refrain from giving me afterwards, I an opportunity of ascertaining that possess a feeling or disinterested heart. A discovery of this kind will always delight me, when it relates a whose talents are worthy of admiration. I shall say no more ; I have promised to keep the affecting circumstances of incident secret.

In the house of M. de Valence, I often dined along with the Duke of Bassano, and being several times seated beside him, we talked a great deal together, and I was highly pleased with his conversation. He followed Napoleon in all his paigns, seized every opportunity of seeing whatever curious and interesting in countries he traversed ; while he followed Napoleon as a minister and a courtier, he sought for instruction as if he had been a man of letters, or an enthusiastic friend of the arts. describes with great and discrimination all that he has seen ; he knows how to give his descriptions

peculiar charms, we were so struck that they are perfectly authentic.

Admiral Truquet was one of the company that met at the house of M. de Valence; I never had any connexion or private conversation with him; I only know that he is generally esteemed; but I was naturally interested in his young and amiable wife, Madame Truquet. When she knew me personally, she felt a great affection for me, from reading my works, and from my very first interview, she showed her good will towards me with graceful simplicity and grace. She had already a child, and her affectionate attentions I saw her bestowing upon her little babe added to the lively attachment I felt for her.

During this winter, I met with an old emigrant acquaintance, M. Dampmartin, known by several excellent historical works; his conduct in Prussia was very noble and generous; I have already mentioned it; we were delighted with seeing each other again. I do not know any individual whose company is so soothing and agreeable; and this is high praise, when we speak of one who might justly display pretensions to wit and talent, that is to say, the unfortunate of shining in conversation.

I still [redacted] in [redacted] house of [redacted] Valence, when [redacted] work of M. [redacted] concerning M. Suard was published; it [redacted] long since I had read such a singular work; the style, instead of being that of an academician who [redacted] more than [redacted] shown talent is [redacted] almost every [redacted] of incorrectness, blunders, affected and high sounding phrases, which might be easily proved, [redacted] necessary, by a vast number of instances; and in this melancholy work, no beauty atones for its affectation [redacted]

ombast; it is true that the author chose a very poor subject for his panegyric: to think of holding up [redacted] Suard [redacted] a great man [redacted] a very singular idea. What has he done? Some trifling literary essays, quite forgotten [redacted] the present day, and worthy of their fate, and a very middling translation of the History of Charles V. What share has he [redacted] borne in the business of the world? None whatever; hence [redacted] Garat praises him for his *incomparable pleasantness in society, the charms of his conversation, and his prodigious success among people of rank.* [redacted] Suard [redacted] lived [redacted] cept with [redacted] of letters and in the *bureaux d'esprit*, where discussions [redacted] maintained, but no conversation prevailed. [redacted] Garat wishes also [redacted] persuade [redacted] that [redacted] Suard, was, [redacted] her husband, very much in fashion; he says, "[redacted]

and women were seen running from their houses and palaces to the door of a literary character and his wife," — as they called it (elegantly M. Garat) *the literary household*; — adds, that the sportsmen of their acquaintance supplied the table of *the literary household with partridges, pheasants, and game of all kinds*; that the Marquis de Chastellux sent hares and rabbits, which he called *his fugitive pieces*. The fact is that M. Suard mixed in refined society, and this is easily seen by the tone of his works. The second volume of this work is beyond all expression abominable; to give an idea of it, it is enough to say that the author compares Robespierre to *Jesus Christ*! The pen falls from my hand in writing down such blasphemous language. In the first volume the author had already dared to praise the *Épître Uranie* of Voltaire, an infamous work which the philosophers of the last century considered altogether contemptible. In the second volume, the author notices as a very affecting and religious circumstance a letter of a married woman who writes to M. Suard, her lover, in coming to church: "I bend at the foot of the altar, and exclaim, *My God who hast given me my heart my lover, I love you and adore you.*"

The singular in this work, is that

the author, while displaying all the extravagance, and all the intention whatever of being impious; he even thinks that he respects religion in general—he is a simple infidel. This want of openness in regard to irreligion, can only be compared to that in regard to the corruption of morals to be found in the *Memoirs of M. d'Epinaï*; at any rate, there is nothing more laughable than the philosophical importance the author attaches to the sayings of M. Suard during the space of sixty years, to all his conversations with his friends, of which M. Garat has given a very circumstantial account; he believed, he says, that he was listening to Tacitus; he is constantly in rapture with his inimitable gracefulness, with the ascendancy which his genius, united to his polite manners and unequalled accomplishments, gave him in refined society of which he was the idol and the model. What I can very truly assert is, that I spent thirty years in the very highest circles without ever meeting with Suard, and without hearing him spoken of, except in the period of the great successes of Gluck. Literary men were then divided into *Gluckists* and *Piccinists*, and without any knowledge of music, began to write in support of their opinions. M. Suard was one of those writers; their writings made them all ridiculous;

every one acquainted with music laughed at them, and I was among the number. Finally, there is in M. Garat's work a nameless sort of philosophical gossip, which I have never seen in any other, and which is truly comical. It is useless to say that I was amused in this wretched work with happy sallies of wit and interesting incidents; the author of the M. Garat could have easily written so from beginning to end. I cannot conceive how I should have allowed such a work to have come from my pen, after the talents, judgment, and dignified sentiments I have always displayed.

My friend, Lord Bristol, returned to Paris, which gave me great pleasure; I found inexpressible charms in his conversation, for no one has a stronger interest than he does in the re-establishment of religion and morality.

Besides the revised editions of philosophical works I have already mentioned, I then began the work of re-writing, in alphabetical order, the *Encyclopedie*, a work that will always be in request; and as long as a good edition is wanting, the one already existing will be always kept and consulted in large libraries, notwithstanding its errors, its blunders, its omissions, and various modes of increasing its volumes, its abominations of all kinds, and its ignorance of the numerous fine discoveries

that have, in our own time, been made in the arts and sciences. In some work or other I have very justly called this vast and monstrous production *the Bric-a-brac of libraries*, a title that suits it to perfection, since this colossal book incessantly raises it in insolent rebellion against heaven. It is much to be wished that an association of really estimable literary men should undertake to form anew, to purge, and to abridge this incoherent and dangerous compilation; I could offer some useful papers in furtherance of this object, as I have read the *Encyclopédie* twice over, from beginning to end, with the exception of the articles on astronomy and mathematics; this I can easily prove, for I have kept two volumes of extracts. Were this great undertaking put in execution, it would be an inestimable benefit to the public. I have likewise written critical remarks on the work, entitled *Considerations sur les Mœurs*, by Duclos, but they remain in manuscript; I will publish them when I find a favourable opportunity, as well as my edition of Raynal.

Since the years 1820 and 1821 open impiety is no longer fashionable; people dared no longer declaim against religion; but infidelity made alarming progress amongst young men, and inspired them with a rebellious spirit that gave rise to a system of secret conspiracy not yet fully or-

ganized, actually existing, object of which was to destroy the Christian religion and turn every government into a republic. What seemed furnish aliment to this spirit of sedition and impiety, were the works of the pretended philosophers of the last century; their pamphlets and little journals have fallen into contempt oblivion; but they have written about fifty volumes, which, though formerly, contain good things mixed with very dangerous errors. If it proved that these works have a very unmerited character for style, that their boundless inconsistency is demonstrative proof that their systems false, and if were found of destroying their dangerous contents, a most incalculable service would be rendered religion and established governments.

Separate refutations of these works, how good they may be, attain this object, the evil cannot, I believe, be remedied except by I have proposed, the corrected editions their works and the undertaking of a new Encyclopedia. I communicated my ideas subject three of eminent merit, who means certain and I thought of adding to my reprints of old works, prefaces written with great care, stating that dangerous things

tained in [redacted] works were so inconsistent, that, in expunging them I was never obliged to add a single word of connection. I never inserted in [redacted] works a single syllable of my own, which shows how greatly defective they are in method, order, and logic. Hence, no [redacted] [redacted] that I have re-written them, for the whole [redacted] [redacted] entirely of their [redacted] writing. I have a right to believe, from [redacted] admission even of my enemies, that my critical observations ought to [redacted] some weight. M. Suard has written that I have [redacted] superior talents except [redacted] a critic, and in this he [redacted] shown great candour and impartiality, for I have often been [redacted] upon him. In the singularly incorrect and uncandid account given by M. Hoffman of *Petrarque* [redacted] *Laure* in the *Journal des Debats*, he says, at the end of his article, [redacted] I had attained in *Petrarque* the utmost perfection of style and that [redacted] works could, in this respect, [redacted] classed with those of the literary [redacted] classic authors of the [redacted] of Louis XIV.; and [redacted] opinion of a very uncandid but very clever writer, who has great literary talents, this honourable testimony [redacted] [redacted] been contested. I shall only add that it [redacted] extraordinary, that [redacted] the critic [redacted] given such an opinion, and in [redacted] positive a [redacted] he should not have quoted a single line

of a work which ■ admitted to display a kind of merit certainly not very common, particularly at ■ present day.

Every father of a family, and every honest man will applaud, I ■ certain, the plans I have just mentioned. It is very certain, that if all the ■ cantile classes have shown ■ great many seditious young men, it must be chiefly attributed to the ■ of Raynal on the East and West Indies, which all those brought up to trade ■ almost forced to read, because this book, so infamous in many of its contents, gives ■ great deal of interesting and curious information respecting commerce, which ■ not to be found in any other work. But ■ in respect to ■ kind of instruction, it would be much ■ useful ■ the reader not continually ■ astray by the ■ licentious descriptions, and by impious and revolutionary declamation; the author has written these words; *Nations of the earth, do you wish for happiness? overthrow every altar and every throne* His work is, in fact, but ■ lengthened commentary upon these execrable words.

Whilst I ■ remained in the house of M. ■ Valence, I became acquainted with two charming foreign ladies; the one ■ the Countess de Potocki, wife of the Count Francis Potocki, ■

the other a Polish lady, Countess d'Orlofska. The former is grand-daughter of the Prince de Ligne; she alone was sufficient to excite my interest, but she is very clever in addition, and like Countess Orlofska, has an excellent disposition; it may be admitted that great frankness of mind is very pleasing only when it is conjoined with a great deal of intelligence and delicacy, which prevent it falling into folly or rudeness. M. Potocki is one of the best informed foreigners I have known, and not the least pedantic; I spent very agreeable hours with these three persons. I also met two English ladies, who came to me without letters of introduction,* and whom I received solely from their pleasing countenances; they are sisters, and are called Clorinda and Georgiana Byrne; they told me a great many particulars concerning my friends of Langollen, Eleonora Butler and Miss Ponsonby, who still remain on the top of their mountain, but they were menaced with a great misfortune, Miss Ponsonby has the dropsy, so that one of them will survive the other. These heroines of friendship, who have

* They were afterwards strongly recommended to me by the Papaluncio, who, at that time, honoured me with several visits.
—(Note by the Author.)

lived ■■■ thirty years in ■■■ secluded spot, have never slept ■■■ of it a single time. I learned with pleasure ■■■ they had not forgotten me; they always kept in their drawing-room a small miniature of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, which I ■■■ given them, along with my profile in miniature, given them by my niece Henriette, and they showed ■■■ ■■■ my works in their library, magnificently bound.

I saw ■■■ Mesdames de Chastenai again with inexpressible pleasure; it is so delightful to ■■■ one's old friends again! Victorine is still pretty ■■■ extraordinary by the gravity of her studies, ■■■ the serious ■■■ ■■■ of her literary talents. I found her charming mother possessing the same graces ■■■ the same sweetness of disposition; ■■■ ■■■ accompanied by her husband, who is very worthy by his excellent qualities, of being the head of this respectable family. He spoke to me of my *Parvenus* with enthusiasm, ■■■ I ■■■ heard them praised with more taste and discrimination; ■■■ ladies informed ■■■ that they had spent nearly four years on their estate, where M. de Chastenai had erected forges; thus has almost all ■■■ nobility become commercial; ■■■ is what ■■■ ■■■ in ■■■ *Considerations sur les Mœurs*. I always thought that there was a great deal of

folly ■ not making use of this ■■■■■ ■■■■■
 ■■■■■ great inconsistency in disdaining it, when ■■■■■
 same parties ■■■■■ continually making ■■■■■ ■■■■■
 riages ■■■■■ the ■■■■■ of money.

Anatole ■■■■■ Montesquion made ■■■■■ a charming
 present; it was a carpet, to place in front of ■■■■■
 bed; this splendid carpet is a peacock stuffed,
 with its neck, wings, and ■■■■■ tail; ■■■■■ ■■■■■
 splendid to the sight, ■■■■■ very comfortable ■■■■■
 ■■■■■ As it is near half a century since I have
 renounced luxury, this fine carpet would be ■■■■■
 suitable in my chamber; I have written ■■■■■ Made-
 moiselle d'Orleans to offer it ■■■■■ her, informing ■■■■■
 that ■■■■■ offer was a preference and not a sacrifice;
 for, in fact, if she had not accepted it, I should
 assuredly have given it ■■■■■ another; but this ho-
 mage could ■■■■■ be more worthily ■■■■■ than
 ■■■■■ Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who has always been
 distinguished for her modesty and simplicity,
 though she possesses all those advantages that
 usually give rise to vanity; I loved to reflect
 that she would daily tread under foot the symbol
 ■■■■■ the attribute of pride.

Pamela came to Paris, and on her arrival wrote
 ■■■■■ a very pleasing and affecting letter, desiring
 to see me; I answered her that she had acted
 wrong, in departing ■■■■■ bidding ■■■■■ farewell,

still in not writing afterwards; but that if I wished to close my door upon her, her door would open of itself at her approach; she had several times seen me. Trifling explanations seemed perfectly satisfactory in her mouth; she is so amiable, has naturally such an excellent disposition and so much talent, that it is impossible to feel resentment against her; it required the revolutions of nations to make her sometimes a little different from what she announced in her infancy and early youth.

Madame de Choiseul told me that M. de Sommariva had arrived from Italy, and that she would bring him to see me; I was delighted with forming an acquaintance with an individual of such a dignified and noble character, and who is also such an enlightened friend of talents and the arts; he visited me, and I was charmed with his conversation, which is equally witty and instructive.

My intention was only to remain three weeks in the house of M. de Valence, solely for the purpose of being present to my grandson, by bringing about a reconciliation between him and M. de Valence; the business remaining unsettled, I remained a much longer time than I anticipated; moreover, M. de Valence felt a very passionate attachment to persons dangerously

ill have always been for me ; it was in the same way that the Marquise de l'Aubépine, who had never shown me any thing but ill-will, became unwell, and made her father-in-law write a pathetic letter, requesting me earnestly to go and see her, for the purpose, as she said, of affording her the consolation of expressing all her feelings to me before her death ; struck with surprise at this singular conduct, I thought however it was my duty to yield to a sick person's fancy, because she was in a very dangerous state ; she received me with unbounded transports of joy, and said she had always loved me in preference to every one else ; as I did not wish to contradict her, I feigned to believe what she said, and during two months lavished upon her the most affectionate care ; she recovered her health, returned into society, and forgot me completely, that she did not even leave her card at my house. Afterwards, during the time of the emigration, Madame Cohen was very ill with an incurable dropsy, and conceived the warmest affection for me, and offered me, as I have already stated, a magnificent necklace of precious stones to prevail on me to remain at Berlin. I could mention a great many other instances of my influence over the sick, but I shall now confine myself to M. de Valence ; he told me continually

■■■ if I abandoned ■■■ ■■ should die : Bourdois, his physician, told me that he was in a dangerous state, and I remained ; but as I did not wish ■■■ ■■■ him any expense, I discharged my waiting-maid ; I was attended only by the servants of the house, who all obeyed my orders with ■■■■■ and unwearied zeal, for M. de Valence had told them that ■■■ ■■■ of them who should give ■■■ the ■■■■■ ■■■ of dissatisfaction should be instantly discharged ; I caused none of them to be dismissed, but on the contrary, prevented several from being so by my interference ; I had a female companion, whom I ■■■ every day to take her meals at a *table d'hôte* ■■■ an adjoining house, kept by very genteel people, who had been ruined by the revolution. As to my own board, the most expensive part of it consisted of my breakfast, and that I always supplied myself. During three months, M. de Valence was so ill, as ■■■ restrict himself ■■■ a very rigorous regimen, and to refrain from table, and ■■■ I did not wish the latter to be served for me alone, I went with my companion to the *table d'hôte* of ■■■ neighbours, where I found very good company, agreeable conversation, ■■■ ■■■ garden, which we had ■■■ ■■■ of before ■■■ ■■■ dinner ; I never ■■■ ■■■ *table d'hôte* ■■■ well kept, and ■■■ genteel in Germany, and the

mistresses of the house did the honours of their [redacted] with great dignity and polite attention ; this establishment [redacted] continues, [redacted] is well worthy of being recommended to foreigners.

I [redacted] selected my own apartment in the house of M. de Valence ; [redacted] admirable prospect, [redacted] balcony, and [redacted] very large chamber tempted me ; but the chamber [redacted] [redacted] the [redacted] floor, which [redacted] [redacted] of great trouble to those who [redacted] to [redacted] me ; but for my own part, on [redacted] of the fresh air I always prefer the highest floors, which I climb up to without panting. Poor M. de Monthyon came to [redacted] me in this apartment, he was eighty-eight years of age, and [redacted] asthmatical ; he [redacted] in such a terrible [redacted] when he reached my room, that I thought he would have died [redacted] the spot ; I [redacted] [redacted] much alarmed [redacted] this time that [redacted] became disgusted with my room, and [redacted] down [redacted] the [redacted] floor, where [redacted] several pretty [redacted] well fitted up, but with such low roofs that I could scarcely breathe ; besides this, the [redacted] room [redacted] directly over [redacted] archway, and [redacted] the head of my bed there [redacted] a pump, which wakened [redacted] every morning [redacted] day-break ; the wall [redacted] [redacted] much shaken by this pump and by the rattling of the carriages that drove under the archway, that my nerves [redacted] dangerously attacked, and I [redacted]

unable ■ sleep. I spent the greater part of ■ day in the ■ of M. de Valence, the doors ■ windows of which were constantly kept closed ; I could scarcely breathe, and my health ■ getting visibly worse, while M. de Valence got better for a considerable time, thanks to the skill of M. Bourdois, and my superintendence of his regimen ; ■ again sat down to dinner, and very ■ went out to spend his evenings at *Robert's*, where there was good cheer and deep play, and these things soon did him ■ great deal of harm.

I got ■ large portrait of myself taken in oil by Madame Chéradame, who possesses great talents. I ■ drawn ■ engaged in writing during the night, with ■ candle beside me nearly extinguished, and leaving off my occupation when I ■ the approach of day. It ■ Pamela who conceived the idea : on the table beside the candle, I caused a vase of flowers to be put, and only one book, ■ the back of which is written—*The Gospel* ; be- ■ in fact, the principles of all my works have been invariably founded ■ the sacred precepts of that divine book. There is ■ harp behind me in the shade : I felt a great deal of repugnance ■ get my portrait taken at my age ; but M. de Valence desired it, and I complied ■ willingly with his request, ■ I was desirous of offering him some-

thing that would please him before I left his house, and I added to it a beautiful miniature I had still preserved, and which ■■■■ desirous of possessing.

Towards the end of ■■■■ winter, I finished ■■■■ *Picturesque Catalogue of the Paintings* belonging ■■■■ M. ■■■■ Sommariva, which I wrote in my finest hand, and adorned with illustrations. This catalogue contains ■■■■ preliminary discourse ■■■■ magnificence, and I believe, it is one of the prettiest works I have written : it is in the possession of the ■■■■ magnificent and enlightened amateur that ever existed. I kept ■■■■ kind of copy of it ; I ■■■■ not even make ■■■■ copy, but wrote it ■■■■ off-hand ■■■■ the book. Amongst other things in this work, there is a passage that pleases me on the old age of women ; and which I have given in speaking of ■■■■ picture of *Roman Charity*. I have said, that ■■■■ painter ■■■■ done rightly to prefer a ■■■■ to ■■■■ mother, for our grey hairs do not produce respect ; and the idea ■■■■ to me to be illustrated in a very novel manner. I think the passage is worthy of quotation ; but I shall only notice one single phrase, as ■■■■ ■■■■ it suggests ■■■■ to ■■■■ ingenious in showing the superior importance of ■■■■ men ■■■■ women ; I have said—

“ When age dries up ■■■■ oak, it ■■■■ ■■■■ have

its crown formed; when it begins to destroy the colour of the leaves, it is to be withered."

The following is what I call a picturesque catalogue. To give some interest to a description of paintings, I have put it in the form of a dialogue, and have supposed that a young widow lady, and a well-informed young amateur come to visit together the collection of M. de Sommariva: at the beginning of the dialogue it is easily seen that the young man has well-founded claims on the heart of the young widow, though he has not yet dared to ask her in marriage; these two characters in conversing on the subject of the pictures, describe them and give their opinions.

M. de Valence did, in spite of all my protestations, a thing which proved how extremely anxious he was that I should be comfortable in his house: when he saw that my health suffered on the first floor by the noise and want of air, he would absolutely force me to accept an apartment, the only good one in the house; which I had already refused several times. He took it on his own head, without giving me any notice, and removed me into the large apartment I formerly occupied on the fifth floor; he then pressed me with great civility to take possession of his empty apartment, but I refused.

with firmness. He remained more six weeks on the first floor, notwithstanding all my entreaties, and was very hurtful to his health, for he took one foot very badly, and was much fatigued by going up many stairs; at last, when he saw that I was determined on leaving the first floor, he again came down to his apartment.

One day, when returning from a sitting I was given to Madame Chéradame, I entered the apartment of M. de Valence, where I found a man of most respectable appearance, who, on hearing my name pronounced, came forwards to me, and thanked me in the most feeling manner for the praise I had bestowed upon him in the *Parvenus*. This man is the richest saddler in Paris, his name is Garnier; it was he who, in the reign of terror, became a director of the prisons, and saved the life of Madame de Valence by three times risking his own, and displayed unexampled courage and talent: he had accepted that situation merely to assist the unfortunate persons who were proscribed; he had the slightest share, merely in the cruelties, but not in the unjust and rigorous measures of the time. I saw him with equal respect and emotion.

Then I went to Tivoli, there was continual

confusion in the close of the sittings in the Chamber of Deputies, and there was much commotion. It was believed that a regular conspiracy had been formed, but that the disturbance had arisen from the hot-headed violence of some young men of both parties. Some journals blamed the Chamber for having excited this violence, by continually praising the young men for being actuated by it; they ought on the contrary, to have blamed them for meddling with political affairs, which distract their attention from their studies and their duties.

Some days afterwards, a proclamation was fixed up in the middle of the streets, forbidding people to assemble in crowds: the *gens d'armes* had orders to prevent three persons stopping to talk together.

M. de Valence, though still unwell, went regularly to the Chamber of Peers to hear the trial of Louvel. I was extremely irritated when I heard a great number of persons, who felt, as every one did, the greatest horror for this villain's crime, yet admire his replies and his fearlessness. The fashion of being in raptures at the brutal debasement of wretched beings, has become very common; for my part, I consider it very natural that an atheist of the lower orders, a man of labour, misery, and a wretched existence—incapable besides of participating in the feelings of others, should be so

approach with indifference, he should even be satisfied with returning, he believes, to existence. Besides, the infamous found of pleasure in the astonishment excited; the great of display in his silly indifference: the idea of creating surprise in all that surrounded him, gave him in its highest extravagance, the stoicism of atheism and stupidity.

Notwithstanding the order in council which forbade people assembling in crowds, there were several more riots, not of the lower classes, but of all the students and scholars in Paris: the contempt of royal authority seemed to be a very bad omen. In the midst of this, my health became much impaired, but I was still busy. I felt much chagrin at the departure of Madame de Choiseul, who was to be absent three months: I was afraid her stay in Franche-Comté should be prolonged still more, and unfortunately I was mistaken.

Louvel was condemned to death: he allowed his counsel to hear him without interruption. He had slight hopes of being pardoned; people spoke in raptures of his firmness, and endeavoured to make his replies beautiful: they would have attributed to him the replies of *Ro-* and this without evil intention,

MEMOIRS OF

merely from the taste that has long existed for every thing extraordinary. For my ~~own~~ part, I never ~~heard~~ any thing in this assassin but ~~his~~ indifference, mixed with a great ~~deal~~ of impudent boasting. After hearing his sentence, ~~he~~ ~~took~~ *fine sheets, as he wished to spend his last night well, and sleep soundly.* I am firmly persuaded that he ~~was~~ hopes that an insurrection would have rescued him while on his way to the place of execution; and ~~that~~ if he ~~had~~ been asked any questions when on the scaffold, he would have held very different ~~kind~~ of language. I ~~was~~ astonished, that ~~at~~ his examination, he was not asked if ~~he~~ had been made a member of some secret society, as he had travelled in Germany, and it is well known that there ~~are~~ mysterious societies in that country, from which have sprung several assassins, ~~amongst~~ amongst others.

Louvel ~~was~~ executed ~~at~~ six o'clock in ~~the~~ ~~evening~~ ~~ing~~. Notwithstanding all his boasting, he ~~was~~ excessively pale and greatly depressed. There ~~was~~ an immense crowd assembled to see him pass by; every ~~one~~ ~~looked~~ at him with horror. When he reached ~~the~~ foot of the scaffold, ~~he~~ was very near fainting; it required two ~~men~~ ~~to~~ support him in going up ~~the~~ ladder. In the evening every thing ~~was~~ quiet in Paris.

I received a charming letter from the Princess Salm, who writes such beautiful poetry : me an epistle written, entitled, *hon-*
qui devenir intrigant. desired me notice it in my little journal *l'Intrépide*, which I forced me give up a short time afterwards, at the moment it becoming most successful, because my partners broke their engagements with me and me all work do, which, along with my other occupations, would have left me a moment of repose. I shall collect among my miscellaneous pieces every article I inserted in this journal, and I hope the public will think that it worthy of being continued ; but I have been since convinced that no journal be very successful unless it is published every day. I adopted a of criticism for this paper seemed original ; I wished to notice the innumerable of style ; the vitious phraseology, dangerous principles, and the inconsistency that are to be found in public papers, and I formed an idea of a novel of irony. In a short introduction I said, that the morning papers were forced to insert articles in great haste, and time of press, and that oblige them, I took upon myself offer public officious errata every month ; I actually

put in execution, and my [redacted] very [redacted] ful, and [redacted] been several times imitated. In this journal I gave [redacted] account of the epistle [redacted] *un honnête homme*, of the Princess of Salm, and praised it very conscientiously, for [redacted] piece of poetry is truly delightful.

The Bishop of Boulogne made such a beautiful funeral [redacted] the Duke of Berri, that I [redacted] not help giving in this place the following passage :

“ Wretched sophists, congratulate yourselves on your [redacted] ; you would have the principles—you have their consequences : you would have every thing sacrificed to your vain theories—you [redacted] their application ; and that from your monstrous systems spring [redacted] of crime. You would have nothing [redacted] exist but opinions—and there [redacted] for [redacted] time nothing but opinions, of which each individual was the supreme judge ; and the regicide has given you his opinions as his only rule, and has [redacted] murder by murder. No ; this [redacted] not a case of resentment, it is not [redacted] of personal ha- [redacted] [redacted] revenge for an injury ; [redacted] is [redacted] opinion, his feelings ; so that in [redacted] [redacted] is much less passion [redacted] excites [redacted] crime, than crime which is become a passion. You would have [redacted] religion, except perhaps [redacted] vain [redacted] [redacted] from call-

ing upon its authority, you only seek to oppose your own to it; and guilty likewise of his authority to religion, in the liberty of thought, sees only the liberty doing as he wills. You wish for atheist laws—and you have atheist assassins, in whose eyes vice and virtue are alike, and for whom there is no other crime than that of missing their aim. You would have no sacrilege—and there is no longer any sacrilege except the law that recognises it not; and the murder of the heir of the monarchy, or the vilest of men, is no longer but one and the same crime. Lastly, you persecute the missionaries of eternal life—and you have missionaries of the doctrine of annihilation: is not all that in its natural order? Of what would you complain? Must not the fathers be responsible for their disciples? Each bear his fruit? After sowing the whirlwind, you not reap the tempest? And since you would have no hell in the other world, you not, in the present time, transport it into this?"

At our *table d'hôte*, I became acquainted with a very learned Greek from Athens, called M. Codriska; he always seated himself beside me at table; his conversation original and greatly pleased me; he well acquainted with

de Staël ; he told me that ■■■ called him *my Turk* ; I told him that ■■■ have called him *my Athenian*.

I ■■■ a great deal during ■■■ from the excessive heat ; what I felt ■■■ time to time ■■■ not seem to me such as to affect the stamina of my constitution, yet it was violent suffering, of ■ nature I ■■■ express ; it was ■■■ pains nor fatigue, but ■■■ inexpressible feeling of uneasiness : I thought there was something extraordinary and dangerous in the case, and I ■■■ of the ■■■ opinion still. For the last ■■■ years, the beating of my heart has become less and less perceptible ; ■■■ length, it does not seem to beat at all, (apparently, because it has beat too much in the ■■■ of my life.) I did ■■■ consult a physician for a long time on ■■■ subject, because I think diseases of the heart are incurable ; but this is a singular fact I ■■■ heard spoken of. I imagine ■■■ my heart has become ossified, and that I may ■■■ suddenly called from life ■■■ any moment. I have preserved all my faculties unimpaired : ■■■ any rate, I fully believe that I ■■■ ready to render up ■■■ God the loving soul he gave me ; and it would be with pleasure, were I ■■■ still ■■■ those whom I love.

The Marquise de Grolhier made ■■■ a delightful

present, a picture which she painted herself, containing such flattering compliments to me, which I cannot mention them here. It was the last picture she painted before the accident which was unfortunate both for her and for us, that deprived her of sight. I considered this pledge of friendship as valuable, that I have given it to Anatole de Montesquieu. In return, I have given Madame de Grollier a work of my own invention and manufacture: it is the top of a table representing on black paper a bunch of flowers surrounded by a garland; the flowers are of mother of pearl, and the leaves and stems of fine burnished gold. The work is not pasted on the paper: I cut out the whole design, except the stems, and joined the gold and mother of pearl under the edges, and painted the stems in gold, so that the whole work holds together and is very solid: it has been much admired, and is really charming, but it would have been still better if I could have got pieces of mother of pearl as thin as those that a workman who is now dead used to procure some years ago, in any quantity I desired: since that time I could find any artisan capable of making them of the same kind, that is, as thin as paper, which has given me no chance of the boasted perfection which the artist of olden times said to have attained. Ma-

■ ■ Grollier ■ my work ■ a beautiful table of ebony. I had already covered it with glass, ■ avow, that this little article is one of the prettiest pieces of furniture I have ■ ■

One morning, Anatole brought ■ his charming child, who the ■ day sent me a beautiful fire-screen, representing ■ lyre and flowers, because, (as he said,) he had noticed that I had none, and thought I must have scorched my face in warming myself ■ winter before. I wrote him with my own hand, (which is certainly a great mark of honour,) ■ thank him for it.

Rosamonde came ■ reside ■ days with M. de Valence: I had taken care to inform her ■ cretly of the state of her father's health: she is equally excellent ■ a daughter, a wife, ■ sister, and a mother; and the same may be said of Madams de Celles. Some time before this, Rosamonde ■ paid a short visit to Paris, along with her children; when I found my great grand- ■ Cyrus delightful for his spirit and intelligence; I gave him ■ chain, which pleased him in ■ highest degree.

The newspaper called ■ *Renommée*, the ■ of ■ the ■ journals, for its irreligious and ■ style, was altogether discontinued ■ this time: it ■ ■ ■ ridiculous frontispiece I

which put into my head the following impromptu, which I made of, and which appears here for the first time :—

Quelle cette dévergondée,
 Si et si dégingandée,
 Indecent abandon?
 Dieu ! quelle étrange figure !
 —Mais, c'est la Renommée—Oh ! non,
 Ce n'est que sa caricature.

M. Bourdois, the physician of M. de Valence, to me ; I asked his opinion concerning the beating of my heart ; he told me that the beating always diminished with the approach of age, unless the heart was diseased ; that the entire cessation of the beating of the heart was not a common occurrence, but that there was nothing alarming in it. M. Bourdois is a very skilful physician and a clever man, and made very excellent illustrations of the subject, but I still persist in believing that there is something common in the beating of my heart.

In gratitude for my reply, Leon de Montesquiou sent me a charming letter, consisting of four lines only, informing me that his mother had forbidden him from writing a longer one ; in this letter he sent me a fable entitled *le Rouignol et la Fauvette*, written by his father, which appears in a

note, I may make mistake, *Madame, the nightingale intended for you.* Leon has no other teachers than his father and mother, and is educated in a infinitely superior to what any be in an academy; with charming openness and modesty, he is astonishingly well informed for his age; I hope that he will prove a blessing to his parents, who are highly worthy of it.

The fable I have alluded to is pretty, that I shall insert it in these *Memoirs*: it is as follows:—

ET LA FAUVETTE.

Un rossignol harmonieux,
Chantre favorié des dieux,
Miracle du printemps, charme de la nature,
Seul accorde pendant la nuit obscure;
Surpris, on admiroit dans mille accens divers
Sa voix éclatante et pure:
Son approbateur protégeoit son
Là, dans un prospère,
Vivoit un jeune oiseau sous l'aile de sa mère;
Il étoit loin des jours où l'on prend son essor,
Pas habile encor;
Il n'étoit qu'une simple fauvette.
Ce méfiant, au fond de sa retraite,
Heureux muet admirateur,
L'improvisateur.
Quelques fois compagne du jeune âge.

Ne voilà-t-il pas l'imprudent
 Qu'un si bel exemple encourage ;
 Il veut un rossignol charmant
 Répondre en son faible langage ;
 Mais sa mère le loi défend,
 ■ dit au jeune téméraire :
 Une sauvette, mon enfant,
 Pres du rossignol doit se ■■■■

Madame Moreau, who ■■■■ often ■■■■ me, told me that she had read in the *Journal ■■■■ Paris* a notice of ■■■■ work entitled *Genlisiana, or ■■■■ Collection of anecdotes, bons-mots and repartees of Madame de Genlis, with an account of her life and writings*. I justly supposed that it ■■■■ ■■■■ libellous publication, or at any ■■■■ a mass of lies ; it would have been most extraordinary if the work had been written without malevolent intentions, for nothing similar has ■■■■ been written concerning a person actually alive, from whom they had received neither notes nor permission, and whom they do not know ■■■■ by sight. I began by publicly disavowing the work ; I ■■■■ not conceive what *bons-mots* and *repartees* could be collected of mine ; I ■■■■ liked to ■■■■ talked of for this habit, for I have known too early ■■■■ ■■■■ inconveniences ; ■■■■ of the smallest is ■■■■ of having attributed to oneself a thousand ■■■■ which ■■■■ ■■■■ thought of, and what is much ■■■■ disagreeable

of often obtaining without _____ the reputation of great maliciousness, for _____ these kinds of *bons-mots* _____ invariably epigrams _____ less sarcastic and cutting; moreover, I have never shown the _____ pretension or the slightest desire of shining in company and general conversation; I have always from natural inclination been more desirous of enjoying and profiting by the talents of others than of displaying my own; and there _____ every thing to be gained by this mode of acting: my ruling passion has at _____ times been that of gaining information, and I am indebted to conversation almost _____ much as to reading; for the _____ reason, I _____ always desirous of making my observations upon society, _____ the _____ why men made themselves ridiculous, to observe foibles, and all these things require calm and concentrated attention, at least for the moment; my own vanity I reserved for the future. I _____ was such a dupe as to make great efforts to obtain short lived and childish success, and if I have been reckoned agreeable in society, it was _____ by what I said, but by the simplicity and attention with which I listened to others.

_____ title of the work I have just mentioned _____ given that it might _____ bought by friends as well as enemies; it was _____ of atrocious,

contradictory, and stupid calumnies. This further burst of [redacted] against me [redacted] chiefly produced by my expurgated reprints of philosophical writings, from which I [redacted] suppressed many passages and added notes. However, I [redacted] not relax in my zeal in making this atonement for the *entire works* of the authors, in which have been collected [redacted] the impiety and blasphemy, [redacted] the *philosophical* filth and obscenity scattered through an infinite [redacted] of pamphlets long since forgotten. Yet these infamous editions have been published in such [redacted] cheap form, [redacted] to put them within the reach of every one There never [redacted] any thing so shameful and [redacted] scandalous [redacted] this; not only would they not have dared to do it in Napoleon's time, but the very republicans of the reign of terror would not have permitted these obscenities to be reprinted, and yet [redacted] shameful impudence [redacted] shown in the reign of the most Christian king!

As [redacted] the *Emilius* of Rousseau, as it does not contain indecent and blasphemous passages, (at least against religion,) I ought to have expunged nothing from it, but only have increased the number of my critical notes: though Rousseau has stolen [redacted] great many of his ideas (as I have proved [redacted] my earlier writings) from Seneca, Mon-

taigne, Balzac, Locke, and others; yet he is much more original than the most of philosophers. This originality, which generally springs from the desire of appearing singular, is commonly nothing but a strange mode of expression, yet it is sometimes happy and striking. The ordinary minds of readers persist in believing that Rousseau was a profound thinker, and a sublime genius, and these minds maintain an unfounded admiration much longer than minds of a higher order, whom one sound argument easily extricates from error. Hence *Emilius* ought to have been left with its errors, which it is so easy to refute triumphantly, since the inconceivable inconsistency of the author would thereby appear a thousand times more singular, when the connexion between the different subjects is shown in the notes. Hence, when I publish another edition of this work, I shall restore all that I have suppressed, and add a great many notes, which will not be less striking, for by making suppressions I was prevented from employing this brilliant branch of criticism.

Not a soul gave me any encouragement in my revised editions; I was again and again that this would prevent them from being reprinted with all the errors I had expunged. I believe, that if they be reprinted, it will be any

rate be much less frequently, that what I have retained as instructive and useful, will tainly be of use every young desirous of instruction; I told that studious young men would not be corrupted by these sophisms impieties, by the obscene remarks had purged, because they could have looked into these works only for what could be of to them; for my part, I think it right spare the trouble of ascertaining the truth, and the danger of being perhaps shaken in their faith by specious reasonings founded on statements that might lead them astray; for it requires time, experience, and a great deal of study to ascertain the to which the philosophers have falsified matters of fact, and have brought their aid old and refuted arguments; finally, by bringing into five six volumes the contents of ten, and from which I suppress nothing but extravagant and dangerous I thus saved the valuable time of of and this is certainly a great advantage society. I shall add further, that by leaving in these works the whole of their nonsense and inconsistency, (which do no harm,) I refute them in the notes, which may be of use in forming the and judgment of youth. In the I also take notice of a great many faults in style;

and this also is not without use, for all these criticisms, remarks, which spring from every sort of ill-will, and the justice of which cannot be denied, ought to diminish the extravagant admiration which so many people feel for the authors; and this is a matter of much more importance than is commonly imagined: for I do not insert a single word of my criticisms in the body of the work, no one can say that I have meddled with or rewritten these works: all that can be said, is that these editions are very correct copies of the original, without any addition, and with the suppression of nothing but dangerous passages; and this I cannot help thinking will always be a most useful work. I still maintain the same opinion concerning all these works, with the single exception of the *Emilius*, for the criticisms I have already noticed.

Those who interested themselves in my fortunes told me that I was raising up a host of enemies, but this did not alarm me at all. I should have wished I have been fifty years younger that I might devote twenty years to persecutions of the kind; I expose oneself usefully, I face them courageously, to devote to this noble cause the mind and bodily powers one possesses, is really to enjoy life; to do the reverse is a silly and guilty

vegetation. I shall persevere in my career, nothing discourage me; I am assisted by living soul, but to the man who says I only reply,—

“Et, comptez vous pour rien Dieu qui combat pour nous !”

At this period Anatole de Montesquiou requested me to put down in writing my ideas concerning politics, which were not to be found in my works, nor in a separate treatise; I engaged to write for him alone, a small *Treatise on Politics*, to be divided into three letters; the first was to contain an examination of the means that aid in forming the happiness of a nation; the second to ascertain if the governments in existence attain this object; and in the third letter, I show the of reaching happiness. I believe that without being a writer on politics, a person may write very correct reflections on the subject, if he have good principles, a sound judgment, a feeling heart, and knowledge of history and the human mind. The heat me severely, and I was so much occupied besides, that I found it of my power to continue work.* Anatole, who was his

* I have written it since.

of *Bligny*, wrote [REDACTED] a charming letter of complaint [REDACTED] my silence, which I cannot help giving in these memoirs :—

“ *Bligny*, [REDACTED] July, [REDACTED]

“ Your silence begins to be very alarming, my dearest friend ; [REDACTED] profoundly occupied with your chimerical heroes and heroines you neglect [REDACTED] of fact and your real friends : with all this I am very [REDACTED] off ; permit [REDACTED] to complain of it to yourself, and believe that [REDACTED] my rural or literary occupations, or [REDACTED] your marks of indifference cannot weaken the constant feeling I have towards you, or in any way seduce my affections. I offered myself [REDACTED] a disciple to your universal talents, and you maintain a silence I ought to understand ; is not this what is meant by a refusal ? I [REDACTED] sorry for it. [REDACTED] had need of a guide, of [REDACTED] one to [REDACTED] me through this labyrinth of new systems and new principles, mingled with a great [REDACTED] of error ; I shall soon lose my way, and become the prey of [REDACTED] monster, or the victim of [REDACTED] [REDACTED] ;—I put this [REDACTED] your conscience. Naples, with [REDACTED] inventions and its imitations of the Greeks, [REDACTED] [REDACTED] excellent subject for instructive remarks ; why would you not promulgate the splendid [REDACTED] with which [REDACTED] a novel subject would have inspired

you ; ■■■ above all, why reject from the bosom of plenty the humble prayer of the poor ? Here is a ■■■ ■■■ the subject :—

Un moineau débutant, bien faible, bien fragile,
S'égarait dans des bois déserts,
■■■ ■■ son petit domicile,
A l'âge où la gent volatile
N'a pas encore vaincu les airs :
De ses ailes parfois il essayoit l'usage,
■■■ sautoit sur ■■ feuillage
De branche en branche, ayant grand soin
■■■ ■■ pas s'avancer plus loin.
Mais qui ■■■ s'arrêter ? ■■■ même le sage
Va plus loin qu'il ne veut. Notre petit moineau,
Tout ■■ craignant le vent, ■■ froid, le chaud, l'orage,
La sécheresse et même l'eau,
Enfin tout, se trouva sans guide et sans aile
Dans un lieu sauvage et stérile ;
Pour chercher du secours il erroit au hasard,
Lorsqu'il aperçut ■■ l'écart
Un oiseau protecteur dont l'aile ingénieuse
Voiloit avec constance une tribu nombreuse
D'oisillons craintifs et fuyards,
Qui sous cet abri sûr échappaient aux regards
Comme à tous les dangers ; ■■ la poule couveuse
Le petit égaré, d'un air respectueux,
Exposa ses besoins et l'objet de ses vœux ;
" Pour mon âge, dit-il, la nuit est dangereuse :
Que faire seul errant dans ■■ noire vapeur ?
Ayez pitié de moi, j'ai faim, j'ai froid, j'ai peur ;
■■■ gré de mes souhaits montrez-vous généreuse,

En daignant m'accueillir dessous l'ample manteau,
 ■ l'on voit prospérer votre léger troupeau;
 ■ n'abuserai pas de votre bienfaisance :

Il faut si peu pour un moineau ;

Tolères cette nuit ma débile existence

Auprès de vous ; et puis demain,

Guidé par votre expérience,

■ trouverai le bon chemin :

Comptez sur ma reconnaissance."

Hélas ! il pria vainement ;

Le lendemain, le pauvre enfant

Fut pris par des filets dans la forêt prochaine.

On dit que la poule inhumaine

Se repentit de ses refus ;

■ le moineau ■ plus.

Le ciel vous envoya pour éclairer la terre :

Parcourez la noble carrière

Qui vous conduit à l'immortalité ;

Mais répandez sur tous, vos torrens de lumière ;

Le passereau le plus vulgaire

Ne doit pas être rejeté.

" Are you of my opinion, my dear friend, or ■
 you going to persist in ■ terrible silence that
 reduces ■ ■ despair ! Adieu ! My ■ poverty
 bows down before your ■ and sublime uni-
 versality.

" A poor Bird."

There ■ certainly several features in this fable
 which remind ■ of the gracefulness, naïveté,

and talents of La Fontaine. I should have been very ungrateful if, after such a pretty letter, I had instantly begun my *Treatise on Politics*; I gave it him immediately, and kept a copy. Anatole had certainly no need of my ideas on this subject; but he asked me, I thought it my duty to give them to him.

At the period I have just noticed, I read a thing that struck me with infinite surprise—a very favourable article concerning myself in a journal, and that journal the *Journal des Débats*! The article related to the *Essai* written on me by M. Cousin d'Avallon; among other remarks, there is one that I think worthy of notice, if I had not been the object of it; in speaking of the parallel made by M. Cousin between me and Madame de Staël, the writer says that he gave me opinion concerning the comparative merits of the author of *Mademoiselle de la Vallière* and the author of *Corinna*, and he makes a parody of the well-known verse—

“ Je ne fais point entre Genève et Rome,”

by saying,

“ Je ne fais point entre Genève et Paris.”

A woman and an author could not help perceiving the wit and politeness of this allusion; he admitted that any rivalry should

spring up between these two cities, Paris always have the advantage over Geneva.

I was, and still am, in one like the misanthrope, who said that should be delighted with losing law-suit, because he should have an additional of injustice to complain of ; I also console myself for acts of injustice that present some striking and singular features, by the pleasure of inserting them in these memoirs. I learned the following unaccountable circumstance : M. Chéradame, who the publisher of part of my works, went to request one of the editors of the *Journal des Debats* to give a review of my revised editions of *Emile* and the *Siècle de Louis XIV.* ; M. Chéradame told him, which was a fact, that he had make this request my desire, which I made, and will make for works of my own ; but those in question were only reprints of works hostile to religion, from which I expunged the obnoxious passages, and given nothing of my but critical notes, I thought that a work useful to morality required make of every possible means in making it known, and that religious editors ought to have been very favourable to it. M. Chéradame told in reply that undertaking was meritorious, execution excellent, and that perfectly agree-

able ■ the principles and opinions of ■ editors , but ■ out of interest for the work ■ and for me, it could ■ be noticed in the *Journal des Debats*, because they ■ formed an inflexible resolution that whenever they noticed my works, M. Hoffman was the person to write the article ; and that as M. Hoffman would never agree ■ speak favourably of my works, ■ that the journal could do for ■ to maintain profound silence. Few things in my life have ■ caused ■ so much astonishment ; is it not wonderful that ■ journal that is not ill disposed towards ■ author, should form the inflexible resolution of giving him up to the hatred of one of their partners ; that religious editors should thus sacrifice their principles and the interests of the good ■ to the enmity of one of their coadjutors ? I was perfectly ■ vinced, in other respects, by the favourable article I have just noticed, that the editors of that respectable journal ■ by no means my enemies ; while the ill-will of M. ■ shall ■ prevent me doing justice ■ his talents and learning. Since I learned the resolution made concerning me, I have ■ in the *Journal des Debats* several very agree- ■ articles by ■ Hoffman, and I have yielded with great satisfaction to the pleasant vengeance of speaking well of them in company. How de-

sirable it would be that literary men who profess sound principles should understand their real interests so far, and love literature so much, as to form the resolution of being invariably just ! How greatly would uprightness, good faith, and candour ennoble their talents, and from how many disagreeable discussions and personal quarrels would they be preserved !

The party called *liberal* should naturally have the advantage of the royalists, not assuredly by the goodness of their cause, but because they support each other on all occasions, notwithstanding their private differences ; every private interest in this party sacrificed to that of the whole body ; and this is the way to succeed.

No opposition or difficulty of any kind shall prevent me continuing my career with the same ardour, nor from making use of all the strength I have remaining ; when I think upon my enemies and all their intrigues against me, I console myself with saying,—

Que Dieu voie et nous juge.

At this period I made a literary work worthy of notice ; I was engaged in writing five works in one morning ; I wrote part of an article on the censorship ; I began to write with my

own the first letter the last novel I intended write,* *Palmyre* *Flaminie*, où *Dupe et Victime* *siècle*, which is in two volumes;— day I dictated a very full plan of the work, the story of which is moral and original; in the two heroines I am desirous of showing the difference of worldly perfection, of perfection purely religious. As the worldly heroine is the dupe of almost all the sentiments displayed towards her, I have written the novel in an epistolary form, for the purpose of describing in a natural manner the dissimulation and duplicity which had made such rapid progress among the higher ranks of society during the ten or twelve years that immediately preceded the revolution; I am an eye-witness of these scenes, and believe that I have described them correctly; letters of the same date, addressed to various individuals, will assuredly attain that end. The letters of Voltaire gave me this idea a long while ago, when I read the hypocritical ones he wrote to King Stanislaus, Calmet, and others; and the impious letters of the same date he wrote to his friends; his letters to the Maréchal de Richelieu, whom he calls his *hero*, and his letters of the same date addressed to his confidants,

* I have written others since, which I did not think of when I began.

in which he calls him the *keeper of the bagnio* (that is the French theatre), sometimes the *tripotier*. This specimen of duplicity in my work of imagination may be very interesting and useful, provided it be given with a moral purpose.

The third work I was engaged in was a tale for Alfred Lemaire, entitled *Fredal, the Artist*. I wrote it with as much care as if I had intended it for publication; I wrote it for his own use, gave it to him, and kept no copy; it seemed to me to display fancy and interesting subjects. The fourth work was a *Treatise on Sympathy*, which I wrote for two English ladies in a blank book. These ladies are the Misses Byrne; they are extremely amiable, and I feel great affection for them. Lastly, the fifth work was that part of these memoirs that have just been perused.

It must be admitted that the period in which I performed this literary effort was not from being favourable to literature, and consequently to all the varied labours I undertook with much spirit.

After the assassination of the Duke of Berri, the law relative to the elections, and then a conspiracy against the royal family, which gave rise to important events that occupied the

minds of ■■■ exclusion of every thing else ;
 ■ this, ■■■ to the Spanish revolution, that of
 Naples, and the ■■■ that seemed to threaten every
 kingdom with convulsion, completely succeeded
 in extinguishing every spark of ■■■ for literature.
 All my undertakings at this period ■■■ affected
 in consequence, and I was not surprised ■ it.

I still went to visit Madame de Montcalm as
 often ■ my ■■■ occupations allowed ■
 one day I took for her amusement a large volume
 of drawings of plants done by myself, and which
 I had just finished. This precious manuscript is
 the result of thirty years' study ; it is ■ large
 quarto volume, containing coloured drawings of
 all the plants mentioned in *the Bible*, and in the
 lives of the saints, which I have divided into four
 sections, *the Sacred Herbal*, *the Herbal of Grati-
 tude and Friendship* ; containing the plants that
 bear the ■■■ of historical characters ; *Herbal of
 Heraldry*, containing ■ the armorial bearings of
 ■ French nobility that show ■ ■ more plants ;
 and the *Golden Herbal*, containing all the golden
 plants mentioned in history ■ mythology. I have
 not inserted in this book any thing I ■ written
 in my *Historical and Literary Botany*, which has
 been already published : the labour of this work is
 ■ very different thing ; I drew ■ coloured with-

assistance every plant it contains, and adorned it besides illustrations. I ought to mention I put on the back of the pages of my *Herbal of Heraldry* a great number of taken from the vegetable kingdom, and the ornaments of old orders that also taken from it. I believe that this book worth, for any large library, at least fifteen thousand francs; it delighted those who have it, professional painters. The Duke of Richelieu it Madame de Montcalm's, and enchanted with it; he engaged to propose it the king for his private library; I asked only eight thousand francs. I was infinitely desirous of its remaining in the hands of the King of France, than of sending it to foreign countries (which would have been so easy for me to have done) and obtaining a much larger sum. I had received the smallest mark of protection or good will from the court; yet the author of *Mademoiselle Clermont*, of *An Incident in the Life of Henry IV.*, *The Life of Henry IV.*, three historical romances, translated into languages, in which, during the reign of Napoleon, I delighted in showing in the favourable colours, and with my share of bestowed upon me by heaven, the family of Bourbons; the author of than thirty-five

volumes on education [] have acquired a [] reputation during nearly forty years; the author who [] constantly fought for the [] of religion, and lastly, the editor of the *Memoirs of Dangeau*, and of the [] revised editions I then published; [] champion of the good cause, so weak perhaps, but [] and persevering [] in the debility of old age, and who has [] successfully educated three princes and [] princess of the blood; this author, I say, also merited from government some mark of protection, which [] many others obtained with facility. The king deigned to accept this homage; I know that he has read the volume with pleasure, that he kept the manuscript several days on his table, and that he made it then be put into his private library, which no [] [] visit without [] ticket, and the librarian of which is M. Valery, [] very eminent literary character.

On looking among my papers, I found the first copy of my reflections on *hope*, which I had written for Madame de Montcalm; and [] they [] of [] very religious tendency, I think it right [] insert them in these memoirs. They [] [] follows:—

— M. de Chateaubriand [] happily said, that [] is a very divine religion which makes a virtue of hope.

“ In fact, it belongs only to the Sovereign Dis-
 ■■■ of all gifts, to the Being supremely power-
 ful and good to forbid and condemn despair. This
 ■ the ■■■ why suicide was not ■ crime among
 the Pagans, and why it is without remission among
 Christians.

“ What goodness ■■ profound feeling there is
 in ■■ sublime union of the three theological vir-
 tues, *Faith, Hope, and Charity!* Faith, which
 ■■ the supreme and protecting hand of God ;
 Charity, which includes love, and ■■■ us to ado-
 ration ; Hope, which ■■■ in Him, and awaits
 from Him the softening of its woes !

“ Religion commands us to be resigned in the
 most dreadful misfortunes ; and has it not a just
 claim, when it also holds forth hope to us ?

“ Who can fail to see the true God in this com-
 mandment full of love, in this commandment ■■
 soothing and so majestic ?

“ The just ■■■ who is resigned, is merely pa-
 tient of his lot, he knows that ■■ will have ■■
 strength ■■ endure all ; knows that his evils will
 have an end, and that he will receive his reward.

“ Alas ! in the course of life, even of the life that
 seems ■■■ happy in ■■ eyes of the world, who
 has not need of hope ?—who suffers not ■■■

sionally, either from his affections — his imagination?—even the person who is — object of envy!

“ There — sorrows, which — assistance, no friend — earth — cure! How soothing then it is to yield to hope, which the omnipotent Friend — bestow, without the aid of dazzling miracles, which it would — presumptuous — from him, for he — give every effect the most simple and natural appearance! How many wonders under the — of time and chance, does he not perform for the just! It is he, who consoles for the loss of a beloved object; it is he, who gives the strength of supporting with calmness, injustice, calumny, and ingratitude; it is he, who discovers a — remedy — the sick man, who hopes, — who all at once makes it strike the mind of the physician. Hope that is purely human, is — and deceitful, like the passions from which it springs; it is nothing but illusion and madness. But religious hope is founded upon eternal truth; — from leading the imagination astray, and giving birth to monsters, it elevates and purifies the soul, and pours — it delicious security: the more it is trusted to, the — it — exalted, the more merit do — acquire in the eyes of him who has said—

"I will deliver him and save him, because I trusted him."

"The following thought is soothing and solatory :—' I cannot be in error; he is my future lot, which I am ignorant of; and he orders me to hope.'"

It was with great sorrow that I learned the loss of my unpublished manuscripts; there that I intended to publish my *Theatre of Education*; in that part where the subjects are taken from the Holy Scripture. I had written it twenty-three years before, while in my cottage at Brevel, and I had always kept it for a complete edition of my works; it was entitled *David*. It was truly theatrical and interesting in its scenes: I represented David at the age of sixteen, conquering Goliath, and after his victory, withdrawing without making himself known, as is stated in Scripture. I supposed him at home again at his father's house; and his father Imlah absent. When the curtain rises, David is asleep at day-break under a shadowy bower, because he had given up his dwelling to strangers who sought hospitality: his harp is at his side, and his sling at his feet. During his sleep, the orchestra plays a warlike and triumphant symphony; there

are ■■■ pauses, during which David cries ■■■ in ■■■ sleep—*I have conquered Goliath!* This idea seems to be beautiful and original, and I think it would have produced ■■■ great effect. When David awakens from sleep, he expresses joy for ■■■ victory, ■■■ says that he is waiting for his father, and that he will keep his triumph secret ■■■ ■■■ hears of it from himself. David then takes ■■■ harp, and sings ■■■ hymn, of which I ■■■ the words. At Isaiah's return, ■■■ troop of ■■■ ■■■ marching by, which consists of his servants: in the course of the piece there is also seen a fine ancient ceremony, that of offering to ■■■ the first fruits of the harvest. Jonathan and Saul ■■■ distinguished personages in the play: Saul is brought by Jonathan, who had received hospitality from David ■■■ day that he lost his way in the chase. David calms Saul's fits of madness by playing on the harp. There was, in my opinion, ■■■ very fine scene in this play, where David tells his father the ■■■ of his victory, and in which ■■■ makes him engage never to reveal it, that he may preserve the whole merit of his action in the eyes of God and of paternal affection; ■■■ also that he may avoid the danger of renown, ambition, ■■■ persecutions of envy and malice. At length David is recognised by some deputies who were

spectators of the combat, who had caused the youthful conqueror to be followed, and ascertained that he lived in the house of Isaiah. There ■■■■ contrasts presented by the profound wisdom of Isaiah, his domestic happiness, and the turbulence, pride, and madness of Saul; there was some interest ■■■■ in the ■■■■ of paternal and filial love, and in the friendship of David and Jonathan; ■■■■ in short, there ■■■■ a very striking and variegated drama. At the time ■■■■ M. Briffaut often, he told me that he wished to write a tragedy entitled *Saul*. ■■■■ I read my *David* to him, with permission for him to take from it whatever he thought fit. He ■■■■ much pleased with my little piece, (which ■■■■ in three acts,) and I believe, that he took from it the idea of making Saul's jealousy ■■■■ David be restrained, by his admiration and natural inclination towards him.

I had ■■■■ this piece ■■■■ Casimir, which he put among his ■■■■ writings, and, ■■■■ he wished, in his religious fervour, ■■■■ burn ■■■■ his comedies, my poor piece ■■■■ enveloped in ■■■■ proscription, with several pretty pieces of ■■■■ I ■■■■ written. I had ■■■■ him ■■■■ great number of letters from ■■■■ Brady, M. de Tréneuil, M. Briffaut, M. ■■■■ Millevoye, Anatole de Montesquion, and of several ■■■■ persons: he ■■■■ ■■■■ these letters with his

own, I burned the whole. I did not consider this loss of much importance, but I regretted very much a fine melo-drame, and a charming comedy of his composition, which he sacrificed without pity, notwithstanding the admiration they had created when read in private company, as I have already stated. This was assuredly a clear proof of the sincere piety, and the satisfaction I in seeing him governed by such feelings an ample recompense for the sacrifice he made. I have also burned all my earlier writings, which would have formed at least three large volumes; but I do not regret them, for they were of little value. I had kept only one manuscript that might have made a duodecimo volume of one hundred and fifty pages; it was entitled *The Dangers of Celebrity*; I had preserved it, because I had put into it the extravagant theatrical strokes of surprise that distinguished the other works I wrote at the same period; and also, if the truth must be told, because I had written it with great care on paper in vignettes. I showed it at Belle-Chasse one day to M. de Valence, who requested me to give it to him, that I consented. A long time afterwards, I asked him what he had done with the manuscript, but as he seemed embarrassed what to give, I did not urge the matter,

and it was not found among his papers. Lastly, besides the manuscripts my daughter lost, (as I have stated elsewhere,) I lost a journal which I have greatly regretted, which I had written for my mother in a large volume, during the time I resided at Genlis; I believe I have already mentioned it, as well as several other manuscripts I have lost.

While speaking of the manuscripts I have lost, I forgot to mention a comedy in five acts, entitled *La Fausse Antipathie*. This was the title of a play written by Destouches, but mine had no resemblance to his; I had read it to my niece Henriette and several other persons; and I thought it pretty that becoming afraid of yielding to the temptation of making it be performed, (which I would permit be done with my dramatic pieces,) I burned it while at the Arsenal; my god-daughter Stephanie Alyon, Madame Javary, present this execution, which she fruitlessly endeavoured to prevent. At the beginning of the revolution, I also wrote a play in five acts in prose, of a very singular kind; it was wholly taken from the works of Rousseau, and entitled *L'Isle Saint-Pierre*; I had taken nothing but the passages and those of a religious nature; I had connected all this by a simple and lively

plot; but there were not two pages of my own in the play, it was altogether Rousseau's, and was really charming. When I returned for England, I showed it with a lady of my acquaintance who made it be performed: it was exceedingly admired, and the day after it was performed for the second time, the works of Rousseau were burnt in procession at the Pantheon. But after it had been performed several times, it was found to be religious; abominable plays were acted of quite an opposite tendency, and it was performed no more. I never could obtain the manuscript again; it was not in my own writing, for the whole play was mere compilation; I was told that it had been given to Molé, who would never give it up, and as I had no copy of it, it was irrecoverably lost.

In the course of this year there was an eclipse of the sun; it was merely a partial one, but the darkness was very perceptible, and presented a striking appearance in a fine sky without a cloud. There is something indescribably solemn in these phenomena of nature, which leads to meditation that may easily change into fear and consternation. The sight of it created a lively emotion within me; it is very natural to think that since the Creator suspends the laws of nature, he could also dissolve them by his fiat; it teaches us that

such an [] is inevitable; but [] know [] when it will [], though, for myself, I do [] think [] is [] distant at the present day. My idea on the subject is as follows.

THE Creator has made nothing in vain; hence the world will not end before the whole globe become known, before all the vegetable and mineral substances it contains be employed, and finally, before mankind have acquired all the industry and all the knowledge of the [] and sciences which they can possibly obtain in their present [] of intelligence. Since the invention of printing, mankind [] advancing in this [] of improvement with gigantic steps; every thing they acquire is safe from the injury of time and fortune, and is fixed for [] by the aid of printing. The progress of navigation has given rise [] immense discoveries within the last [] tury; we have gained an infinite number of new plants, and of metals and semi-metals, that [] unknown fifty years ago; fewer things remain to be discovered than have been discovered or brought [] perfection within one hundred years. Mechanics, natural philosophy, chemistry, botany, and natural history have made [] [] progress. Anatomy, which was unknown to the ancients, has carried surgery [] [] pitch of perfection that

can scarcely be exceeded. In a hundred years, in a hundred years at the utmost, every thing will be known to perfection. As to morality, it reached its highest degree of perfection when the gospel was preached; but vices and human passions, by producing an almost universal corruption, have ruined Europe with various and contradictory principles; every thing in moral science is confounded at the present day, and by a necessary consequence, every thing will become anarchy in government; a universal system of disorder will be the natural result of philosophism. Anarchy, revolutions, foreign and civil wars, will in their turn spread devastation throughout Europe; but the monuments of the arts and sciences, the artists and the scientific men who cultivate them, the immense libraries established in the towns, will still preserve the acquired stock of human knowledge;—after suffering all the evils that spring from impiety and unbridled passions, good will arise out of evil, the spirit of party will be put out and will die away from need of repose; men will make use of the lessons of experience that have been hitherto neglected, and return to reason and religion; they will renounce their prejudices that have so long prevailed; governments will no longer be so shamelessly immoral

■ ■ establish lotteries and levy infamous ■ ■ on gaming houses ■ ■ resorts of debauchery; ■ ■ and offensive ■ ■ will be held in horror; then will arise the ■ ■ brilliant golden ■ ■ known: it will be that of the perfection of civilization; ■ ■ world will be old enough ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ be prepared to give its ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ account; ■ ■ this memorable epoch, when ■ ■ the destiny of ■ ■ ■ ■ be fulfilled, when ■ ■ his faculties shall have been put in operation, and all the treasures of nature and of creation fully known, time will finish and be lost in the bosom of eternity. I believe that five ■ ■ six hundred years will be sufficient to bring all these things about.

The female companion I had, left me on account of some family circumstances of her own, but ■ ■ from any sort of dissatisfaction. I was thus ■ ■ without companion, without secretary ■ ■ amanuensis, and with a large work before me! I had nobody to assist me but ■ ■ waiting maid twenty-two years of age, whom I ■ ■ then forced to engage, whose writing was very rude and illegible, and who ■ ■ not know one single word of grammar. Yet I could not write for any length of time without being extremely fatigued, so that I ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ this servant girl write at

my dictation; ■ be ■ I had ■ singular ■ of secretary, since I was forced to teach her the spelling of every word as I ■ on; but I ■ several times taught orthography successfully ■ persons of her rank without any motive of personal advantage. As the individual in this ■ displayed intelligence and ■ disposed ■ learn, I felt interest in improving her. Nothing is ■ tiresome than teaching the elements of any branch of knowledge; ■ have always found it so, and it is peculiarly disagreeable when ■ person has by his habits and acquirements the ■ of passing his time agreeably. This is what I always thought; yet I have given, during the whole ■ of my life, ■ immense number of lessons, because I have always been convinced that feelings of religion or ■ of humanity make it one's bounden duty to do ■ the good ■ ■ all times and in all situations; this reminds me not only of the sacred precepts of the gospel, but of the old line that has such ■ profound meaning:—

“ Qui ne vit que pour soi, n'est ■ digne ■ vivre.”

I could not employ my new secretary in making extracts, ■ by marking in the book the pas- ■ I wished ■ take, for she ■ qualified

■ copy them : but I did not read less notwithstanding : and all the ■ and political puerility I read of reminded ■ of follies of another kind, of ■ extravagance of the partisans of Gluck and Piccini, ■ the madness of party spirit, that is always desirous of holding out ■ *sublime writers* ■ who support the same opinions, and ■ this without understanding the subject in question. I remember that ■ the time when Gluck ■ often to ■ me, I told him ■ evening that I ■ much less sorry for the injustice of his enemies, than for the ignorance of the partisans who wrote in his favour ; he said in reply : *If I were to explain to them what they ought to say, they would not understand my meaning.*

One of the prevailing follies of the present age is, that of putting in ■ rank of *great* ■ all those with whom the writers have ■ intimate acquaintance, or all those of the party they have adopted. The consequence of this is, that in a number of *historical memoirs* of ■ own times, funeral orations, biographical works and pamphlets, ■ find numberless discoveries that teach ■ the ■ of the most *famous* personages whose celebrity ■ never heard of before. We discover nurseries of warriors distinguished by unknown exploits, that have ■ been heard of ;

innumerable sublime and of genius, a single work of whom can be quoted. It is that in the works, and in numberless libels, honoured with the of dictionaries, histories, &c. also find discoveries of another kind; find in them the overthrow of the best established reputations, proofs of the worthlessness of works translated into the languages of Europe; they accomplish what ancient philosopher (by Bayle's account) attributed to Jupiter, *they bring down whatever is exalted, and exalt whatever is abased*. All this is very ingenious, and doubtless, very instructive; and this is the way in which our legions of modern authors write books!

Our profound thinkers, great statesmen, are continually talking with contempt of the *frivolity* of the seventeenth, and first half of the eighteenth century. It is true that lofty pretensions and ambition not at all frivolous, for have seen in times not distant, a vast number of *men of genius* pretend to the elevated situations, noble rank, and kingdoms It is said again and again, that society is longer frivolous; alas! it is true, and it is a great misfortune in my opinion. I to Anatole de Montesquiou

letter ■ this subject ■ ■ ■ prose, which I think right to insert in ■ place, because ■ de- ■ the ■ of late times :—

“ There is great pleasure in being able ■ argue well in ■ serious conversation, ■ to talk trifles gracefully in a select and private party ; and ■ French ■ former times seemed to have the exclusive privilege of wielding this double power with ■

“ Il est une déesse inconstante et légère,
 Badinant, folâtrant avec aménité,
 Et jadis à Paris toujours sûre de plaire,
 Sous les aimables traits d'une douce gaîté
 Réunie à l'esprit, surtout à l'élégance :
 Son nom est la frivolité.
 Fruit ■ luxe et de la beauté,
 Elle naquit au sein de l'heureuse abondance,
 De la paix ; de l'oisiveté,
 On la vit accourir en France,
 Avec les grâces et l'amour.
 Ce qui brille un moment, ce qui ne plaît qu'un jour,
 Est, en tout pays, son domaine ;
 Mais elle transporte, sur les bords de la Seine,
 Son trône aérien, et sa volage cour.
 Des fêtes et des jeux brillante souveraine,
 Durant nos anciens jours de splendeur ■ de paix,
 Elle eut ■ don charmant de plaire et de séduire ;

Mais elle aussi restreindra son empire,
 Et sans blesser jamais la décence et le goût,
 Elle avoit alors en partage
 Un ton si piquant et si doux,
 Que souvent emprunta son langage.

Previous to this horrid period, when impiety, licentiousness, and pride run mad, combined to give birth to all the evils we have witnessed, the frivolity of the French was not a national defect; it was, on the contrary, the preserver against pedantry, affectation, and a thousand ridiculous and dangerous pretensions. It found where it ought to be to form the charm of society, in the conversations of men of the world, in epistolary communications and the gayest amusements. It excluded from our parties a positive and dogmatical spirit, metaphysical discussions, politics, and dissertations; and it was in its turn excluded from important affairs and serious works. It thought it profoundly to write more elegantly and correctly than in the period when society was adorned by the amiable frivolity, which was nothing else but a relaxation of mind and a gaiety full of wit, feeling, and grace. Were we to expunge from the letters of Madame de Sevigné every thing that is frivolous, we should

away principal charm. Such
frivolity amongst us in the times of old ; but,

" Du fond d'un autre affreux, creusé un abîme,
 se paroit tout à coup
 audacieux, le crime,
 Bouleversant, ravageant tout ;
Ce forcené, sous sa mégère,
 gouffre de l'obscurité,
Dechire sous sa fureur les voiles du mystère,
Qui cacholent ses yeux du vulgaire
 effrayante nudité.
 devoirs et des barrière,
Un poignard à la main, et triomphante et fière,
Elle en fin, l'impiété ;
A son aspect hideux, se retire,
 L'innocente frivolité,
 Jura France ;
Mais, soit paresse, ou soit reconnaissance,
 souvenir beaux jours écoulés,
 ces lieux désolés."

" The muses, the graces, and the god of
took flight in search of more peaceful
This charming company long sought in vain ;
perhaps they still on their wanderings ; let
hope that they will and their abode in
France.

■ ■■ attendant, ■■■ étions moins aimables,
 ■■■ devenir plus raisonnables ;
 ■■■ nous, ■■ frivolité,
 ■■■ grâce, sans légèreté,
 Et ■■ ■■■ depourvus,
 ■■ pouvant éviter les pédans et les sots,
 ■■■ ■■■ d'être aperçus,
 ■■ se montre mal à propos ;
 ■■■ n'est plus un ■■■ moyen ■■ plaire ;
 ■■ ■■■ où ■■■ vivons prenant le caractère,
 ■■■ a changé de ton, de manière, de goût ;
 ■■■ la pédanterie
 ■■ ■■■ de l'avoir bannie ;
 ■■■ ■■■ lourde forme on ■■ trouve partout.
 A la fausse science elle est toujours unie ;
 Couverte du manteau ■■ ■■ philosophie,
 ■■ ■■ ■■■ aux plus ■■■ travaux ;
 Elle a, dans ■■ ■■■ manie,
 Corrompu Melpomène ■■ dédaigné Thalie ;
 Elle est dans les salons, elle est dans les bureaux ;
 ■■■ ■■■ livrés savans, dans nos pamphlets nouveaux,
 ■■ parbleu à l'Académie."


















Can any thing, in fact, be ■■■ frivolous than all those improbable and surprising incidents that form ■■■ modern tragedies ; than this metaphysical jargon and farcical style which in our ■■■ dies ■■ up the place of the gaiety of Molière ? What ■■■ be ■■■ frivolous than the ridiculous and wearisome pretensions of certain writers of putting in every line some striking word ■■ philosophical thought, ■■ ■■■ method of writing

without intelligence feeling, and consequently without and judgment. The desire of putting wit or pretty phrases into scientific works medical books is not less frivolous. Let admit then, that frivolity free from malignity, frivolity that wishes to examine deeply into nothing, but touches gracefully upon every thing, which without ill-will, which judges in sportive language, and relates anecdote without the show of reflection, ever ready laugh at own judgments—let us admit that this amiable frivolity forms all the charm of society and conversation, and that it is a necessary relaxation after important affairs and harassing occupation. Its thoughtlessness resembles candour, and its sort of childishness resembles innocence; but how insipid and ridiculous does it become, when forgetting itself, it assumes an air of importance and tone of learning, and begins to make grave dissertations on trifles, preach common-place and fallacious maxims!”

I took a small apartments at the baths of Tivoli; I was in need of a change of air, a fine garden, and profound retirement, and I went accordingly to the great dissatisfaction of M. de Valence. I find nothing empty but a wretched apartment, but it looked into a garden, commanded

■ fine prospect, and I should have been perfectly satisfied with it had not my chimney smoked.

I invented ■ ■■■ game of cards altogether in flowers, and I thought the idea ingenious, because it is so extremely simple that a child of seven or eight years old may understand it in ■ quarter of ■■ hour, and play with these cards immediately afterwards. I believe no person has ■■■ bestowed the ■■■■ attention upon flowers ■■ I have done; one or ■■■■ flowers produce effects of importance in each of my novels, and in almost all my tales; I have ■■■■ written one entitled *The Flowers*, and another entitled *Les Fleurs Funeraires*. In my youth, I caused the rose of Salency to rise from obscurity; I made it the subject of ■ play in the *Theatre of Education*, and my little comedy has been imitated in after times, and transformed into an opera, while I have also been the first cause of the establishment of all the rose-prizes (*rosieres*) that have been founded in France since that period. To me is the public indebted for the first ■■■■ rose ever ■■■■ in France. My work, entitled *Historical and Literary Botany*, contains immense researches concerning the events brought about by the influence of flowers, ■■■■ worship which several nations have paid to them, and the characteristics of these charming productions of nature, as attri-

butes of the mind and emblems of the virtues. I have also written  this subject, the manuscript work I have already spoken of,  which  in  king's private library; mythological arabesques, painted by myself, and engraved  adorned with all the flowers consecrated  the gods of antiquity, drawings of  the plants mentioned in mythology,  large  nature; and this is, I believe, the best thing I have done of  kind. Prince Jérôme Bonaparte, whom I had not then the honour of knowing personally, bought this work for six thousand francs; the collection of drawings  presented to him without mentioning the name of the author; he  delighted with the plan and its execution, and purchased it without hesitation. I have also written *alphabets* of flowers, and a manuscript work entirely filled with  taken from the vegetable kingdom, all the flowers of which I painted myself; I added a few notes; this manuscript has not been printed, and I have kept  copy of it; I have neither given separately or ever quoted in my works a single motto  contains; whilst  resided with M. de Valence, I sold it for four thousand francs, to a very amiable and well informed English lady, Lady Guildford. My other works on flowers are four paintings of the flowers of each season  the

year, accompanied with verses which I shall notice in my sequel; a work entitled *Moral Herbal*, consisting of fables, the subjects of which were drawn from the vegetable kingdom; of these the *Deux Cerisiers*, *la Feuille detachée d'un grand arbre*, and the *Lierre*, have been particularly marked; my *Plantes Usuelles*, for the use of young ladies, a work that has long been in the hands of M. Barrois, but which has not yet been published. My last work was the *Rural Games*, dedicated to his Royal Highness the Duke of Chartres. I was forgetting my greatest title of glory in this kind of composition, and one of the earliest I ever made, my *Collection of Artificial Flowers*, consisting of field plants, that I formed at Belle Chasse, which was much admired by M. de Buffon, and which was perfectly sold off for the benefit of the nation, along with the boxes and pots that held it, when an inventory was taken at Belle Chasse of every thing belonging to me during my absence abroad; of all the things that I irrecoverably lost, this, along with my *Historical Magic Lantern*, was what I chiefly regretted.

I was perfectly happy at Tivoli, where I continued without interruption my novel of *Flaminia*; nothing was wanting to my happiness but a piano and a harp; but I daily exercised my fingers on a

harp ■■■ by Alfred for this purpose, and ■■■ thus certain of losing nothing of my skill in practice, while I dictated all the time. To pre- ■■■ my habits of performing ■ the piano, I daily played with my fingers ■ the table. I ■■■ a guitar and played upon it seriously; besides this, I painted a little, read ■ little, walked ■ great deal in the garden, from time to time paid visits ■ two or three friends, ■■■ my time rolled on very agreeably.

The persons at the head of this establishment are very obliging and very amiable. In ■■ adjoining apartment there was ■ very unfortunate and interesting young lady, Mademoiselle Clémence Gabarus. Six months before this, ■■ rising ■■■ night in the dark to catch ■ parrot that had escaped from its cage, she fell and broke her knee and thigh; she had been confined ■ her bed ■■■ since the accident, and suffered excruciating pain. She had been ■ the eve of being married, and a few days after her accident, her lover ■■■ thrown from his horse and broke his leg—this was ■ melancholy coincidence! This young lady sent ■■ word that she was desirous of seeing me, and ■ ■■■ instantly—to her apartment. I hate visits, and ■■■ make any; time ■ very valuable in my eyes, but it is not a ■■■ of time ■ devote a part

of it in giving consolation to those who are ■■■■
■■■■ ■■ the bed of sickness. Mademoiselle Gabarua ■ very beautiful and extremely interesting; her patience amidst all her trials ■■■■ truly admirable.

The Duchess of Berri came to Tivoli ■ take the baths; she delighted the whole establishment by her goodness and affability. Never was any princess ■■■■ universally beloved, ■ the object of more affectionate admiration.

M. de Valence requested ■ to return to his house in ■ friendly and pressing ■ manner, that I gave him my promise, and I did this ■■■■ willingly ■ he solemnly declared in one of his letters, *that if I did not yield to his request, he ■■■■ certain that he should relapse and die.* He had already said the same thing when he wished to detain me in his house, and I could ■■■■ resist language of this kind. Hence I ■■■■ not think I could rightly dispense with taking possession ■■■■ of my little apartment in the Rue Pigale; however I ■■■■ not give up ■■■■ firm resolution I had ■ long entertained of retiring into a convent; but nothing is ■■■■ difficult than to ■■■■ ■ apartment in those ■ Paris, for they ■■■■ taken ■ engaged beforehand.

I ■■■■ saw the Chevalier d'Harmensen from time

time; I know ■■■■■ whose conversation is ■■■■ interesting and instructive. The Comte ■■■ Rochefort, who made ■■■ acquainted with him, ■■■ me ■■■ charming anecdote of him, which I ■■■ help giving in ■■■ place. In ■■■ of our political changes, M. de Rochefort ■■■ much embarrassed in his circumstances. ■■■ ■■■■ dining ■■■ day with two or three persons ■■■ ■■■ house of the Chevalier d'Harmensen, when he ■■■ asked ■■■ questions concerning his situation; he replied in ■■■ brief and careless manner, that he had instructed ■■■ broker to procure ■■■ loan for him, and as he did not want ■■■ large sum, that he had no anxiety about the matter; after saying this, he immediately began talking of other subjects. When he ■■■ next morning, he ■■■ told that the valet of the Chevalier d'Harmensen wished to speak ■■■ him; he made him ■■■ in, when the servant ■■■ him that his master had ordered him ■■■ *return the four thousand francs he owed him.* This kind and generous manner of conferring an obligation greatly affected M. de Rochefort; he accepted two thousand francs only, which ■■■ absolutely required, and in ■■■ letter of ■■■■ ■■■ promised to repay the money ■■■ a certain day, which he had ■■■ happiness of doing ■■■ a much earlier period; but ■■■ did not ■■■■ himself exonerated

from ■ obligation on ■ account, ■ there ■
 ■ which cannot be discharged by payments in
 money, and ■ memory of M. ■ Rochefort
 will ■ preserve the recollection of ■ noble
 conduct.

I ■ Tivoli after ■ residence of five months;
 towards the close of my stay, I became acquainted
 with ■ amiable and intelligent lady, who bears
 ■ name I have long revered: this ■ the Marquise
 de Becdelièvre, whose husband is ■ grand nephew
 of the virtuous bishop of Nismes, who ■ de
 servedly adored in his diocese, where he had esta-
 blished manufactories to furnish employment to the
 poor, hospitals for the sick, and other beneficent
 establishments. On ■ journey to Italy, we be-
 ■ acquainted with the immense good he did ■
 the province, and felt extreme satisfaction in seeing
 and admiring this pious benefactor of mankind.

I went accordingly to take up my residence
 anew in the noisy first floor ■ had already ■
 pied in the house of ■ de Valence; but I took
 care this time ■ fit up the little drawing-room ■
 my mind: it contained every thing I care about,
 ■ table for writing and painting upon, a fine harp
 of Errard's construction, which I had just pur-
 chased, my guitar, and ■ piano which M. de Va-
 lence ■ ■ goodness to place in my apartment.

I intended ■ this period to write a work ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ been suggested ■ me, and that ■ much wished for by several persons ; this was a series of tales, each of which was to contain the life of ■ modern poet, to form ■ continuation of my work ■ Petrarch. I ■ to write eight tales, the subjects of which ■ ■ ■ ■ ■ Camoëns, Cervantes, Tasso, Milton, Savage, Corneille, La Fontaine, and Jean-Baptiste Rousseau ; I ■ desirous of writing this work, and also of adding another large duodecimo volume to my *Annals of Virtue*, for the purpose of completing a work that has gone through so many editions : I likewise wished to write the *La Bruyere of Antichambers*, for the ■ of servants, ■ work that ■ much wanted, and would be of great advantage ■ them. Besides, according ■ the plan I ■ formed, persons of the highest classes would have perused it with pleasure. My situation ■ very melancholy during the middle and close of this winter ; ■ ■ M. ■ Valence becoming ■ every day : I attempted in ■ private conversations ■ bring him round ■ religious sentiments, which the edifying examples of his wife and daughters ■ ■ naturally have inspired him with ; but during the whole course of his ■ he had ■ read any thing but ■ works of our pretended philosophers. I ■ every exertion

to demonstrate ■ him that these unbelievers had written ■ many falsehoods as blasphemies ; ■ ■ to me with ■ calmness ■ attention that encouraged ■ ■ persevere ; and these discussions, so new to him, ■ seemed ■ irritate ■ weary him ; I ■ prevailed on him ■ go regularly ■ mass, ■ which he accompanied ■ every Sunday and holiday.

Almost all my old friends ■ absent. Madame de Choiseul, who had promised ■ that she would not stay more than three months in Franche Comté, ■ forced by her affairs, to remain fourteen mortal months, which seemed to me of immeasurable length ; Adolphe de Custine ■ at his estate of Ferragnes, ■ Lisieux ; and Madame Moreau ■ very ill and confined to her room.

I became acquainted with ■ English lady, Mrs. Canning, the lady of the English minister ; she has ■ daughter as beautiful as ■ angel.

I often ■ M. de Saulty and his amiable family. Though continually occupied with business, ■ de Saulty is, notwithstanding, ■ agreeable company. I have seen him at his country ■ ■ Baviile, playing every evening ■ childish games with a gaiety and liveliness that delighted me, when I reflected that he was often obliged ■ rise at day-break, ■ devote his whole attention ■ the

studies. I remember that, in my youth, I occasionally supped with judges financiers, and had observed that they became singularly grave towards the close of the evening. The end of all their amusements was spoiled by the idea of the M. de Saulty well informed subjects quite foreign from usual occupations; he is excellent classical scholar; his knowledge of history and literature is extensive, that nothing may be wanting in the acquirements requisite to please and interest me, he writes very pretty and is a most kind and faithful friend.

At this time, I almost every day M. Geronio, the interesting young man I have already mentioned. He out of friendship to visit me, and wrote whole hours to my dictation.

I continued to pay my respects to Her Royal Highness Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who is still as kind and affectionate towards me as ever; I the young prince de Joinville, who only two years old, but who spoke as distinctly as a child of six or seven; he was also as polite as he handsome and intelligent; in fact, the whole family of the Duke of Orleans truly most interesting I ever knew; members of it charming by their personal attractions, their

tural qualities, and education, reciprocal attachment of parents children. I am greatly pleased with having proposed Madame Mallet the Duke of Orleans, teacher the young princesses his daughters. Madame well worthy by her virtues and accomplishments, of being under the superintendence of a princess such merit Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans; she possesses every qualification to comprehend fully the orders she ceives, and to fulfil them with extreme exactness. It is Mademoiselle d'Orleans who teaches the eldest of her nieces, the princess Louise, to play on the harp; she thought it due to her old teacher of the harp to invite her to hear her young pupil, and I was delighted with of her lessons, which I present.

The day after my visit to the Palais Royal, I wrote off, at a single effort, a poetical epistle to my old watch; and as it has been greatly admired, I insert it in these memoirs.

A ma vieille montre usée et n'allant plus.

Décembre 1820.

— demi-siècle, — sort,

Tu fus — compagne fidèle,

— je me flattais que ton —

— soutiendrait jusqu'à la mort!

Tu réglois mes travaux, mes veilles et mes mœurs ;
 Au lieu de me guider, maintenant tu m'abases ;
 Tous tes avis, hors de saison,
 Pressent, retardent, sans raison,
 ■ trop souvent, pour me confondre,
 Tu refuses de me répondre !
 A ta solide et brillante beauté
 Le temps n'a fait aucun outrage,
 Tandis qu'il épura toute sa cruauté
 Sur ma force et sur mon visage !
 ■ je ■ plus vieille ■ toi,
 Car tu reçois la naissance,
 Lorsque nous finies connoissances.
 Et tu radotes avant moi ! . . .
 Est-ce folie, est-ce vengeance ?
 Quand tu parois être en enfance,
 Dois-je croire à ta bonne foi ?
 Il est vrai, dans ma solitude,
 Quelquefois, j'en conviens, me laissant emporter
 Par l'attrait si puissant des ■ et de l'étude,
 J'oubliai de te consulter ;
 Tu ne me'n étois pas moins chère,
 Et ce tort fut involontaire ;
 Eh quoi ! prétends-tu m'en punir.
 Par tes écarts et ton morne silence ?
 Ou plutôt veux-tu m'avertir
 Que pour moi le temps va finir,
 Et que sa voix s'éteint dans cet espace immense
 Que je dois bientôt parcourir ? . . .
 Faite pour me survivre, à mon ancienne amie,
 Toi qui marquas presque tous les instans
 De mes jours orageux et de ma longue vie,
 Ne m'abandonne point dans mes derniers momens !
 Et, pour me préserver de tout penser frivole,

Fixe-toi-là si près de mon tombeau ;
 Parmi tous ces papiers, reste sur mon bureau,
 Sans mouvement et sans parole ;
 ■ que ton immobilité,
 ■ frappant mes regards, soit pour ■ ■ synbole
 ■ l'immobile éternité ! . . .

The Countess d'Hautpoul sent ■ ■ collection of her poems, forming an octavo volume, dedicated ■ the king. There are several charming pieces of poetry in the work ; but there are some by far too free to be placed in a collection dedicated to the king, and containing an elegy on the Duke of Berri. What is particularly astonishing, is that the author, through inadvertence doubtless, has inserted ■ burlesque and licentious tale, entitled the *Savannette*, which has not ■ the merit of being ludicrous. With a little reflection, the author would have felt that there is great want of ■ in inserting ■ tale of this kind in ■ book ■ of elegies, and dedicated to the king. Madame d'Hautpoul had the goodness ■ ■ and ■ me : she is extremely amiable ; she ■ then busy in making historical abridgements for the use of schools. ■ asked me to make out for her ■ plan of reading in collecting her materials ; I told her that ■ had given one in *Adele* ■ *Theodore* ; ■ said she would ■ and profit by it, which made me smile, ■ I ■

plan would be copied without acknowledgment. This is an honour that has constantly been paid me for forty years.

The following are the four I engraved on the four plates of flowers, which I described in four separate pictures :—

PRINTEMPS.

Filles aimables du printemps,
 Ces belles fleurs, de la jeunesse
 Ont la légèreté, l'éclat et la souplesse,
 La brillante fraîcheur et tous les agréments ;
 Mais de leur beauté fugitive
 Nous verrons bientôt le déclin :
 Sous peu de jours et peut-être demain,
 Sur ces cotons et sur la rive,
 Nos yeux chercheront en vain !
 Et néanmoins ce n'est qu'en apparence
 Que ces fleurs reçoivent la mort ;
 Elles conservent l'existence,
 Et pour subir le même sort,
 Malgré le dépit de l'expérience,
 Mais quelquefois l'haleine du zéphir,
 Par sa bienfaisante influence,
 Vient ranimer et leur existence
 Leurs attraits prêts à se flétrir,
 Elles sont toujours sans défense
 Contre l'orage, la grêle, et les vents,
 Mais pour eux les bois, les champs et la prairie,
 Elles rennaissent tous les ans.
 Mais ne leur porte point envie ;

quelques instans,
 toujours, souffrir long-temps,
 telle est pour nous la vie !
 Oh ! qui pourroit supporter ses tourmens,
 ses revers, ses peines cruelles,
 ses inquiétudes mortelles
 Sur son incertain avenir,
 Sans l'espoir de la voir finir ! . .

L'ÉTÉ

des doux plaisirs, des jeux de l'innocence,
 A son éclatante beauté
 Tu réunis l'utilité ;
 Tu réalises l'espérance
 Du citadin et de l'homme des champs,
 Tu leur donnes la jouissance
 Si bien promise par le printemps.
 Le riche, dans son sein de l'abondance,
 Le cénobite et le voluptueux,
 Ne peuvent se passer de des fruits
 Que tes jours sont brillans, que tes nuits sont charmantes !
 Si radieux,
 J'ai toujours préféré les vacillantes
 Et scintillantes
 Qui parent la voûte des cieux.
 Combien j'ai consacré de veilles
 A contempler tes merveilles
 Les vallons silencieux,
 Quand la nuit jette son voile transparent, mais si mystérieux !
 Laissons le fol égaré dans ses vœux,
 Vantant cette lumière et si douce et si pure !
 Un sentiment religieux,

Une offrande, une divine fumée,
 Peuvent seuls en goûter l'airait délicieux !
 Oui, c'est vers toi que s'élance mon âme,
 O Créateur de l'univers,
 En admirant de tant d'objets
 L'ordre, les beautés, l'harmonie ;
 Reçois, au déclin de ma vie,
 Mes derniers chants, mes derniers

L'AUTOMNE.

Déjà le rose a perdu ses couleurs,
 Déjà la feuille jaunissante
 Du sombre hiver annonce les rigueurs ;
 Le temps semble hâter sa course menaçante,
 La nuit s'approche, le jour fuit,
 Le rossignol se tait, et le soleil pâlit !
 La nature, ainsi défilante,
 En présentant à nos regards,
 Une si triste décadence,
 Nous invite de toutes parts
 A ne fonder notre espérance,
 Nos vœux, nos désirs, nos projets,
 Que sur des biens de notre envenne,
 Et qui ne périssent jamais.

L'HIVER.

Sans fruits, sans fleurs, et sans verdure,
 Ennemi de toute culture,
 Parmi la neige et les frimas,
 Le triste hiver désole nos climats,
 Et désenchante la nature.
 Mais nous supportons sa rigueur,
 Sans en éprouver de douleur,

■■■■ me gémir, ■ sans ■■■■
 ■■■■ qu'un doux printemps
 Qui ■■■■ ses ravages ;
 ■■■■ vous, vieillards impatens,
 Vous ■■■■ plaindre du temps,
 ■■■■ poids ■ de ■■ outrages !
 ■■■■ se soumettre, ■■■■ souffrir,
 A ■■■■ de cette vie,
 Retraçons-nous ■ souvenir
 ■ la ■■■■ patrie,
 Et ■ l'immortel avenir.

Mademoiselle d'Orleans did ■ the honour to write me a charming letter, and along with it ■ me a very fine time-piece, which she called ■ *substitute for my old watch*, as I had presented her with the manuscript *Epistle* I have already mentioned. My great grand-daughters admired this time-piece so highly, that I could not refuse myself the satisfaction of giving it to them. Madame Moreau gave ■ a magnificent *benitier* of chrystal, covered with gilding, amethysts, and other ■ ments.

■ ■■ obliged to dismiss ■ incorrigible waiting maid. I ■■ served very indifferently by the ■■ ants of the house, who ■■ many other duties to perform, and ■■ continually forgetting ■■ One evening I ■■ locked in without a light ■■ three hours and a quarter. ■■ rung the bell four times in vain finding how things stood, ■■ remained pa-

tiently, formed plans of works in my own fancy, prayed, meditated, and the time passed on without ennui : I ■■■ released by a visit ■■ last. I ■■■ relate ■■■ circumstance ■■ M. ■■ Valence, ■■ ■■■ his servants from ■■ scolding, but ■■ ■■■ informed of it in ■■ few days afterwards, and nothing of the kind took place again. I was served with constant and unwearied zeal by all the servants from this period till my departure ; but it ■■ also true, that I knew how to recompense this conduct in such ■■ way, ■■ if possible to render it more remarkable ; for M. de Valence, ■■ easy and good-tempered in company, was ■■ imperious and violent master to his servants ; he very often changed them, which ■■■ a source of great expense ■■ me, by the continual presents I ■■■ forced ■■ give ■■ every change ; hence, I made every effort to make him milder towards his servants, so that there was ■■■ private interest in this apparent *good temper*.

At the house of M. de Valence, I dined with the princess of Wagram, whom I found very amiable, and who ■■■ exceedingly affable to me ; she ■■■ ■■■ the honour of visiting ■■■ I am always grateful for these honourable marks of goodwill ; but ■■ the age I have reached, I resemble ■■ those travellers who find that it is ■■■ worth ■■■ while ■■ cultivate ■■■ kindness displayed

towards them in places they are on the eve of leaving and which they are never more to see.

M. de Custine returned; I was delighted with seeing him again. He wrote some verses on my epistle to my watch, which I quote here, out of vanity to him, and not because they were addressed to me; it is known that poetry and friendship have the privilege and the right of unmeasured exaggeration. His lines may be truly called *impromptu*, for he left me eleven o'clock at night to read my epistle (which I had just given him) to the Princess de Vaudemont, and the next morning, I sent her the following :—

Vous m'avez arraché, de son aile légère,
Une plume immortelle, et vous bravez ses coups,
En versant comme lui la vie et la lumière.
Jouissez ici-bas de l'immortalité,
Que le temps même ne saurait ravir !
Songez qu'il est pour vous, comme l'éternité ;
Une source abondante et pure
De bonheur et de vérité.

In the month of this year, M. de Custine brought a very amiable young man to my house, a relation of M. de Genlis, the Marquis de La Grange; he was an agreeable person, thinks justly and of himself correctly, two

things that please me particularly in young men who may exercise an important influence over public morals. I became acquainted with another young man, M. de Bouillé, grand-nephew of the celebrated Marquis de Bouillé, whom I was well acquainted with in my youth, and who played such a noble and bold part at the commencement of the revolution. His grand-nephew seemed to me worthy of bearing his name, he is young, handsome, intelligent, and actuated by the most religious sentiments; he also seemed to me, far as I could judge in an hour and a half's conversation, to be much better informed than the generality of young men of his own age, even those who have received the best education. I can truly say that I have a right not to be *ashamed* of my enemies, and to be truly *proud of my friends*.

My *Palmyra* was published; the journal absolutely refused to notice it at all: I was accustomed to this polite behaviour of the journals, and was neither surprised nor irritated by it; but the public, who have always shown themselves indulgent towards me, went in crowds, in spite of the journals, to Maradan's shop, to buy this novel. I had written this work in a singular manner; I had not been three months in dictating

it, while I forced ■ instruct my amanuensis in the spelling of every word I pronounced ; yet in spite of ■ precaution, my waiting maid made great blunders ■ almost every page, for she ■ extremely thoughtless ■ well ■ ignorant, and had such ■ superabundance of h's, i's, and o's in her fancy, that nothing could restrain her from giving them ■ all occasions ; besides this, she adopted three ■ four ■ in writing ■ line, hurrying, with marvellous facility, not from the "grave ■ dour," but from the largest text ■ the finest print. The consequence of all this ■ that I ■ unable to calculate (which I usually did with ease) what would be the size of the work, and it ■ printed without knowing whether it would form ■ ■ two volumes. By dictating to my amanuensis of a waiting-woman, I had contracted such a habit of saying aloud all the letters of the words I pronounced, that it has happened ■ me several times to do the ■ thing in private conversation without being ■ of it, when I had only ■ few words ■ say. I ■ considerable difficulty in getting rid of this habit.

The day on which I attained my seventy-fifth year, while returning my acknowledgements ■ ■ having ■ long continued my existence, and for having preserved ■ in excellent health,

with sight that [redacted] required no glasses,* hearing such [redacted] it [redacted] at twenty years of [redacted] the [redacted] of [redacted] my limbs, my recollection, [redacted] all my mental faculties; I reflected upon all the past [redacted] of my life, and became confirmed in [redacted] opinion [redacted] [redacted] long held, that, with the exception of the [redacted] of those whom we love, almost [redacted] [redacted] misfortunes and sorrows arise in part from [redacted] [redacted] fault.

I [redacted] bear this firm testimony in my own behalf, that I never had bad intentions in any thing I did, that I [redacted] incapable of feelings of hatred [redacted] revenge; but I have been so little selfish, that this virtue has become in my conduct [redacted] capital defect, for I not only [redacted] gave myself the least concern about my fortune, but I [redacted] reflected upon my conduct, which has been the [redacted] of an infinite number of thoughtless and ill-considered actions. I have been very attentive to the interests of the objects of my affection, but I have [redacted] [redacted] the trouble of thinking upon my own; so that, if I had my career to go over anew, with my remembrance of the past, I would do scarcely any thing of what I have actually done, with the exception of

* And I can [redacted] the same thing at the close of the year 1825, when I [redacted] entering upon [redacted] eightieth year.—(Note [redacted] [redacted] Author.)

literary efforts; for I not believe, in my own conscience, that more than ten pages can be justly expunged from all my works. In these I have displayed courage, perseverance, and the purest intentions, and I flatter myself that they have been useful and will always remain

But the greater part of my actions have been uncommonly imprudent. If I planned out my life better, I should have spared myself cruel sorrows, and should have been very happy at the present day. May God grant the grace to employ well the time that remains to me; I desire to live a few years longer, only that I may fully repair and atone for my past errors. I shall leave this subject by giving a useful advice to studious and intelligent youth; they ought to distrust two good things whose is pernicious; disinterestedness carried so far as to make the dupe of others, and the spirit of observation that produces a of curiosity leading easily to thought-conduct. Every excess is dangerous; wisdom founded religion, and distrust of one's self, can alone preserve from it. People do not learn, or they learn only to their cost, when they voluntarily place themselves in dangerous situations. Judgment ought bounds to disinterestedness; when it becomes romantic, it is nothing but

a madness springing from pride, and not from delicacy of heart and principles. For instance, why should we refuse to receive our just debts from people who can pay them without inconvenience? Would it be better to receive them and may assist those who are in want? It is praiseworthy to give up one's property out of charity, but it is absurd to reject payment of a debt out of vanity; yet this is what I have done a thousand times. These kinds of actions are always punished, for they give rise to gratitude. It is praiseworthy to pardon, when it is in one's power, a debt which cannot be paid without ruining the debtor, but there is great folly in not accepting payment of a debt which can produce him no inconvenience.

At the house of M. de Valence I found a tary who amply compensated me for the blunders of my waiting-maid; this was a young woman, the daughter of M. de Valence's house-keeper, who was of some sort of employment in the house; her mother, (who was not brought up in the rank of a servant,) as a reward for her valuable cares, obtained permission to keep her in the house, with the condition annexed that she should have nothing to do with M. de Valence, and was not to go into his room, which he highly

approved of, as a measure required by decency for a young handsome girl. This young woman, who I called Julie, is charming by her person, modesty, and sentiments; she made a very pious and industrious application of her time; she is very skillful in all sorts of needle-work, writes well, and I well acquainted with grammar. I made her perfect in this branch in a very short time; and taught her, particularly, how to write letters and notes with perfect propriety, and with all the customary forms varying according to the age, the sex, and the rank of the persons addressed. I do not know any one who writes a letter or a note with more taste or in a better style. She recompensed me for my cares with the liveliest zeal and the strongest affection; she came regularly every day to write to my dictation. Without her I could never have decyphered the almost illegible papers that I put into my hands for the purpose of writing the memoirs of Madame de Bonchamp; I shall mention her again while noticing this subject in the sequel.

M. de Valence, notwithstanding the wretched state of his health, went regularly to the Chamber of Peers; he performed his duty, which was fatiguing to him, with a praise-worthy courage, but he could scarcely devote any attention

speeches. Hitherto he had merely them me, asked trifling advice respecting the style; but when desirous of bringing in a bill of a very interesting kind,* he requested me to write it for him, which I him I would do with pleasure, but that I could write myself without great fatigue, I could promise him secrecy the subject, as I should be obliged to dictate it to Julie. replied that he cared nothing for that, and that he would conceal the real author's name. I accordingly dictated the whole of this article to Julie; it is to be found among the printed speeches of M. de Valence, who read it with great success to the chambers, which ordered it to be printed. This is all the share that I had in his speeches, though it has been said I wrote them all; he never consulted me concerning them except their literary merits, and that but rarely, in fact only respecting some unconnected phrases that he thought might objected to.

Palmyra was well received by public, like

* A short time before this, an unfortunate man (Lemargue) had been falsely accused of a crime, condemned and executed; his innocence had just been fully ascertained. M. de Valence wished a law to be made that not only removed the stain of crime from man's compensation an unfor- family.—(Note by the Author.)

my other works; and in addition, the journals noticed it with great praise, particularly the *Journal des Debats*, which made an exception, on occasion, to their customary practice of engaging M. Hoffman to write every article that related to me; it was M. Dussault who reviewed *Palmyra*, and he did so with extreme good-will and the ability for which he is distinguished; all the journals refused to notice the work. It is assuredly neither intrigue, favour, party spirit that has obtained me success; I have neither the genius nor the talents of the great Corneille, but like him, I can say,—

“ Je me dois qu'à moi toute ma renommée.”

It is amusing to see with how little modesty the authors of our times intrigue for praise; it is an art that is carried to high perfection at the present day; but that of writing well is still better. It is still more remarkable to observe with what barefaced impudence my works have been plundered in the last few years. If I were to recover all that has been stolen from me, I should have leisure to compose. My *Theatre of Education* has materials for thousands of dialogues written for youth; a play of mine entitled *La Curieuse* has even been performed at the Theatre Français

by another [redacted]. Every woman who has written novels for [redacted] [redacted] twenty years has, without [redacted] ception, put my works under contribution [redacted] furnish materials for her [redacted].

All my historical researches, almost without exception, have been plundered in the [redacted] [redacted] ner, without acknowledgment. Whole articles from my works [redacted] mythology have been copied into Dictionaries. It is fifteen years since I published them, and since that time, [redacted] great many small Dictionaries have been published for the purpose of inserting the greater part of my researches [redacted] the subject. A great many Almanacks have been published on the subject of flowers, and all the descriptions [redacted] almost wholly taken from my *Historical and Literary Botany*, [redacted] work which I [redacted] truly [redacted] to be very curious and amusing by the immensity and singular nature of its researches. My works have also given rise [redacted] innumerable theatrical pieces, ballets, and melodrames. Hence I can flatter myself with having been of great use to all the writers of my [redacted] time who [redacted] deficient in imagination.

The anniversary of [redacted] tragical and affecting death of the unfortunate Duke of Berri visibly renewed the terrible impression of that [redacted] event; that unfortunate day very naturally gave rise [redacted]

melancholy reflections : the crime it [] mind roused up the recollection of so many others ! How many crimes it recalled to mind, how many murders, unjust wars, infamous transactions, [] impieties and excesses, that have been committed within the last thirty years ! When the [] opinions produce nothing but [] lutions, crimes, the loss of public morality, errors, sophistry, the decline of literature, [] the mental degradation of the great body of a nation, surely these opinions cannot be good. No one knows his own will ; no party knows precisely what they would be at ; political speeches generally want frankness and probity ; [] every where [] [] and concealed views ; [] [] nothing clear and certain but the efforts of private interest. The true love of glory exists no longer ; its place has been usurped by the need and the desire of wealth. Political writings [] longer give information ; they are without plan, and their barbarous style is al- [] always unintelligible ; they present the moral confusion of tongues. We may sometimes find in them a few good maxims, or [] interesting paragraph ; but the whole composition is generally worthless, for want of useful objects and a satisfactory result. It is true that the sciences have made great progress ; but it is absurd [] think

had it been for conscriptions, national guards, and the interruption of studies, not have carried to perfection agriculture, chemistry, mechanics, and other science; it required the overthrow of European governments to produce surgery such as Alibert, Moreau, (de Sarthe,) Dupuytren, Richerand, and many others; we had lost millions of men by war, agriculture would be much more flourishing. But the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux opens up an unlimited field to the consolatory hopes, seems to foretell and to assure us of a better order of things.

The anniversary of the death of the unfortunate Duke of Berri celebrated at St. Denis, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, there was an immense crowd present. The enemies of the monarchy will struggle in vain, for the great body of the nation have a strong feeling of attachment to the royal family. It would be extremely difficult to find in any private family virtues and good examples than the royal family have displayed since the restoration. The Duchess of Angouleme, and the Duchess of Orleans admirable from the purity of their life and conduct; the Duke of Orleans is the model of

fathers; the Duchess dowager of Orleans was generally admired; Her Royal Highness the Duchess, and ~~W. d'Orleans~~, ■■■ revered and beloved by all who approach them. Every one does justice ■ the affability, feeling heart, ■■ excellent qualities of the Duke of Bourbon. The Duchess deprived herself of every personal ■■■ fort ■ assist the poor, ■■ to support the charitable establishments she ■■ founded. The highest perfection of virtue has at ■ time been disputed as the incontestable claim of the Princess of Conti.* If ■■ ■■ just, they would universally bless heaven for having restored to its rights such a family, whose ancestors have rendered France illustrious by making it the first nation in Europe.

M. Fievée published a small pamphlet entitled, ■■■ *every ■■ thinks, what no ■■ says*. This title might ■ objected to for several reasons, but ■ title is scarcely worth the trouble of criticism. In this work there ■ to be admired what is found in all ■■ author's works, great superiority of learning and talents. ■ cannot help quoting a ■■■ of this pamphlet.

“The habit that has been adopted in France of founding politics upon opinions has necessarily led men ■ separate facts from their consequences.

* ■■■ of ■■ Temple.—(Note ■■ ■■ Author.)

The [] of men are weary of vain conjecture in trying [] understand the principle of each event, without connecting [] with those [] have gone before them.

"The world has [] been governed but by principles and talents.

"In proportion [] civilization advances, history is no longer exclusively occupied with the interests of the governing party; it is seen that nations have [] strength within themselves that is [] [] fined [] the administration. . . .

"To [] the principles of the government [] [] called upon to defend, and to support [] self in public opinion at the same time, is altogether impossible.

"Every one aims at notoriety, in whatever station [] may be placed. Shut up three deputies in the same room, and you will find one of them [] [] to [] an orator." . . .

The author makes these well-founded remarks while speaking of the dangers of private meetings where the discussions of the legislature [] prepared beforehand. These dangers are explained in [] pamphlet with much sagacity.

"Since every public service is paid for, who [] solicits a place, [] [] money.

"When you shall have given every place [] one

party, from the *directions generales* down ■ the lottery and tobacco offices, those who have obtained none (and that will be nine out of every ten) ■ remain behind ■ cry out that every thing ■ lost, ■ the government neglects ■ most ■ partisans. There ■ existed ■ greater folly than that of pretending ■ found the stability of a state on the zeal of men who offer as ■ guarantee nothing but their want of ■ lucrative ■ employment.

“ It is not those who wish to be paid that ministers should pretend ■ satisfy, but those who pay, that is the landed proprietors, the industrious and commercial part of the nation. Those who compose it ask nothing for themselves but their just share in the national liberty; they fill the treasury for the benefit of all other classes. Openly adopt a system that ■ satisfy them, and you will have a ■ majority within and without the legislature. . . . As power is an indispensable ■ condition of every social state, power will gain in ■ in ■ proportion as society; only to enjoy all the strength arising from the new development of civilization, this strength ■ be sought for where ■ exists, and not where it is no longer, at least exclusively—this ■ ■ whole secret of modern governments. . . .

"The union of individuals is scarcely any thing but an assemblage of private treachery ; the union of minds is the only good and one, only produced by principles. The *doctrinaires* those who promulgate principles ; those who seek strength in the principles of the ; they do not make them to suit circumstances, but rely on them against influence of circumstances. But when are public and private principles in a state, nothing can be done, not the suppression of other private principles that are held with intentions neither favourable to the nation, the constitution, the ministry."

I ought in this place to refute several articles in a work that is in many respects praise-worthy, but which contains several incorrect and statements ; this work is by one M. Lemaire, but not the distinguished scholar. The author often argues with much good sense, and seems to be endowed with moderation and good feelings ; do not perceive any intention of falsifying or exaggerating ; but he has been very ill informed concerning a number of facts that he relates in a very incorrect manner, as I can attest as an eye-witness ; for instance, the unfortunate Duke of Orleans, my pupils' father, is continually calumniated in the work. The following is of

concerning him, which will be sufficient to give one an of the rest: he says that the principal cause of *hatred of the court* from the that made of the of Mademoiselle d'Orleans for Duke of Angouleme. The whole court, and every one, in fact, know that the marriage upon a short time before the revolution, that the reciprocal promises of both given, the customary pliments paid, and that the marriage did not take place immediately, solely because the parties had not quite attained the required by law; they both wanted several months to reach that age; but the interview took place, the event publicly notified on both sides; I have already stated that Monsieur, who afterwards became Louis XVIII., did me the honour to write to ask the place of reader to the princess for a lady who had been attached to his education; for the princess married at twelve years of age, she was have remained Belle-Chasse till was sixteen finish her education; it well known I the disposal of the inferior places in household. The revolution and broke every engagement.

In the first volume work there are three historical documents given length, which are

very curious when thus connected together : these are the three speeches pronounced severally by the king, the keeper of the seals, and M. Necker, at the royal sitting of the States General in 1789. I was present at this royal sitting, and remember that I found the speeches very improper ; but with the experience I have acquired in the lapse of thirty years, and from all the remarkable events that have occurred in that long period, I am not less surprised upon reading these speeches over again, and upon reflecting on the effect they have produced. The king delivers himself up to the mercy of the revolutionists, authorizes all that he ought to repress, sanctions all that ought to alarm him. The keeper of the seals, in his speech, forgets the king's interests ; M. Necker, in his, betrays them all. Besides this, his speech, as a specimen of literary or oratorical talent, is very inferior to what we would expect from his reputation as a writer.

When we reflect upon the events of the revolution, and place in review before us the whole series of thoughtless conduct on the part of the court, we are not in the least degree astonished at the greater part of the misdeeds that followed ; they were, in fact, nothing but the natural consequences of such a mode of acting.

At the house of M. de Valence, I sometimes

M. and Madame d'Argenson, M. Victor Broglie, (son of Madame d'Argenson by her husband,) M. de Chauvelin. I was well acquainted with Madame d'Argenson in her early youth, before she married; she daughter of Madame de Rosen, who was the sister of the Comte d'Harville; she had a most pleasing look, her person will always be agreeable, for she is of a mild and affectionate temper, gay, and obligingly polite, and has great natural talents.

M. d'Argenson is very clever,* and his conversation is extremely interesting and lively.

* The Marquis Voyer d'Argenson, was born at Paris in 1771, and entered the army very young; he was aid-de-camp to General Wittgenstein, who commanded a division on the Meuse at the beginning of the revolution. M. d'Argenson left the army soon after, returned into the interior. He married the widow of the Duc de Broglie, mother of the Duc de Broglie, peer of France, and grand-daughter of Marechal de Rosen. In 1804, he was appointed prefect of the department of the Deux Nethes, and distinguished himself by his honourable resistance to an illegal order of arrest, given by the emperor's decision, against the mayor and the inhabitants of Antwerp; he was obliged to obey or to retire from his post. He gave in his resignation. He was a member of the Chamber of Deputies in 1815, in the same year was re-elected by the department of the Upper Rhine. [M. d'Argenson has been for some years one of the ablest and most influential leaders of the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies. Translator.]

talents learning of the Duc de Broglie * generally praised; I could form my opinion of them, he speaks very seldom, and this certainly indicates a number of valuable qualities in a person who is universally to possess distinguished talents; but he thing contemptuous and satirical in his looks which I do not like. I such a marked expression of this sneering habit, except in the countenance of the late Vicomte de Custine.

An incident happened to M. de Broglie that made a great deal of noise. He had for some time perceived that in spite of strict orders to the contrary, the letters, papers, and drafts of speeches that lay upon the desk of his study always thrown into confusion; they times displaced, and often whole taken from them; he was informed that almost every night a light burning till four or five o'clock in the morning in the rooms of two of his servants.

* The Duc Victor de Broglie, peer of France, was born in 1795, and was only nine years of age when he lost his father, who was condemned by the revolutionary tribunal of Paris. He was appointed auditor to the council of state in and was afterwards sent upon various important missions to Illyria, Spain, Poland, and Austria. He took his seat in the Chamber of in June, 1814. Madame de Broglie is a daughter of Madame de Staël.—(Editor.)

M. de Broglie began to suspect something wrong, and in the matter, pretended to be unwell, and went to bed at 10 o'clock; he quietly at midnight, and went to his study, where he found all his papers taken away; he went instantly to the door of the room who kept lights burning all night, and found them copying his papers. On this occasion, which would naturally excite in other men a violent burst of passion, M. de Broglie acted with great moderation and coolness; he merely obtained an order to oblige those two wretches (who were Swiss) to leave France immediately, and had the generosity to give them the money requisite for their return to their own country.

Nothing certainly can be more his own than the fruit of his labour and the productions of our mind. Hence the robbery of a manuscript is, if possible, more criminal than that of money; consequently, I do not think that the license of *espionnage* can go so far as pilfer letters and unpublished papers, that is, by secret means with the assistance of servants; for a man capable of committing such an offence will make no scruple of stealing money on his own account, and may in a short time go so far as to assassinate his master, or blow him up with gunpowder, as

done at that time by the valet of the minister of marine. In general, open employment of force and of authority in stormy times is much less laudable in its consequences than the use of bribes and secret corruption, which sap the foundations of morality, are unsafe, and when they fail, diminish the respect due to the government. When violence in matters of this kind does succeed, its boldness at least saves it from contempt; and if it be successful, it acquires a sort of grandeur, which, in the eyes of the vulgar, effaces the feeling of its injustice.

The Marquis de Chauvelin had then the reputation of being too *liberal* to please me; I do not admire *ultras* of any kind, unless it be those who are truly religious; and I call by this name those who are equally Catholic, apostolical, Roman, and evangelical—who do not think that the unity of the church is broken by the *Gallican liberties*, since those liberties have been conferred by the supreme authority of the church, by the popes, whom religion ordains we believe infallible, and consequently always sincere in matters of faith. In short, I call those sincerely religious who, obeying the precepts of the gospel, (which of the most trivial kind) do not think it is permitted to do an evil to bring

about a great good; an admirable precept which condemns the violent and thoughtless that fanaticism! To return to de Chauvelin, I thought from his public conduct, that he was of violence and noise; this a foible of vanity that leads a long way in factious times, for when they aim at effect, they always leave public good somewhat out of view.

Shortly after the first, a second edition of *Palmyra* published. The review given of it in the *Journal des Debats*, was again written by M. Dussault, and was extremely favourable; but the writer of the article brought a strange charge against me; he assumed that I had said that all the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain given to dissimulation. In the passage alluded to, it is not said that they are all so; and in second place it is I who make the charge. At the time spoken of in the work, I myself of ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, since I resided in the Rue de Grenelle, in the house of M. de Puisieux, the Hotel de Sillery. I have placed a satirical phrase in a letter from a who calls *sensibility* the feeling of a dupe, and *innocence* the feeling of a fool, of a who in speaking of three virtuous characters in the novel, other other hypo-

crites and Tartuffes. Thus, the reproach [redacted] ed [redacted] me by Dussault was the height of injustice, and if the review had, in other respects, been unfavourable, [redacted] charge might have been justly [redacted] a calumnious falsehood, particularly [redacted] it [redacted] up against me all the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, though they [redacted] already read my work with delight; but the phrase of M. Dussault changed their views, and they said that I [redacted] have felt the worst intentions, since such a distinguished literary character had given [redacted] much praise [redacted] the [redacted] of the work, and had spoken [redacted] unfavourably of this part; [redacted] this is [redacted] way the world judges, and that praise bestowed upon [redacted] [redacted] to my disadvantage.

I wrote a reply to this article: it was full of mildness, moderation, and respect for the author. I sent it to Maradan to get it inserted in the *Journal des Debats*; but [redacted] Dussault, [redacted] whom Maradan showed it, [redacted] extremely vexed [redacted] [redacted] circumstance, and came [redacted] request me [redacted] make a great many changes. I was tired of all this disagreeable discussion, and told [redacted] [redacted] what changes he thought proper.

I reflected afterwards, that if [redacted] did [redacted] possess [redacted] probity I thought [redacted] had, (I scarcely knew him personally,) and had been gained [redacted] by my

enemies, he might have made my reply so as to have injured me for in public estimation, since I put my signature to it, (though the work remained behind to contradict any thing of the kind.) I was convinced, however, that he was incapable of such perfidy; but I ought at least to have asked to see the changes made in the letter before it was printed. Years and experience have been unable to correct me from being disposed to excessive confidence and openness, which render all my first-feelings extremely imprudent; but I had no reason to be dissatisfied on this occasion, for I read my reply in the *Journal des Debats*, two days afterwards. My confidence in the honourable character of M. Dussault was not disappointed; nothing was changed but three expressions which somewhat weakened the force of my reply; but this I had permitted, and had even authorized much greater alterations, so that I had reason to be fully satisfied with M. Dussault, and the promptness with which he inserted my answer; it was sufficient to quiet the agitation of the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain. It is singular that they should have been so ready to be displeased with me, when their mothers and grand-mothers endured with so much coldness and indifference the scandalous,

ridiculous, unfounded descriptions given by Crebillon the younger, Marmontel, Duclos, of the world, of the court, society.

It is universally admitted that I have fully refuted these extravagant falsehoods ; I have particularly ridiculed them in *Adele* and *Theodore*, and in my tale called *the Two Reputations*, where I review the pretended moral tales of Marmontel ; that literary character was then alive, but made reply to my remarks, though (as I think I have already stated) he expunged the following phrase from the preface in a new edition of his works he published some years afterwards : *These tales have no merit, if they not a correct representation of the great world.*

I have the hardihood to believe, that in this respect, my works will remain the sole literary monument that give a just and perfectly correct idea of the society, the manners, the habits of the eighteenth century, and the first twenty years of the present age. I have lived in court, and in the great world ; I have been able to observe, and to describe what I have witnessed with severity, without exaggeration, and with the most rigid impartiality. I have drawn the courtiers and society in general from numberless

charges of folly and meanness attributed to them by men of letters; yet these very writers find no resentment in men of the world, whilst my works have produced a great deal of hostility, and ridiculous calumnies. True descriptions containing critical sketches, wound those who recognize themselves in the picture; this is why the characters of La Bruyère excited so many enemies against the author; his contemporaries loaded him with abuse, but he will always be admired by posterity. The inseparable characteristic of truth is durability.

To atone for the injustice of which I have been a victim, not only on the part of literary characters, but of men of the world and of my own rank. I terminate this digression by an incident that shows that even personal goodwill cannot hinder people from judging with this extreme rigour.

A woman of great talent, who has always seemed to me with affection for me, when speaking about my works a short time ago, spoke very highly of my *Little Emigrants*, and all she once added: but I am extremely sorry that you have so ill-treated the emigrant nobility. This charge confounded me, it is altogether extra-

vagant, as I have made every effort in that work to display the virtues, courage, and excellent sentiments of the emigrant nobility, and have represented some of them as intriguing, envious, or vicious; yet there were many of that kind among so great a number; but what Madame de M. M. called *ill-treating the emigrants*, I described a lady of the court talking ridiculously on politics, and spelling badly. I represent this lady in other respects as a very good and honourable person, and contrast with her a royalist full of knowledge, talent, and virtue. Were we to believe some liberals of the present day, every individual of the old court was ignorant, arrogant, and silly; and in giving this fine judgment, they only admit of two or three exceptions. The fact is, that, in general, the higher classes by no means destitute of knowledge, and that a very small portion of their number could be instanced for their shameful ignorance, but still there were some; and some years before the revolution there was a great deal of ignorance in society about the letters of two great ladies, whose spelling was so ridiculous that it became almost proverbial; one of those ladies was travelling in Switzerland, and wrote from

had just [redacted] in the *enwi-ronds* [redacted] *chute de reins*.* The whole of this letter (which is written in [redacted] manner) was shown [redacted] several persons and copied.

I often dined with Lord Bristol; I [redacted] day along with Mr. Canning, who [redacted] himself beside me, and highly pleased [redacted] by his conversation; he possesses great talent and wisdom, [redacted] pleasing and valuable qualities when combined in the [redacted] individual.

I [redacted] charmed with seeing again the learned and deservedly celebrated traveller, M. de Humboldt; he [redacted] at table beside Mr. Canning; I conversed a great deal with him; he has seen so many things, talks of them [redacted] well, and has such profound learning [redacted] such [redacted] excellent disposition, that [redacted] is [redacted] tired in asking him questions, and in listening to his conversation. He confirmed the account [redacted] had read in the works of my friend Dr. Alibert of the fine experiments of M. Mutis on the different kinds of Peruvian bark. M. Mutis, the most indefatigable of botanical explorers, [redacted] spent thirty-five years in South America in studying botany, particularly

* [redacted] blunder [redacted] [redacted] the similarity of pronunciation between *Rhin* and *reins*, and the phrase *chute* [redacted] [redacted] (*fine shape*).
—(Translator.)

the properties of various species of bark. . ■ died a short time since in that country where science ■ naturalized him. M. de Humboldt also confirmed me in my opinion of the marvellous effects of guaco, that admirable plant, which serves ■ ■ antidote to the mortal bite of the most ■ and ■ formidable of serpents ; if some drops of the juice be taken into ■ system, one may be bit by the serpent with impunity ; but without it a single bite of the reptile would ■ death in ■ few seconds ; it is with its venom that the savages poison their arrows, the wounds of which cause instant death, if guaco have not been previously employed. These poisoned ■ preserve their murderous properties during ■ great number of years.

The discovery of this plant is of the very highest importance, and contributes to increase ■ admiration of providence, which at all times ■ in all situations, places the antidote beside the disease.

M. ■ Humboldt ■ permission ■ visit ■ before his departure for ■ travels, for he intended ■ ■ out immediately for Persia ; this indefatigable traveller ■ such ■ excellent constitution, ■ has never ■ a single attack of fever. ■ a gift of heaven very happily bestowed for the interest of botany and the sciences. I wish to boast in this place of the suffrage with

which ■ honoured my work entitled *Historical and Literary Botany*; ■ had been informed by several persons that he had spoken highly of it, ■ had expressed his *astonishment* (that ■ the word he used) ■ the prodigious researches that work contains. His approbation, ■ all times ■ honourable, ■ doubly precious ■ me, ■ it had ■ been addressed to ■ in compliment; ■ I ■ extremely satisfied when I found an opportunity of thanking him for his kind indulgence.

At this dinner I also saw a very celebrated character, Sir Sidney Smith; in one of his distant voyages twenty years ago he had saved the ■ of an Egyptian pacha, who, after the lapse of ■ many years, remembered the benefit, and recollecting that Sir Sidney Smith ■ a learned amateur of antiquities, ■ ■ at this time sent the great English admiral ■ very fine remnant of antiquity, that had been found in digging under the ruins of an ancient ■ temple; this consists of two large plates of pure gold, with Greek inscriptions, in perfect preservation, stating that they ■ deposited in ■ ground along with the foundations of the temple by Queen Berenice, wife ■ sister of King Ptolemy the founder; this instructs us in ■ practice of the ancients, of which we were hitherto ignorant, and which ■ down ■ days,

since, in laying the foundation-stone of a public building, we always deposit a medal along with it, containing the date and the name of the founder and architect. Mr. Sidney had brought some gold plates in his pocket to show them to me; though he had a collection of curiosities, he did not place them in it, but presented them to the British Museum, which is a generous action for an antiquarian. Let me return to literature.

I believe I have well described women in my novels and tales, but I have nowhere given my opinion of them except in a short discourse intended to form an introduction to some of my works. But as it does not form a part of the work, and the opinions expressed there want neither originality nor correctness, I cannot resist the temptation of giving it here, but it will be the only repetition that will be found in the whole of my works.

Some of letters have an actually existing superiority over female authors that is perfectly evident and indisputable; all the works of women put into the same scale, will weigh less than some pages of Bossuet or Pascal, some of Corneille, Racine, or Molière; but it must not be concluded from this, that the constitution of women is inferior to that of men. Genius is composed of

all ■■■ qualities they ■■ admitted ■■■ and which they may be endowed with in ■■■ highest degree—fancy, sensibility, and elevation of soul. The ■■■ of study and education having ■■ times kept ■■■ apart from the career of literature, they have shown their greatness of soul, ■■ by describing historical facts in their writings, ■■ by bringing forth ingenious fictions of fancy, ■■ by real actions; they have done better than describe, they have often by their conduct furnished the models of sublime heroism. No ■■■ in her writings has described the lofty soul of Cornelia; what ■■■ it, since Cornelia is not an imaginary being? Have ■■ not seen in our own days, during the tempests of the revolution, ■■■ equal the heroes of old by the energy of their courage, and by their greatness of soul? *Great resolutions spring from the heart;** and from ■■■ source, (where there is ■■ obstacle in the way,) ought ■■ flow the same effects.

To prove the inferiority of women, it is repeatedly asserted, that ■■■ of them has written a good tragedy, ■■ a fine epic poem. Numberless men of letters have written tragedies, yet ■■ have only four great tragic poets, and that is ■■ great deal,

* Vanvenargues.

■ ■ other nation ■ ■ claim ■ many. We have only one single epic poem, and it ■ ■ admitted ■ be vastly inferior to *Paradise Lost* and *Jerusalem Delivered*. Only five women amongst ■ have attempted ■ write tragedies, and ■ only have ■ of them, like so many authors, felt the pain of ■ shameful defeat, but all their tragedies ■ very successful ■ their first appearance.* Young men ■ college ■ imbued with ■ writings of the Greeks and Romans, and almost ■ write poetry; and if they have any portion of talent, they generally form the ambitious desire of writing works for the theatre. ■ ■ admitted, that such ■ idea would not suggest itself ■ naturally ■ the inmate of ■ convent, or to ■ young lady about ■ enter the world. Will it be said, that ■ of ■ kings, great captains, or statesmen, have been ■ of genius, because none of them has written a tragedy, though ■ of ■ have been poets? Will it be said that the Swedes, the

■ *Arria* ■ *Petua*, by ■ ■ Barthier, was performed sixteen times; all her other pieces were likewise received with great applause. *Laodamie*, by Mademoiselle Bernard, ■ performed twenty times. *Brutus*, by ■ ■ author, twenty-five ■ The *Amazones*, by Madame de Bouge, was ■ very often performed. Her epic poem, the *Columbiade*, ■ very successful, ■ was ■ ■ languages.—(Note by ■ Author.)

Danes, the Russians, the Poles, or the Dutch, intelligent and polished nations, have a constitution inferior to that of the French, the English, the Italians, the Spaniards, or the Germans, because they have produced no great dramatic poets? We cannot obtain excellence any until this art be generally cultivated in the nation which we belong, and in the society in which heaven has placed us. The Romans, the celebrated people in history, had no good tragic poets. Millions of porters, and thousands of nuns and mistresses of a family might have written excellent tragedies, had their situation and education been different. The power of feeling and of admiring what is great and beautiful, and the susceptibility of emotion, the same in both sexes, that mental equality is perfect between them.

But if few women, (for want of study and boldness,) have written tragedies and poems to be put on an equality with men in this respect, they have often surpassed them in works of another kind. No man has left a collection of private letters that can be compared to the *Letters of Sévigné*, or those of *Madame de Maintenon*: the *Princesse de Cleves*, the *Peruvian Letters*, the *Letters of Riccoboni*, novels

of *Stäël*, of *de Souza*, of *Madame Cottin*, are infinitely superior to all the works of French novelists, without excepting the novels of *Marivaux*, still less the tiresome and voluminous works of the *Abbé Prévôt*. *Gil Blas* on the other hand, is a work of another kind; it is a picture of the vices produced by ambition, vanity and cupidity, and not a developement of the natural sentiments of the heart, love, friendship, jealousy, filial piety, or other emotions. The author, witty, and often so profound in his remarks, had never studied to become acquainted with any characters but those of low intrigue, and the ridiculous effects of pride and vanity; when he leaves his satirical vein, he becomes trivial and common; all the episodes of *Gil Blas*, that he attempted to make interesting and affecting, are insipid and badly written.

Madame Deshoulières has no rivals in the art of poetry of which she has left such charming models. Those whose applause she has obtained in different ranks of literature, since they dispose of honours, and distribute its high places, which every man is excluded, often confer celebrity upon men of very ordinary talents. For instance, had d'Alembert been neither a mathema-

tician nor a member of the Academy, notwithstanding his violence against religion, his contempt for kings and for France, his writings so and destitute of grace, of thoughts and feeling, that he would have been forgotten on the present day. A man who should have written the greater part of the academical eulogies, would have appeared every thing but a precious ridicule, (*blue stocking*,) yet the academy received d'Alembert the most eminent literary character. The author of *Ariane* and the *Comte d'Essex*, brother of the founder of tragedy comedy, was elected till after the death of the great Corneille; but the Marquis de Saint-Aulaire received for having written a madrigal; while the son of the great Racine, the author of a fine poem, was admitted into the bosom! The academy most unjustly criticised *Cid*, the first masterpiece that honoured the French stage, and into mourning for Voiture! . . . If the academy of existed, it may safely asserted that they might easily conduct themselves with dignity and judge more correctly.

It is difficult to make the universal opinions entertained respecting women agree together, for they are either contradictory, or void of sense.

It is admitted, that they possess great sensibility ; and ■ is even said to be stronger than that of men, and yet they are not admitted to possess energy ; but what is extreme sensibility without energy ? ■ is, ■ sensibility that renders the individual capable of making every sacrifice, ■ of feeling the ■ pitch of devotedness ? ■ what ■ energy, unless that strength of mind, that power of will, which well ■ applied, gives ■ constancy in struggling for a desired object, which risks every thing, obstacles, perils, and death itself, for the object of ■ ruling passion ? The pertinacity of the will of women for whatever they ardently desire, has become proverbial ; ■ that it is not denied that they possess that kind of energy which requires ■ perseverance. Who would not ■ in them the energy that requires heroic courage ? Did that unfortunate princess want courage, ■ who rushed into the midst of the ■ to save the life of her daughter. Among ■ many noble victims of faith, ■ so many martyrs who have persisted in their ■ with such ■ energy, ■ spite of ■ of horrid cruelties, ■ there not ■ as men ?

* The ■ of Schwartzsburg.

It is pretended that women by their natural constitution are endowed with a delicacy that men possess: this favourable opinion does not seem to me to be better founded than those to their disadvantage. Several works written by men of letters prove, that this merit is the exclusive property of women, but it is true that it is one of the principal characteristics of almost all their works. This ought to be the case, because education the laws of propriety enjoin them to restrain and keep within themselves almost all their feelings, and always to soften their expression: hence arise those delicate modes of expression, this habitual delicacy, that allows women to understand what they dare not openly tell. This is not dissimulation; for that art does not in general consist in concealing what is felt, but on the contrary, its highest perfection is in giving women to understand their meaning without explicit language, or the use of any word that can be remembered afterwards as a positive assertion. Love chiefly renders this distinction ingenious; it gives women an affecting and mysterious language that is something celestial, and it is only formed for the heart and the imagination: the words pronounced mean nothing, the meaning is every thing, and can be fully understood but by women.

to which it is independent of all principles that render modesty and self-restraint indispensable to a woman, how many beautiful contrasts spring from this timidity on one side, and from boldness and ardour on the other—how many graces possessed by a young beautiful woman, when she has those qualities she ought to possess! Every thing harmonises in her frame; the delicacy of her features, of her form, and of her language; the modesty of her demeanour and of her flowing dress; the sweetness of her voice and of her disposition; she is not disguised, but is always veiled; whatever she says of an affectionate nature, is infinitely more endearing, because, far from exaggerating what she feels, she ought to express it without violence; her sensibility is more profound than that of a man, because it is more restrained; it is discovered, but does not display itself: in short, we comprehend it fully, it must be imagined. She fascinates by the attractive lure of curiosity as much as by her charms. No man can be more wretched than he who, of unveiling all this mystery, of annihilating all these graces, by holding out to us in a novel or dramatic work, a heroine without modesty, pressing forward with violence the impetuous lover; yet what we have often

seen for some years past. By giving this character to women, the writers thought they gave energy, but they are mistaken: only by despoiling them of their natural graces without losing their dignity, but this violent and impassioned language takes from them every truly fascinating quality they possess.

If we reflect upon the situations and circumstances which produce the greatest effect in works of imagination and upon the stage, we shall always find that their chief effect is produced by partial concealment and repressed sentiments, that is, sentiments that the characters dare not openly express, which they would wish to conceal.

When Orosmane says—

“ Je ne suis point jaloux ; si je l'étois jamais . . . ”

he makes us shudder, because he addresses our imagination, which immediately calls up before us in vague perspective, terrible revenge and unparalleled excesses ; but if Orosmane had declared that he would be capable of killing his mistress, he would have made no impression on all.

The fine line respecting the Trojan women—

“ Ces farouches soldats, les voilà ici ! ”

makes a strong impression on our mind, merely because our mother trembles for her son, whom

has just concealed, and dares not openly ask for the
of the soldiers ; she restrains her fear
betray her secret, and shudder her situa-
tion, for the spectator who knows it, thinks he
reads her heart ; he discovers in it a heart-rending
anxiety which language fully express.

In *Bajazet*, when Roxane says—

“ Ecoutez, Bajazet ; je sens que je vous aime,”

it produces infinitely more effect than if she had
employed the most impassioned language. If she
exclaimed, *I adore thee*, the spectators would re-
main cold and unaffected ; but it is seen, that
being desirous of intimidating Bajazet, and
of arming him against herself, her object is to con-
ceal her passion, and in the emotion that be-
trays it, she restrains its expression : this simple
expression, particularly in a woman naturally
hasty and violent, *I feel that I love you* ; is a thou-
sand times more dramatic than could have been
produced by the return, and the most violent tran-
sports of love.

In *Phedre*, the interest of the fine between
Hippolytus and Theseus, is solely founded on the
constraint put upon by the young prince,
who does wish himself by accusing
Phedra.

One of the finest scenes of *Zaïre* is that in which Orosmane wishes to conceal from *Zaïre* his jealousy and rage.

It would be easy to give instances without number of this kind, proving that restraint and forced concealment of feeling, which on many occasions give infinite grace to the display of sentiment, also give them much more energy than the strongest passions, and the impassioned language. The natural character of *Zaïre* offers all these resources, all these dramatic means; and in addition, presents the affecting contrast of man; hence it is the extreme of folly and mismanagement to spoil these natural feelings, and displays profound ignorance of the art of pleasing and of creating emotion. It is thus that the ancients and the moderns of the ages of taste have held out speaking vehemently, except those capable of committing crimes, or born in rude and uncivilised countries, as *Hermione*, *Phædra*, and others. But, how soft is *Zaïre's* language employed in most trying and appalling situations, as those of *Andromaque*, *Iphigénie*, *Josabet*, *Zaïre*, and many others—how profoundly they loved—how deeply they felt! *Josabet* her religion and for her child with exclusive affection; what

trast would have been lost, if her language displayed force the vehemence of the high priest!

Men will return to truth and nature; and it is always of and reflection they leave the easy paths. *It is an objection itself: Are women, whose situation amongst us is so different from what it is among savages—are they really they intended by nature to be, what they ought to be?* Yes, because savages live only in a of degradation and anarchy. God, who has made nothing in vain, has not given so many mental powers that these admirable powers should remain useless or concealed. To develope and to extend them, is to fulfil the intentions of nature. Man is evidently made to live in society, to have a fixed religion and laws, and to apply himself to the cultivation of the and sciences. Among savages, the laws of nature are openly broken, every claim of right by chance, because all rules are disregarded; profound reflection, experience of ages, the unanimous agreement of all civilised nations, have established certain fixed opinions upon the true destination of women, consequently their station in society.

Women being naturally weaker than men, and the production of children, are unfitted

for warfare or the use of arms; and whoever cannot defend, is not fitted to command. In the same manner, they have a claim to protection; strength and generosity ought to compensate their inferiority by the respect and deference of power, refused to them by strict judgment. Many princesses have governed with genius, but they would have acquired more glory had they been men. The graces so necessary to a being whose real empire is founded on love, that neither morals nor politics will prevent women from attaching the greatest importance to this frivolous advantage: perhaps not one would be found of the age of twenty,* who is possessed of dazzling beauty, and would agree to lose it (if the exchange were possible) for the possession of a throne. What pernicious consequences this frivolity may give rise to in a sovereign! It was rivalry in person and accomplishments that led Elizabeth, of England, to violate the most sacred rights of hospitality, of justice, and of royalty, in bringing the queen after nineteen years' captivity, the fortunate queen who voluntarily put herself into her power, and demanded from her an asylum.

It must then be granted that in general

* No exception was made.—(Note by the Author.)

authors are seen, it is pretended that is requisite cultivation of literature that men study without intermission from dawn midnight; persons of active and moderate dispositions without difficulty find the means of making their duties hand in hand with the prosecution of noble and advantageous studies. If it is said that a woman, after having settled her affairs in the morning, and given her orders to her servants, should think of nothing else during the remainder of the day, then must she not only be forbidden to cultivate the arts, but be debarred from reading. It is sedentary occupations that lead women away from their duties; they may be allowed to write, if they give up for this amusement the theatre, gaming, balls, and frivolous visits. These are the dangerous modes of dissipation that bring ruin and confusion upon families. The abuse of any thing always throws men into the opposite extreme. If attempted, one time, to make every young lady a celebrated artist; at the present day it is that absolute ignorance suits them best.

We doubt if this method of simplifying educations many charms the interior of a household; the gifts of nature are so precious, that some of them ought to be rejected; hence,

every predilection, every evident aptness for a particular is worthy of being cultivated, because are then certain of bestowing an accomplishment in all its perfection, that is say, the noblest of resources in adversity, the agreeable and innocent in every situation of life. Let musical teachers be given to those young ladies only who have a musical voice, an ear and a feeling for music ; let drawing be taught to those only who have a taste for the art, and the number of amateurs would be infinitely diminished, and should no longer meet with that crowd of with trifling acquirements and high pretensions which throws so much ennui over the surface of society. The same rule may be applied to those pupils who give indications of distinguished talent. Particular should be bestowed in forming and adorning their memory, and in teaching them the learned languages. They would probably become authors in life ; but, any rate, they would upon with immense advantage arising from a judicious course of study. Ignorant untalented would not dare contend with such evident inequality ; they are not compared for they care of superiority ; they would of

persons of their own sex, ■ that the alarming number of female authors would ■ greatly reduced, and the ridiculous ones would disappear. But ■ ought ■ know upon what conditions they ■ allowed ■ become authors; first, they ought never to be hasty in publishing their productions; during the whole period of their youth, they should fear every sort of *eclat*, ■ of the ■ honourable kind; secondly, all the rules of propriety enjoin them to show in ■ their writings the utmost ■ for religion, and the principles of the strictest morality; thirdly, they ought ■ to reply to criticism unless when ■ false quotation has been made, or the remarks have been founded ■ ■ imaginary fact. A ■ who should adopt in her reply, the violent tone of anger, ■ should allow herself to make ■ of the smallest personal reflection, would ■ with much ■ impropriety than a man, because her sex enjoins her ■ delicacy, modesty, and mildness. I do not advise ■ to ■ the character of victims; ■ the contrary, I call upon them to seize an immense superiority over modern critics, by a noble and serious manner when irony is ill-founded and by that respect towards others, and that ■ spect for propriety which would be very remarkable in ■ literary discussions of the present day.

Women, by the keenness of observation with which they are endowed, by the graces and light touches of their style, would themselves become (with study and application) excellent critics of works of fancy; but this branch has, every other, peculiar rules, which it not be uninteresting to notice shortly in this place.

Criticism at the present day is nothing else but a continual system of sneering and ridicule, more or less witty, and more or less worn out; for since the *Provincial Letters*, the model and the master-piece of this kind of criticism, authors have felt such a predilection for ridicule, that they have adopted it, even in their own works of fiction. Voltaire and his imitators relate a story without ridiculing their narrative, their characters, their heroes, and their principles. This may be somewhat graceful in a short narrative; but such a continual shower of irony becomes in a long series of tales, that nothing but the wit of Voltaire could have saved it from animadversion.

As it would be equally thoughtless and rude to laugh at a person whom we esteem, more polite and suitable to adopt this insulting in speaking of a valuable work, which we acknowledge as such. Critical ought,

■ be given seriously; severity is ■■ offensive, but ridicule is always so; irony, ■■■ is, contempt- ■■■ criticism, ■ ■■■ well-founded but when speaking of ■ work written in ■ ridiculous manner, which contains dangerous principles, ■ when the author, in speaking of himself, displays ■ impudent ■■ shameless arrogance; for, ■ an ancient writer quoted by Pascal, says, "*Nothing is ■■ due ■ vanity than contempt.*" With the exception of these three cases, it is unjust and displays very bad taste to add ludicrous remarks to well-founded praise; but critics ■■ desirous of being eternally *piquant*, adopt but one manner, and consequently produce no effect.

With the exception of abusive language, nothing hurts criticism ■■■ than a tone of ill-will, and this is always given by irony. The more criticism is delicate and polite, the ■■■ does it seem moderate, and the greater effect it produces. The reader goes much farther than the critic, if ■■ thinks he ■■ fairly and mildly towards the author whom he criticises; a slight shade of exaggeration in the praise given would add ■■ more weight to the authority of the critic, and the criticism would be much ■■■ effective if praise and blame were skilfully mingled. ■ do not advise the adoption of an insidious art, but propose to adopt

in ■■■ writings, ■■ gracefulness, urbanity, and politeness, ■■■ ■■■ nothing can dispense in society ■■■ conversation.

■ is singular, that, in a rank of society in which education has been more attended to than in any other, men of respectable ■■■ and distinguished by their talents and learning, should permit ■■■ in their writings ■ say what they would blush to do ■ conversation, ■■ which, in fact, could not ■ tolerated in good company. If ■ profession existed in which the liberty might be taken with impunity of publicly abusing every ■■ whose the writer does not like, of attacking without moderation those whom he has no ■■■ to complain of, and of showing a want of respect for every ■■ around him, that profession would ■ very contemptible; but happily there is ■■ such. The profession of a journalist is very honourable and advantageous to literature, and requires ■ many moral qualities as literary qualifications. It is even necessary that a journalist should be well acquainted with the world, that he may be able ■ oppose without rudeness, give his opinion without being dogmatical, and criticise without ■■ insulting; he will keep his ■■■ weapons in ■■■ ■■ ridicule vice and ■■ taste, will employ ridicule and scorn against proud ■■ presumptuous

fools, and will find plenty of opportunities of putting them in practice.

Good taste, and the rational principles of literature suffice to establish among literary characters ■ respect ■ delicacy for others which would have great influence over ■ public feeling ; respect for one's self and private interest ■ adopt them ; talents and learning would gain by the practice, and ■ morality and public manners. The author who is criticised without being insulted, would be forced to reply without ill-will ; ■ should ■ more of those vulgar, ridiculous, and scandalous quarrels take place, which give ■ opportunity of triumph ■ fools, who ■ always delighted in being able ■ persuade themselves that men have neither politeness ■ knowledge of the world from the moment they devote themselves to literature.

Among ■ civilized nations, the power of forms prevails in society almost always over ■ nature of things. It seems that ■ modes of action, springing from example and received principles, ■ our ■ than the manners that ■ peculiar to us. It ■ thus that gratitude ■ friendship spring ■ from ■ than from ■ by which they were accompanied ; ■ for ■ it ■ not criticism ■

and irritates us, but the manner in which it is conveyed.

I speak of the peculiar consideration that literary characters, that *Frenchmen*, owe to those women who have entered upon the same career? Why should I to do so? These reflections may be easily made by a person who writes for more than half a century. I ought to be accustomed to the tone of the criticism of which I am the object. I acknowledge with pleasure that I have often had reason to be satisfied with it; so that I shall have no difficulty in leaving myself out of view in the notice I am about to give.

In a journal I read this strange sentence against female authors: that *they are not worthy of any consideration, because, by becoming authors they abjure their sex and forfeit all their rights.*

This sentence is the most astonishing that it is formal, unconditional, without softening or exception What! did Madame de Lafayette, Madame Lambert, Madame Graffigny, these charming ladies, of such spotless conduct, of such distinguished talents, did they abjure their sex by becoming authors, and become no longer worthy of regard? I did not think thus in the times in which they lived. What, then, ought those female

authors to expect who have neither their uncommon merits, ■■■ the personal rank they enjoyed ? They will surely be persecuted, abused, and held up ■■ scorn, without pity and without relaxation ! And what would ■■■ fate of those who should be so unfortunate ■■■ write ■■■ works, ■■■ publish culpable errors ? They would in all likelihood be stoned ■■ death.

■ ■■ say that ■■ who pronounced such ■■■ against women, had ■■ that moment abjured his ■■ and his country, such ■■ rigorous judgment would be approved of by every Frenchman.

A woman who has written nothing but moral and useful works, and obtained popularity, merits all the respect due to her sex, and all the consideration that cannot be refused to worthy writers ; a ■■■ who should be led astray by her imagination, and should publish an improper work, would doubtless merit less respect, but ■■■ in criticising her writings, it ought always ■■ be recollected that the author is ■■ woman ; she would ■■ have abjured her sex, for an ■■■ is ■■■ an abjuration.

In short, it is endeavoured ■■ show that, from the ■■■ ■■ woman leaves the beaten path that lies before her, ■■■ ■■■ she do nothing ■■

what ■ of the ■ honourable kind, ■ preserve all the virtues of her sex, she ought ■ more to be regarded than ■ man, and has no claim to particular consideration; so that, ■ Dacier, who translated Homer with such profound erudition, ■ Marechale ■ Guébriant, who ■ the duties of ■ ambassador and bore the title, ■ in fact nothing ■ than ■ of *monsters*! . . Of ■ careers, the one that least suits ■ assuredly that of ■ Yet the heroes of ■ thought it their duty ■ show themselves more magnanimous towards ■ warriors than towards enemies of their own sex. Hercules, who conquered the Amazons, paid them the highest honours; in the literary contests of ■ day, ■ nothing that has any resemblance—journalists have neither ■ club of Hercules nor his generosity.

In ■ age of Louis XIV., in which ■ seen so many ■ of eminent talent, in which shone ■ those sublime geniuses that have given immortal illustration ■ French literature, in that age in which ■ infinitely graver ■ they are in ■ days, there was an infinite number of ■ authors of every rank and in every branch of composition; and not only did literary men ■ show hostility ■ them, or declaim against ■

writers, but they delighted in holding up their talents ■ public admiration ■ in rendering them the homage of esteem and gallantry. This ■ of acting contains nothing that ought to surprize us. At that period, no literary rivalry could spring up between men and women, ■ it is known that incontestable superiority is always indulgent, and that acknowledged power is always generous.

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